e Saturday Evening Post · April 10, 1965 · 25c

POST

F.D.R. AS HIS CHILDREN REMEMBER HIM

TEEN-AGERS: WHY THEY DRINK TOO MUCH

CIRCUS: BIGGER AND BETTER THAN EVER

A MISSISSIPPI MINISTER DEFENDS SEGREGATION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Hate that gray? Wash it away!™

Loving Care colors only the gray
without changing your natural hair color!

Makes your husband feel younger, too... just to look at you!

Gray hair, even when premature, says you're older than you are! So if you *hate that gray, wash it away* with Loving Care hair color lotion by Clairol. Gently, so skillfully does Loving Care wash in the young color that your own shade appears unchanged. But you're rid of gray! And all anyone sees is that you look so much prettier, younger, after the very first wash. It's that natural looking. Just choose the tone most like your own—blonde to Natural Black.

Needs no peroxide developer. Leaves your hair vital, glossy, in better condition than ever. And there's nothing to mix or add—Loving Care just pours on right out of the bottle! Even the fragrance is mild, delightful. Best of all—washed in about once a month, Loving Care *keeps* gray away so you can forget you ever had any! Won't rub off, won't brush off. Not a tint, better than a rinse. Hairdressers agree it's a fountain of youth for graying hair.

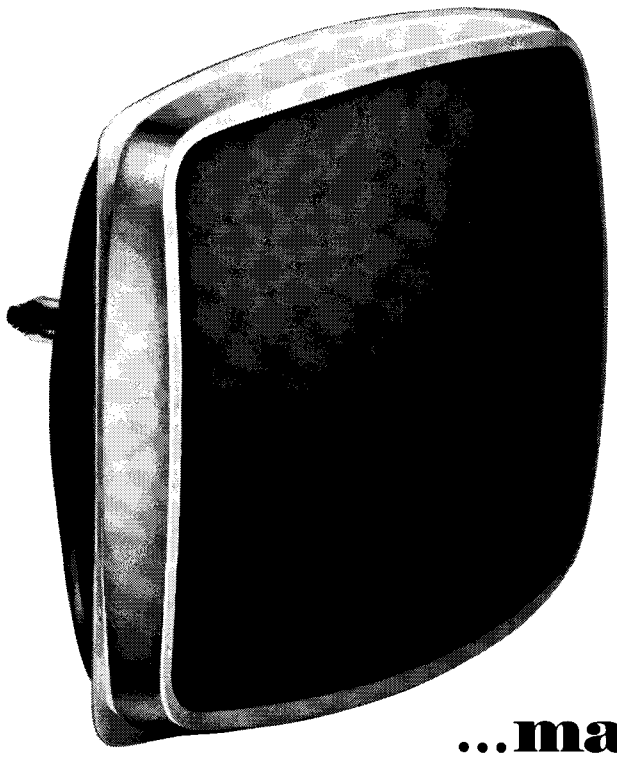
© Clairol Inc. 1965

CLAIROL
Loving Care
HAIR COLOR LOTION
washes away only the gray
The effective new way to wash away gray without changing the natural shade

Loving Care® Hair Color Lotion by CLAIROL

Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

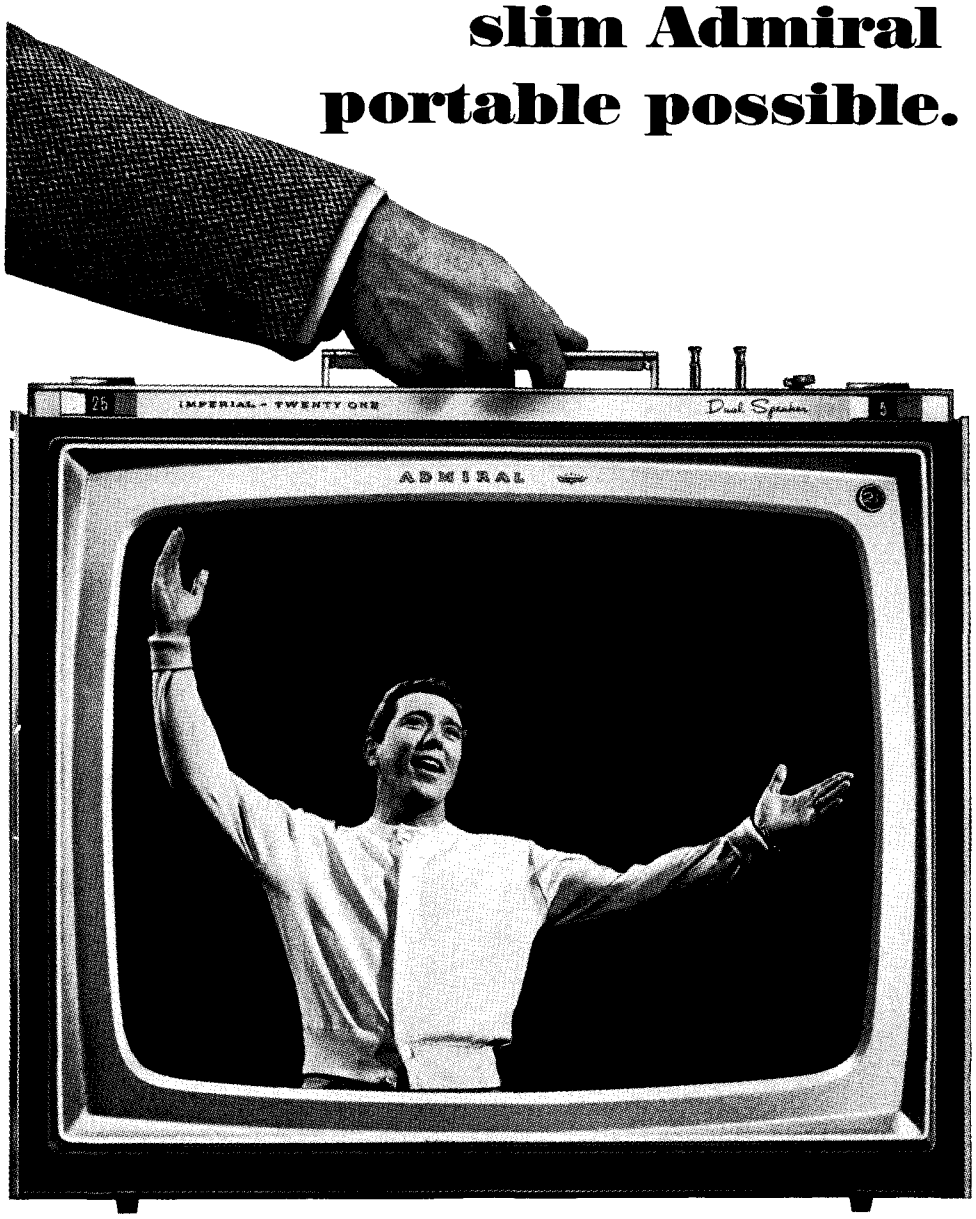
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



New Admiral 21" (overall diagonal) flat-faced, slimmed, squared picture tube...

(23% more picture than 19″ TV)

...makes this slim Admiral portable possible.



See Admiral on the Andy Williams Show in color on NBC-TV every Monday night.

It's almost all picture... the only 21" portable! First from Admiral! From $179.95*

19″ 21″

The one-and-only new Admiral 21″ Portable TV gives 40 square inches more picture than 19″ TV . . . on a flat-faced, movie-square screen . . . in the same size cabinet as most 19's! Admiral quality precision-engineering hugs the components to the tube, makes it secure to take the jolts and jars a portable gets. Two speakers, one on each side, give all-around sound. See this new Admiral 21″ portable. *There's nothing finer at any price.*

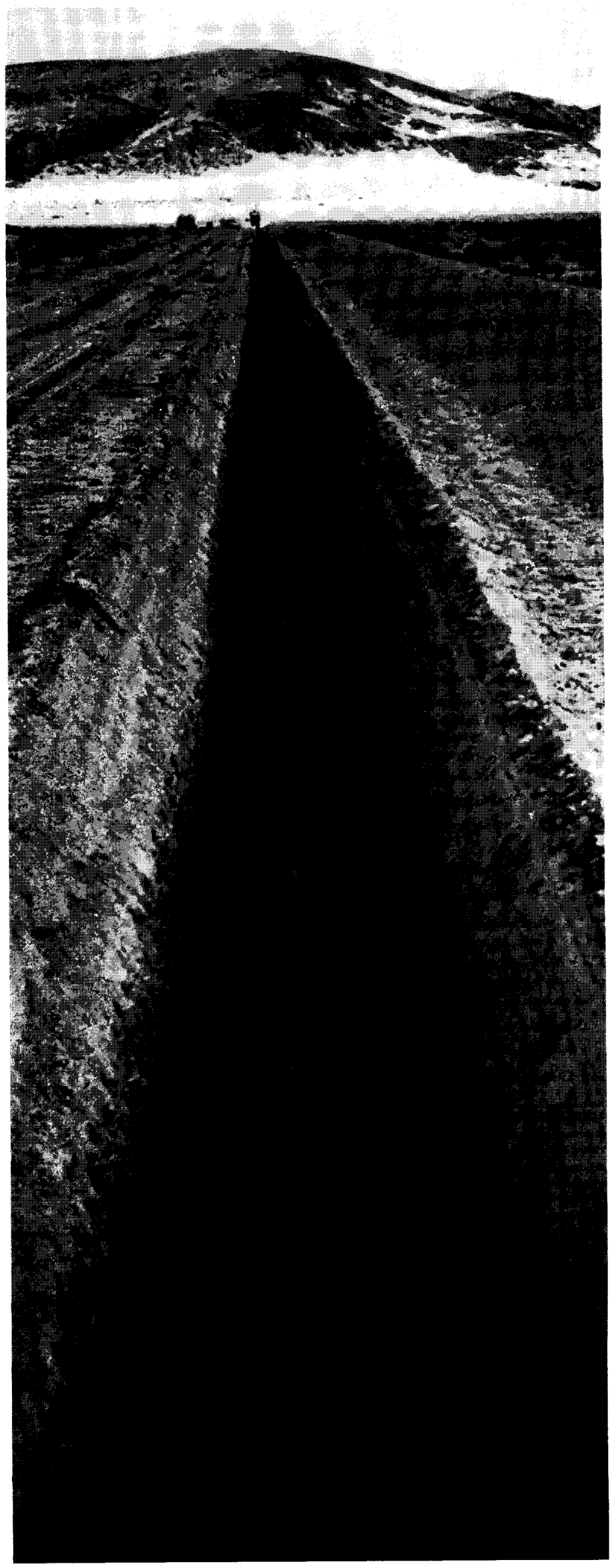
Admiral

MARK OF QUALITY THROUGHOUT THE WORLD

*Mfr. suggested list price PG 2101. Slightly higher some areas. Shown above, The Promenade, PG 2127. Admiral, Chicago. Canadian Admiral, Port Credit, Ontario.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

We dug and refilled a 4000-mile trench to protect 9300 communications circuits against disaster



We split the continent with a trench four feet deep to give the United States its first blast-resistant coast-to-coast underground communications cable system.

More than four years ago when the first of 2500 giant reels of coaxial cable started unrolling in New York State, we began an important project that will give added protection to the nation's vital communications.

Today, 9300 circuits—available for voice, data, teletypewriter, telephoto—are included on this route. It stretches across 19 states and has 950 buried reinforced concrete repeater (or amplifying) stations.

Spotted strategically along the route about 50 feet below ground level are 11 manned test centers. Also of reinforced concrete, they have automatic air filtration and ventilation and living quarters stocked with emergency food and water.

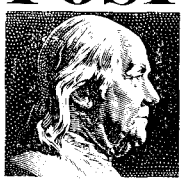
This vital transcontinental link will serve government agencies, businesses and individuals.

This is a job that needed the Bell System's unified research, manufacturing and operating capabilities. It is another implementation of a basic Bell System policy: "In communications, the defense of the nation comes first."

Bell System
American Telephone and Telegraph Co.
and Associated Companies

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Evening
POST



Founded in 1728 by
Ben Franklin

WILLIAM A. EMERSON JR. Editor

OTTO FRIEDRICH Managing editor
ASGER JERRILD Art director
FRANK KILKER Associate art director
DON McKINNEY Chief articles editor
WILLIAM EWALD Assistant articles editor
L. RUST HILLS Fiction editor
MARSHALL LUMSDEN Photography editor
STEWART ALSOP Washington editor

Senior articles editors JOHN APPLETON (books); CHARLES N. BARNARD (general); HILLEL BLACK (general); SANDFORD BROWN (business); THOMAS B. CONGDON JR. (national affairs); WILLIAM K. GOOLRICK (national affairs); LESLIE HANSCOM (entertainment); JOHN HUNT (speaking out); ROBERT L. JOHNSON JR. (national affairs); DAVID A. LYLE (foreign); MICHAEL M. MOONEY (general); JEANETTE A. SARKISIAN (general); STEVEN M. SPENCER (science). **Assistant** BARBARA J. POSEN. **Editors-at-large** JOHN BIRD, BILL DAVIDSON, ROGER KAHN, JOHN KOBLER, HAROLD H. MARTIN, ROBERT SHERROD. **Contributing writers** TREVOR ARMBRISTER, RICHARD ARMSTRONG, ALFRED G. ARONOWITZ, JAMES ATWATER, BEN H. BAGDIKIAN, EDWARD BEHR, ANNE CHAMBERLIN, MYRON COPE, SANCHE DE GRAMONT, ROBERT P. GOLDMAN, PETE HAMILL, C. ROBERT JENNINGS, STANLEY KARNOW, MARVIN KITMAN, LEWIS H. LAPHAM, RICHARD LEMON, RICHARD WARREN LEWIS, BARD LINDEMAN, EDWARD LINN, ROBERT K. MASSIE, CHARLES McCARRY, GILBERT MILLSTEIN, DON OBERDORFER, JAMES PHELAN, JERRY A. ROSE, WILLIAM SAROYAN, JOHN SKOW, BEVERLY SMITH JR. **Senior fiction editors** BERNARD FARBAR, MacLENNAN FARRELL, DAVID McDOWELL. **Associate fiction editor** SUSAN STANWOOD. **Assistants** ANN BAYER, FRANCES GERALD, GERALDINE KRUG. **Technical photography director** JOHN HARM. **Assistant photography editor** ROGER VAUGHAN. **Associate photography editors** ANDRÉE L. ABECASSIS, SALLY A. REUKAUF, JOSH EPPINGER III. **Contributing photographers** JOHN LAUNOIS, LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER. **Regional photographers** OLLIE ATKINS (Washington); BILL BRIDGES (Los Angeles); LYNN PELHAM (Miami). **Photo lab** ROBERT MOORE (chief). **Senior copy editors** RICHARD L. LEHMAN, HAROLD P. HOSTETLER. **Associate copy editor** NORRIS RANDOLPH. **Assistant** MARY ANN O'ROARK. **Layout** JOHN DAXLAND, DAVID HANNUM. **Editorial production** FLORENCE CONWAY. **Assistant** RITA ORTIGA. **Research** LIA SMITS (chief); AYŞE GÜRSAN, MYRA L. BLUESTEIN, MARILYN FLAIG.

J. M. CLIFFORD President
JESS L. BALLEW Publisher

© 1965 The Curtis Publishing Company, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. All rights reserved. Title reg. U.S. Patent Office and foreign countries. Published biweekly; twenty-six issues per year. Second-Class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mailing offices. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department Ottawa, Canada, by Curtis Distributing Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ont., Canada. SUBSCRIPTION PRICES: U.S. and Possessions and Canada, 1Yr., $3.95; 2Yrs., $7.45; 3 Yrs., $10.95; longer terms $4.00 each additional year. Pan American countries, 1 Yr., $5.45. All other countries, 1 Yr., $6.95. UNCONDITIONAL GUARANTY. We agree, upon request direct from subscribers to the Philadelphia office, to refund the full amount paid for any copies of Curtis publications not previously mailed. THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, J. M. Clifford, President; Mary Curtis Zimbalist, Sr. Vice Pres.; Cary W. Bok, Sr. Vice Pres.; L. Philip Ewald, Sr. Vice Pres.; Leon J. Marks Sr. Vice Pres.; G. B. McCombs, Sr. Vice Pres.; Calvin A. Nichols, Treasurer; Gloria L. Swett, Secretary; Jess L. Ballew, Vice Pres., Publisher, The Saturday Evening Post; John S. Connors, Vice Pres., Advertising Director, The Saturday Evening Post. The company also publishes Ladies' Home Journal, Jack and Jill, Holiday and The American Home. THE SATURDAY EVENING POST editorial offices are located at 641 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022.

IN THIS ISSUE

April 10, 1965 • 238th Year, Issue No. 7

ARTICLES

Integration could destroy rural Mississippi *(Speaking Out)* — *Dr. Clayton Sullivan* 10
The heir apparent *(Affairs of State)* — *Stewart Alsop* 18
Teen-age drinking — *Bill Davidson* 23
Uncle Sam's wonderful tax machine — *Don Oberdorfer* 28
Circus! — *Bill Ballantine* 30
F. D. R. as we remember him — *The Roosevelt Children* 38
They are staring at me — *V. S. Naipaul* 82
Jeanne Moreau: Death, suffering, love — *C. Robert Jennings* 86
The great Swampoodle gazette — *Anne Chamberlin* 90
The Angel who doesn't fear to tread — *Myron Cope* 95

FICTION

The Appraiser — *Malcolm Wood* 54
The Covenant — *R. V. Cassill* 66

DEPARTMENTS

Letters 4
Post scripts 80
Hazel 92
Editorials 100

ABOUT THIS ISSUE

Author Ballantine

The innocent victim of the automobile accident described in the opening paragraphs of TEEN-AGE DRINKING was editor-at-large BILL DAVIDSON's own banker. The crash occurred less than half a mile from the author's home and prompted him to write to Connecticut Gov. John Dempsey, who recommended his appointment to a Traffic Safety Committee in the Danbury-New Fairfield, Conn., area. Shortly afterward Davidson began his nationwide survey of the teen-age drinking problem. . . .In the picture at right, CIRCUS! author BILL BALLANTINE reveals his former occupation—he worked with circuses from 1946 to 1954. . . .On page 82 V. S. NAIPAUL describes a return trip to his native India. A graduate of Oxford, he lives in Trinidad. His writings have won several prizes, including the 1961 Somerset Maugham Award./LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER's cover photograph shows six favorite attractions of the Ringling Brothers, Barnum & Bailey Circus.

MOVING?

Don't forget your Post and we'll send you this moving guide!

The Saturday Evening Post offers the New Home Journal to every subscriber who is moving. If you will let us know your new address at least EIGHT weeks before you move, you won't miss an issue of The Post, and we will send you the New Home Journal free. It helps you plan your move, saves time, trouble and money. For others it costs $1. The post office will not forward copies unless you pay extra postage, and we cannot replace lost copies. To keep your Post coming, send us your new address, including Zip Code, and a label from a back copy. For service adjustments send your latest mailing labels, including those from duplicate copies, to Post Subscription Service, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Subscription Service Division, The Saturday Evening Post, Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pa. 19105.

The Saturday Evening Post
The Curtis Publishing Co.
Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pa. 19105

Please send my free copy of New Home Journal. I will be moving to my new address on this date:

month____ day____ year____

IF YOU ARE MOVING
PIN LABEL HERE
DO NOT PASTE
Then print your name and new address below.

Name (Please Print)____

My new address____

City____ State____ Zip Code____

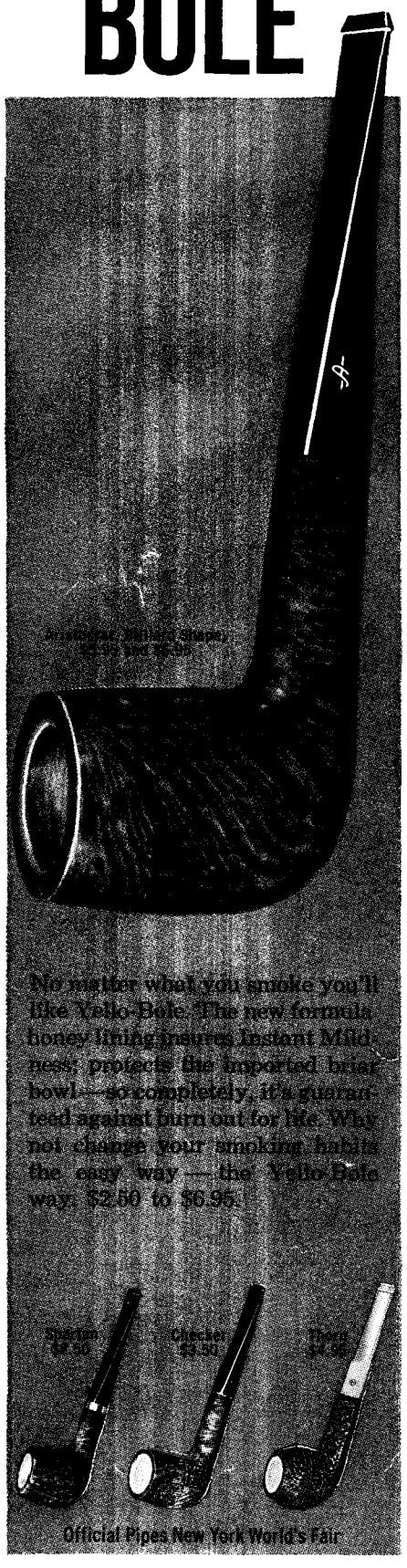
☐ Check here, and enclose one dollar, if you want New Home Journal but do not yet know your new address

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

INSTANT MILDNESS

yours with

YELLO-BOLE


No matter what you smoke you'll like Yello-Bole. The new formula honey lining features Instant Mildness; protects the imported briar bowl—so completely, it's guaranteed against burn out for life. Why not change your smoking habits the easy way—the Yello-Bole way. $2.50 to $6.95.
Sultan $4.95
Checker $3.50
Thane $4.95
Official Pipes New York World's Fair

Free Booklet tells how to smoke a pipe; shows shapes, write: YELLO-BOLE PIPES, INC., N.Y. 22, Dept. P30.
By the makers of KAYWOODIE

Letters

War on poverty

My sincerest congratulations to *The Post* and Christopher Jencks for speaking out about the Administration's supposed war on poverty [DO WE WANT TO WIN THE WAR ON POVERTY?, March 13]. It should be "must" reading, not only for President Johnson and his strategists, but also for our $30,000-a-year congressmen.

ALBERT J. FLATTERY
New Orleans, La.

• Mr. Jencks cites as one of two examples of the poverty problem one Joe Wallach, who lives in Colorado and has a wife and four children. One could reasonably assume that Mr. Wallach is likely to sire several more children in addition to the four he cannot adequately support now. The author's idea of a "negative income tax" is to my mind ridiculous. If Mr. Wallach continues to increase the number of his dependents (at $500 a head), it would seem he will eventually only have to file a negative income tax form to have the Government send him money solely as payment for his procreative prowess.

The Government would do better if it instituted a crash program of information, guidance and actual clinical assistance to parents in the area of birth control.

J. M. ROSE
Arlington, Va.

• I would like to put forward to Mr. Jencks and if possible to Sargent Shriver and the Great Society architects an essentially Conservative approach to the really great society. Not so long ago many individuals and families were brought forth from the chaos of post-World War II Europe into the relatively affluent levels of American society through the efforts of the displaced persons programs. Surely the same church and civic groups and individual families which aided the European refugees should be able and willing to help out "displaced" Americans.

DAVID H. KARRFALT
Huntington, W.Va.

• I have a wife and seven children. My last-year's gross income totaled $3,800—this combined my farm income and a part-time Post Office position. Needless to say, there are many necessities we do without.

I do not feel that additional income is the only salvation for poverty-stricken families. If we could get all of our bills consolidated and repay on a long term note, we would have solved our problems. We raise our own food, and a child doesn't have to be dressed to the teeth to be clean and presentable.

I am sure there are many families in a similar position that could make it on low incomes if they could cut their monthly outlay of cash. Incidentally, I have applied for a loan to the Office of Economic Opportunity to do what I outlined above. A bill of this type could save many who would be otherwise destined for a lifetime of poverty and despair.

JAMES L. JEFFERS JR.
Cobleskill, N.Y.

The policeman

I have seen the editorial THE POLICEMAN which appeared in the March 13 issue of *The Post* and did not want the opportunity to pass without expressing our appreciation for your astute observations concerning the problems and goals of the professional policeman.

QUINN TAMM
Executive Director
International Ass'n
of Chiefs of Police, Inc.
Washington, D.C.

Origin of crime

Congratulations to author Roger Kahn for his welcome departure from the splash of blood and bullets in THE CASE OF THE DEAD BOOKIE [March 13]. Mr. Kahn takes away the limelight from the brutality and senselessness of the physical act of murder, and instead focuses on the oft forgotten work of an "honest cop."

GORDON C. HILL
Denver, Colo.

• Roger Kahn's THE CASE OF THE DEAD BOOKIE was an incisive and penetrating piece of journalism. It is not fair, however, to state or even imply that the Orthodox Jewish atmosphere in Williamsburg lends itself to, or even encourages, a criminal element. The sordid minority is there in defiance of Hassidic teachings and not in testimony to them.

RABBI ISRAEL KOLLER
Temple Rodef Shalom
Port Arthur, Tex.

• Roger Kahn created the impression that the Hassidim have spawned a slum community of assorted criminals and that they are, in effect, a Jewish Mafia. Nothing could be further from the truth. They are a devout religious sect who have indeed turned their backs on the modern world, devoting themselves completely to God and to their families. Williamsburg, like other ghettos, has its share of crime. It was the Hassidim of Williamsburg who organized a vigilante committee to protect themselves and their neighbors.

SANDRA MILKES
Syosset, N.Y.

Honor system

In your editorial THE INFORMER [March 13] on the honor system at the Air Force Academy, you aver that it would seem appropriate to find other means than "tattling" to uphold it. You overlook the fundamental principle that each member of the Corps must subordinate his own interests to the good of the institution and that he bears a responsibility for its integrity, [so] that in every crisis each member may depend utterly on each and every other, and that the nation can rely utterly on the institution.

R. L. GREENE
Col. U.S.A., Ret.
Amherst, Mass.

Success

I APPRECIATE THE FEARS FOR MY PROFESSIONAL WELFARE EXPRESSED IN BILL DAVIDSON'S ARTICLE WHO KILLED YOUR FAVORITE TV SHOW? (FEBRUARY 27). I KNOW THAT YOU AND YOUR MANY READERS WILL BE PLEASED TO LEARN THAT THE LATEST NIELSEN RATINGS HAVE *I'VE GOT A SECRET* RANKED IN THE NUMBER 12 SPOT WITH THE HIGHEST RATING THE PROGRAM HAS ENJOYED IN QUITE A LONG WHILE.

STEVE ALLEN
HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

Help him to keep healthy, alert and in good spirits

Worm him regularly with **Sergeant's Worm-Away®** —just mix with his food

Half the fun of having a dog is the warm companionship he offers.

Help guard his health. Simply mix Sergeant's Worm-Away with your dog's food according to directions.

That's **all** you need do. Worm-Away protects him safely and surely against the common large roundworms which steal his vitality.

Puppies need special care. Worm them six to eight weeks after birth.

Get Worm-Away today. Only 98¢ at drugstores and pet counters. Remember, too, Sergeant's offers you a complete line of tested dog-care products.

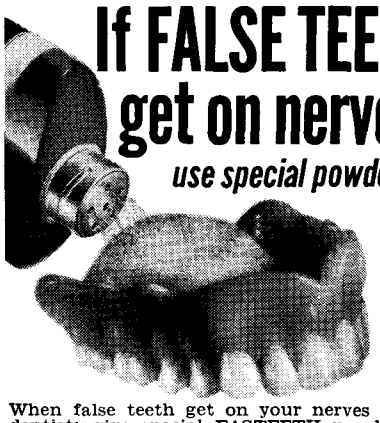
FREE Dog-Care Book. Packed with facts on feeding, training, ailments. Send a postcard with your name and address to Sergeant's, Dept. SEP, Richmond, Va. 23230.

IF PRODUCT OR PERFORMANCE DEFECTIVE ★ Good Housekeeping GUARANTEES REPLACEMENT OR REFUND TO CONSUMER

Sergeant's® Worm-Away

If FALSE TEETH get on nerves

use special powder



When false teeth get on your nerves many dentists give special **FASTEETH** powder. It helps hold teeth in place — helps keep them from slipping or dropping down when you talk—makes you feel more secure. **FASTEETH** cushions tender gums so you can bite harder and eat easier, faster with greater comfort. **FASTEETH** helps you laugh and speak more clearly without embarrassment. **FASTEETH** is **alkaline** (non-acid). Checks "plate odor" (denture breath). At drug counters everywhere.

CORNS

Removed by Mosco, also Calluses. Quick, easy, economical. Just rub on. Jars, 40¢, 70¢. At your druggist. *Money back if not satisfied.* **Moss Chem. Co. Inc., Rochester, N.Y.**

MOSCO ★CORN★ REMOVER

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now get more life insurance for your money at Allstate.

SEE HOW MUCH MORE ALLSTATE WHOLE LIFE INSURANCE $15 A MONTH CAN BUY									
Age	**21**	**23**	**25**	**27**	**29**	**31**	**33**	**35**	**37**
Before rate reduction:	**$13,623**	**12,836**	**12,064**	**11,309**	**10,574**	**9,870**	**9,150**	**8,467**	**7,815**
Now—with rate reduction:	**$15,434**	**14,415**	**13,443**	**12,495**	**11,595**	**10,743**	**9,890**	**9,090**	**8,334**

All life insurance companies' rates are not the same. At Allstate we lowered rates on life insurance in January, 1963. So a dollar now buys as much as *13% more* whole life insurance.

Other kinds and amounts of Allstate Life Insurance are available for as little as $5 a month, depending on your age. All with good, honest value built right in.

Just call an Allstate Agent at Sears or an Allstate office. He'll be glad to come to your home.

Allstate Life Insurance Company. Home Office: Skokie, Illinois.

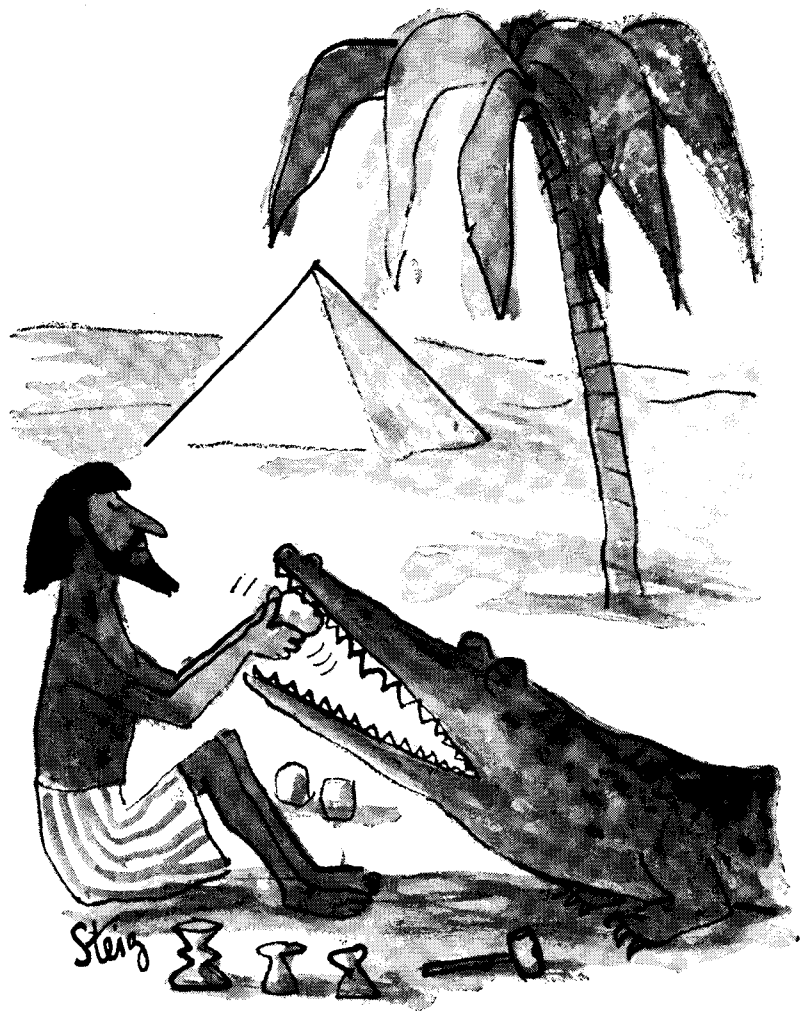
"Let me read you this one, Daddy!"

You're in good hands with Allstate®

Founded by Sears

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

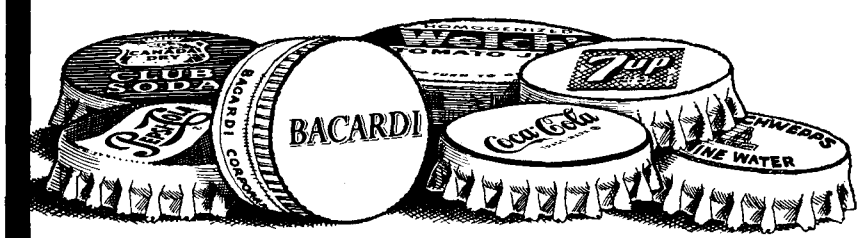
There's a better way to do it



...with a Nicholson file

Quality tools by Nicholson: Files · Rotary Burs
Hacksaw and Band Saw Blades · Hole Saws
Ground Flat Stock · Industrial Hammers

NICHOLSON U.S.A.® **NICHOLSON** BLACK DIAMOND® U.S.A.
Nicholson File Company, Providence, R. I.



DRINKMATES!

Put 'em together and you've got a Bacardi Party!
(Had one yet?)

Bacardi Parties are popular because they're *fun!* Just gather some Bacardi Rum, all the "mixin's" you can think of, all the people you like—and mix well! Bacardi's so good-tasting, so dry and light-bodied that it's an old smoothie with cola, soda, tonic, ginger ale, vermouth, juices, etc., etc., etc. *That*'s why they named a party after it! Have one!

TRY A BACARDI DRINKMATE
ENJOYABLE ALWAYS AND ALL WAYS

© Bacardi Imports, Inc., Miami, Fla. Rum 80 & 151 Proof

Letters

Birth defects

The excellent article on German measles and birth defects [ATTACK ON THE UNBORN by Steven M. Spencer, March 13] put one statistical cart ahead of its horse when it stated that "last year up to 20,000 children suffered prenatal damage" as a result of the rubella epidemic. No one knows the casualty figure yet. That's because close to 50 percent of rubella-caused defects—such as deafness and mental retardation—may not show up until the second year of life.

And thank you for making me a pediatrician. Would that I were one! It's true my chief concerns for many years have been in infant and maternal health problems and particularly, as director of birth defects research for The National Foundation-March of Dimes, in birth abnormalities, but my specialty training was in anesthesiology, not pediatrics.

DR. VIRGINIA APGAR
New York, N.Y.

Madison Avenue

In Martin Mayer's story on Madison Avenue [MADISON AVENUE: THE BIG INVISIBLE SELL] the reference to our agency includes a serious error in fact. He writes: "Significantly, Marsteller operates entirely on a fee system, not on commissions." Since most of the space and time we place is on the basis of commissions, our clients may well wonder what goes on. About 50 percent of our income is fees, the rest commissions. Fees are primarily used on public relations, sales promotion and research, of which we do a great deal.

We have been consistent and vocal about the benefits of the media commission principle. It has had much to do with our ability to serve clients we otherwise wouldn't have, and in many cases to make it possible for a client to have an agency at all.

WM. A. MARSTELLER
Marsteller Inc.
New York, N.Y.

• Even my barber knew you must have misquoted me in your MADISON AVENUE article. In speaking of the advertising business west of Madison Avenue, Martin Mayer claims I said ". . . if a man is willing to come out here, the chances are he's an alcoholic or he's got three wives—he's escaping from something. So we've had to raise our own."

Now, since we obviously neither hire nor keep "alcoholics or men with three wives," the statement is absurd just on the face of it.

However, I think I know how it happened. I did tell Mr. Mayer how it was different in the early days before W. W. II; in the depression '30's it was virtually impossible for us to attract top talent to Minneapolis from Madison Avenue. But since the war the situation is exactly the opposite.

We couldn't run our agency as it is today without the people who have come to us from outside the Twin Cities. They include our president, and both executive vice presidents and six members of the agency's board of directors. And the list is a far longer one than that. All wonderful people. With only one wife apiece . . . and some wonderful wives, at that.

RAY MITHUN
Campbell-Mithun, Inc.
Minneapolis, Minn.

Coming soon...in The Post

A MAJOR REPORT:

THE AMERICAN MINISTER

His rewards...his conflicts...his ministry

HAITI

Black magic, tyranny and despair

Sen. Frank Church:

'We Must Stop the War in Vietnam'

Amazing 15-year masquerade:

HOW TO SUCCEED IN THE AIR FORCE WITHOUT REALLY JOINING

KELLY

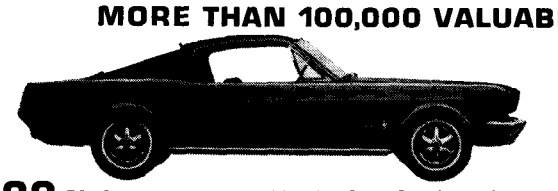
Inside story of Broadway's biggest flop

Post Picture Credits *Reading across pages, then down:*
3–from Bill Ballantine. • 10–R. Simmons (Pix). • 18–Ollie Atkins. • 23, 24, 25, 26, 27–I. C. Rapoport. • 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37–Lawrence J. Schiller. • 39–UPI. • 40–Franklin Delano Roosevelt Library, Wide World, UPI. • 44, 47–UPI. 48, 50–Gilloon. • 86–Don Ornitz (Globe). • 87–Don Ornitz (Globe), Denis Cameron (Pix). • 88–Dalmas (Pix). 90–Ollie Atkins. • 95, 96, 97, 98, 99–Bill Bridges. • 100–Wide World.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

YOU MAY HAVE ALREADY WON!

MORE THAN 100,000 VALUABLE PRIZES!



100 FORD MUSTANG 2+2 FASTBACKS! or Country Sedan station wagons– PLUS 1,000 gallons of SUPER SHELL GASOLINE

200 GENERAL ELECTRIC COLOR TV'S!

100 CASH PRIZES $1,000.00 EACH!

A few of over 100,000 VALUABLE PRIZES in the giant 1965 MILLION DOLLAR SWEEPSTAKES

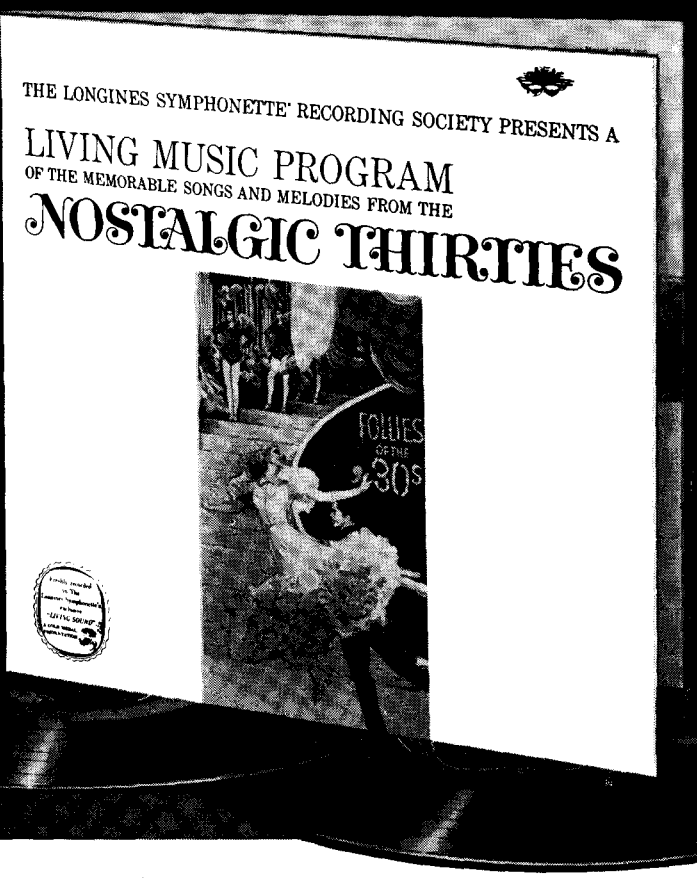
NEW 1965 **MILLION DOLLAR Sweepstakes**

The Longines Symphonette Invites You To Accept

This superb two-record Treasury

FREE

Both records—25 of the most popular songs ever written—are yours FREE to demonstrate the newest idea in recorded music, The Longines Symphonette LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM.


THE LONGINES SYMPHONETTE RECORDING SOCIETY PRESENTS A
LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM
OF THE MEMORABLE SONGS AND MELODIES FROM THE
NOSTALGIC THIRTIES
FOLLIES OF THE 30's

FREE **25 beloved songs from "The Nostalgic Thirties" in sweeping, emotional arrangements to entertain the entire family!**

Do your favorite songs include "Hands Across The Table", "Mood Indigo", "My Little Grass Shack", "I Married An Angel", "Tipi-Tipi-Tin", "I've Got A Feeling You're Fooling"? These are just a sampling of the songs you keep as a FREE gift from The Longines Symphonette's exciting new LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM! Two purest vinyl records in a beautiful full-color Library Album created exclusively for this remarkable offer!

What Is The Living Music Program?

This exclusive new service of The Longines Symphonette makes it possible for you to enjoy—at the lowest cost–the popular, beautiful and familiar music voted "My Favorite" by millions of listeners to our famed radio and television programs. The LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM is not a **club,** but rather an association of The Longines Symphonette and record collectors throughout the world.

How The Living Music Program Benefits You!

- **YOU ARE NEVER OBLIGATED TO BUY ("record clubs" usually require a continued obligation to purchase recordings).**
- **You build a balanced library of the most popular music, beautifully performed, produced on the finest materials, attractively packaged in deluxe Library Albums to form a superb set of familiar family music.**
- **You will be entitled to listen to a newly recorded program every two months.**
- **You may cancel your membership at any time without further obligation.**
- **You save up to 50%—each two-record program you accept is equal in quality and selections to deluxe sets selling for as much as $11.90 in fine record stores, but you never pay more than $4.95 (just 50¢ additional for stereo).**

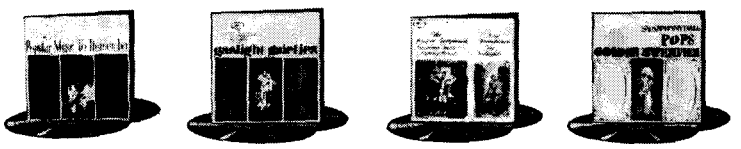
How The Living Music Program Works

Only six two-record programs will be released in the coming 12 months. The first program is now ready for you and will be sent you for home audition. Every two months another Program will be sent you for FREE 10 day listening. You audition each of the two-records in the comfort and privacy of your own home. Only after listening do you decide whether to keep the Program or to return it. For every two-record program you decide to keep, send the low member's cost of just $4.95 (plus modest postage-handling cost) for the complete set of two records in an individual, full-color Library Album. Since you save up to 50% of the usual price for such fine recordings, it's like getting one record FREE every two months. You are never obligated to buy —you may cancel your membership at any time simply by writing us!

MAIL POSTAGE-PAID CARD TO FIND OUT IF YOU HAVE ALREADY WON . . . AND TO GET FREE RECORDS!

Find out if you have already won a valuable prize simply by returning the postage-paid card—check the YES box, and get your FREE record album just for listening to program #1 in this new series. Program #1 features the "Memorable Music From The Golden Twenties"—including "Singing In The Rain", "Pagan Love Song", "I'm Sitting On Top Of The World", "Girl Of My Dreams", "Shiek of Araby", and many more favorites—25 in all! There's no obligation to buy—you may return "Memorable Music From The Golden Twenties" and owe nothing . . . but keep your FREE "Nostalgic Thirties" two-record Treasury.

A Few Of The 2 Record Sets Now Planned For The "LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM"



"POPULAR MUSIC TO REMEMBER" The all-time hit songs and melodies!

"GAS LIGHT GAIETIES" The most sentimental music in American History!

"SONGS FROM ACROSS THE FOOTLIGHTS" The most popular songs from the stage!

"SYMPHONY HALL 'POPS' CONCERT" The favorite Melodies of the Concert Hall!

MORE PROGRAMS TO BE ANNOUNCED—BUT NO MORE THAN SIX IN THE NEXT 12 MONTHS! JOIN TODAY!

HOW SWEEPSTAKES WORKS...The Longines Symphonette has reserved the described gifts for holders of lucky numbers, selected by electronic computers under the direction of the D. L. Blair Corporation. Each Lucky Number Coupon submitted will be checked against the official list of winning numbers. Employees of Longines Symphonette and its affiliates, or of this magazine shall not be eligible.

Your entry must be on the official Lucky Number Card, and must be checked YES or NO. Mail your entry to the Longines Symphonette by midnight June 26, 1965 (must be received by July 3, 1965).

This Sweepstakes is subject to all Federal, state and local regulations. If you are a prize winner you will be notified by mail. A list of major prize winners will be sent upon request if you send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

The Longines Symphonette (LMP)

"LIVING MUSIC PROGRAM"

Longines-Wittnauer Tower • Fifth Avenue • New York, N. Y. 10036

1 Send my FREE two-record set "THE NOSTALGIC THIRTIES" and reserve a Charter Membership in the "Living Music Program." Also send my first program, "Memorable Music From THE GOLDEN TWENTIES" (two records—25 selections) to play in my own home for 10 days FREE! I may return my first program, but keep FREE two-record set!

2. I may cancel membership at any time—I have no obligation to buy anything!

3. I will have the privilege of listening (FREE of cost) to other thrilling programs as they are released—one new program every two months. I may return them and owe nothing.

4. For each two-record Program I accept (equal in quality to deluxe sets selling in fine record stores for up to $11.90) I will send just $4.95 plus modest postage-handling cost.

CHECK HERE FOR STEREO: ☐ Just 50¢ additional for each two-record Program!

Name_____
(Please Print)

Address _____

City_____ State_____ Zip or Zone_____ R2591-905

NOTE: No one else has the lucky number on the card attached. Mail it today to enter Sweepstakes. Use this coupon to order additional albums!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Speaking Out

INTEGRATION COULD DESTROY RURAL MISSISSIPPI

By DR. CLAYTON SULLIVAN

By birth I am a son of Mississippi, the state which beyond doubt is the most disliked (yet most misunderstood) member of the Union. And by profession I am one of those strange creatures called a Southern Baptist minister. I am a Baptist pastor in Tylertown, a small county-seat town in southwestern Mississippi. Tylertown has a population of slightly over 1,500. Almost half are Negroes.

Three years ago I returned to live in Mississippi after being out of the state for eight years while pursuing my theological studies. The Mississippi to which I returned was not the Mississippi I had known previously. Today the race question hangs over Mississippi like a dark storm cloud. During recent months 38 Negro churches have been burned. Anti-Negro vigilante groups have grown in power. In the town where I live, a cross was burned on the lawn of our circuit judge who (in a charge to the grand jury) had denounced the siege of church burnings. A Ku Klux cross was burned across the street from the church of which I am pastor. A person cannot live in the state of Mississippi without becoming involved in this tension.

During the past three years I have come to know intimately the people of Tylertown and to have a profound respect for them. Moreover, in the course of my pastoral duties I have come to know what they think about the race issue, and why they reason as they do about the Negro. I want to plead for an understanding of why my fellow townsmen have such a deep-seated fear of integration. In writing about Tylertown's dilemma, moreover, I am writing about much more, for our town and county are a microcosm of the rural Deep South. My suspicion is that many well-intentioned people outside the South do not know the complexity of our racial problem. Nor do they realize that at the present time in the rural South segregation is a social necessity, a device to stave off cultural disintegration.

On the race issue, Mississippi has become the nation's whipping boy. Repeatedly in papers and magazines and on television Mississippians are portrayed as vicious bigots who live in water-moccasin-infested swamps and lynch Negroes for recreation. Extremist Negro leaders delight in portraying Mississippi as an outlaw society in which there is not a single decent white person. And because of this barrage of criticism it is not easy in 1965 to be a Mississippian.

If it is difficult in 1965 to be a Mississippian, it is doubly difficult to be a Mississippi clergyman. Ninety-nine percent of our parishioners are opposed to integration with Negroes. But most major Protestant denominations have assumed the inflexible view that integration is Christian and segregation is un-Christian. In the theological seminaries of the land this inflexible view is taught as dogma. Integration is "the will of God."

But three years' living in the rural South has led me to question this current dogma. I have come to doubt the assumption of the armchair liberals that segregation in the rural South can be discarded overnight in favor of wholesale integration. Moreover, I have come to see that the Southerner's opposition to integration does not invariably spring from rabid prejudice. Indeed, about the race question in the rural South, there is a puzzling moral ambiguity. My colleagues in the clergy outside the South are much surer of what the "will of God" is in this matter than I am. I sometimes think a person's authoritativeness on the South's race problem is in direct proportion to his distance from the South.

There are dimensions to our race problem of which many people outside the South are unaware. In particular, most people are blissfully unaware of a "behavior gap," a difference of conduct and manners and morals, which separates the majority of rural Negroes from the white people of the South. To be sure, there are exceptions, but most

The author, 34, earned his doctorate from Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, and has studied at Harvard's Divinity School, Union Theological Seminary and American University.

rural Negroes are separated from the mainstream of American life by an appalling chasm. To explain and to illustrate this, I must mention aspects of our race problem that are not considered "nice." To speak of them is evidence of "prejudice." But these aspects must be thought and talked about if our problems, and the Negroes' problems, are to be understood and eased. We Southerners believe that Americans from other parts of the country, faced with the same situation, would react to it just as we do.

This gap can be seen only too clearly in the aspect that is the least "nice" of all. By and large many of the rural Negroes in the South have not learned even elementary hygiene. If this sounds like a trivial complaint, then try to envision the realities we face. I wonder if it ever has dawned upon critics of the South that one of the reasons Southerners find the idea of integration so abhorrent is because of the rural Negro's physical uncleanliness? Doctors have discussed with me the difficulties they have in dealing with Negroes who come to them for medical help. Dirt and filth, giving off an emetic stench, often is caked on the patients' bodies. There are dentists in my acquaintance who have told me of Negroes with tartar caked so thickly that it is literally impossible to see their teeth.

This condition is related to the primitive living conditions of rural Negroes. One of the doctors in my congregation remarked to me, "All too many of our Negroes live like swine in pigpens." The doctor's observation, though unpleasant, is true. With my own eyes I have seen Negro houses in which Negroes defecate through crude holes in the floor. I have seen Negro homes where windows are used as convenient latrines. With my own eyes I have seen Negroes to whom knives, forks and spoons are as unknown as linen napkins. That many Negroes live like swine in pigpens may not be just or Christian, but it is a social reality. White Southerners do not relish the idea of instantaneous integration with people who live under such primitive conditions as these.

Another example of the behavior gap is the notorious sexual promiscuity among Mississippi Negroes. One out of every four Negro babies born in Mississippi is illegitimate. For comparison, about two percent of the white babies born in Mississippi each year are illegitimate. The Negro's attitude is revealed in an episode related to me by a social worker who visited an unmarried Negro girl, the mother of four illegitimate children, with the fifth expected. The social worker counseled with the girl and explained to her that since she was having so many children she ought to have a husband.

The girl, a perplexed expression on her face, responded, "Miss, you don't have to have no husband to have children."

Even when married, many Negro men have the disconcerting habit of fathering five or six children and then fleeing to the black ghettos of Chicago or Detroit. Frankly I do not find it difficult to understand the reluctance of my parishioners to send their children to schools in which many of the students would be Negroes from such abandoned, impoverished homes.

At times the barrier separating whites and Negroes is like a glass wall. You cannot see it; you can only strike against it. Nowhere does this barrier become more bewildering than in coping with atavism. People outside the South must realize that voodooism and superstition are still rampant among many rural Negroes. For several months my wife and I had a Negro woman working for us as a domestic. One day during a severe thunderstorm I found the woman crouched in the corner of a bedroom closet at the parsonage. In halting words she told me she was "marked" to die during a thunderstorm. Her mother, while pregnant with her, had been caught outdoors in a storm. This meant (so she explained) the baby was marked to die by lightning. I sensed I was in the presence of an approach to life I could not understand.

Another perplexing characteristic of

One measure of a democracy's strength is the freedom of its citizens to speak out—to dissent from the popular view. Although the editors often disagree with the opinions expressed in Speaking Out, they dedicate the series to that freedom.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

How come Metropolitan Life considers your insurance needs as individual as your fingerprints?

Expect to inherit anything?

Have a mortgage? Plan college for the kids? What's your income?—prospects?—savings? Have a pension plan where you work?

Your special combination of answers to questions like these is bound to be as individual as your fingerprints. So your insurance needs will be, too.

That's why Metropolitan has a multitude of life, health, and family policies, with options, riders, and special provisions for special needs. Also, a broad selection of annuity contracts.

Choosing from them, your trained, full-time Metropolitan adviser can custom-tailor the right program for you (from $1,000 to $5,000,000) that fits close as a glove—without binding.

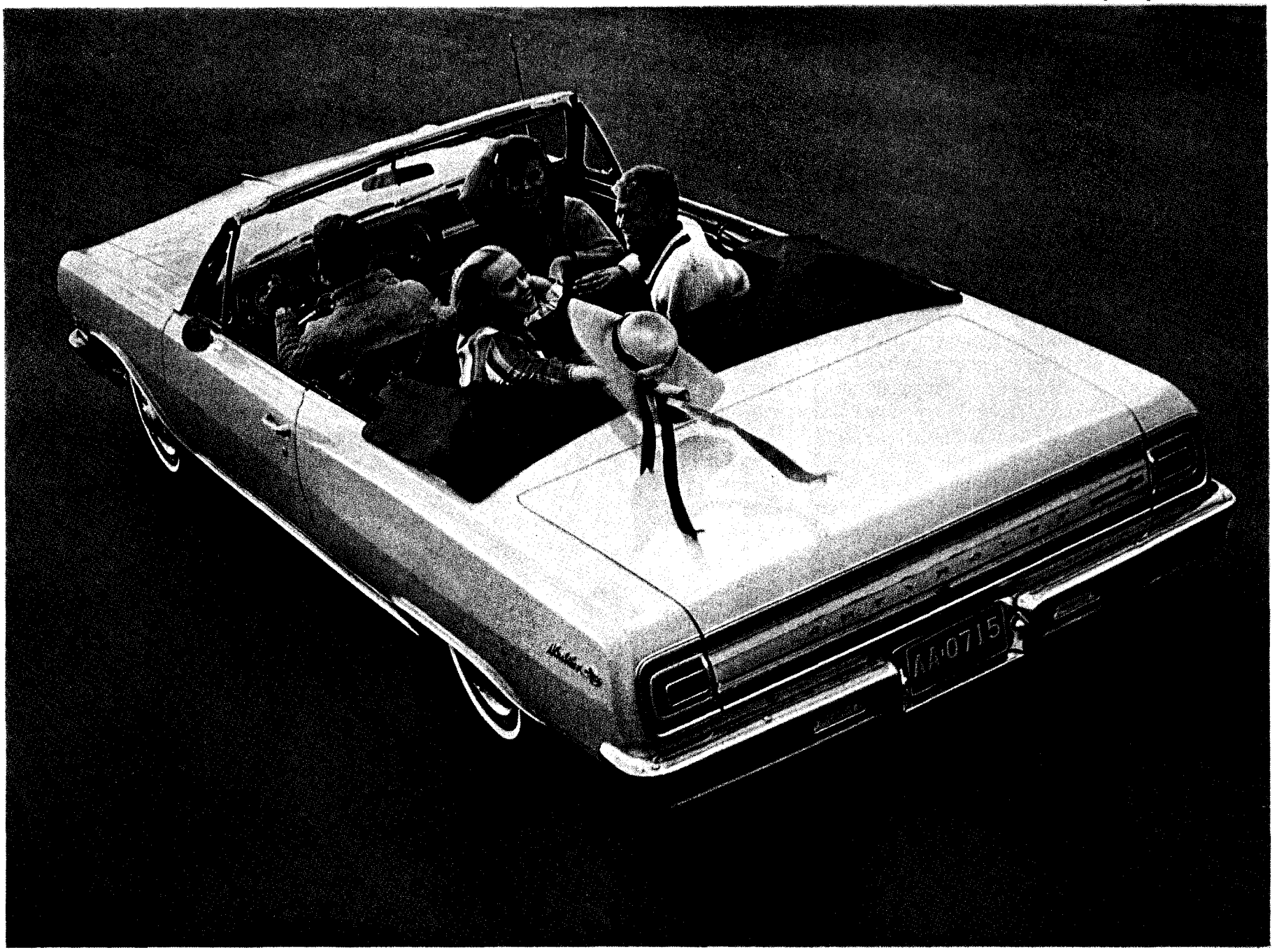
If you have kids growing up, there's inexpensive *extra* coverage. If you have a big debt, we have ways to keep it from burdening your widow. If you're about to retire, we have ways to turn modest savings into a sure income for life.

Why not ask for a Metropolitan Family Security Check-Up? There's no obligation... *except to those you love.*

More choose Metropolitan Life
millions more than any other company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Chevelle Malibu Super Sport Convertible



CHEVELLE by Chevrolet has a few surprises for you

Like the ride, performance, comfort, quietness, styling, luxury, handling, practicality, economy of operation, ease of maintenance, versatility, response, roominess, luggage capacity, finish, longevity, size, and spirit.

Surprise! It's an intermediate-size car, but there's nothing intermediate about Chevelle's performance.

In fact, there are a total of 21 power teams, to give you precisely the grade of performance you want most. And the neat size of Chevelle just insures you the agility to go with the performance.

Surprise again: revise your notions about the roominess and comfort of an intermediate-size car. Once you discover the easy grace of the new Chevelle ride—refined even more this year—you'll realize that Chevelle offers all the traditional Chevrolet values in a surprisingly handy size and sharp new personality.

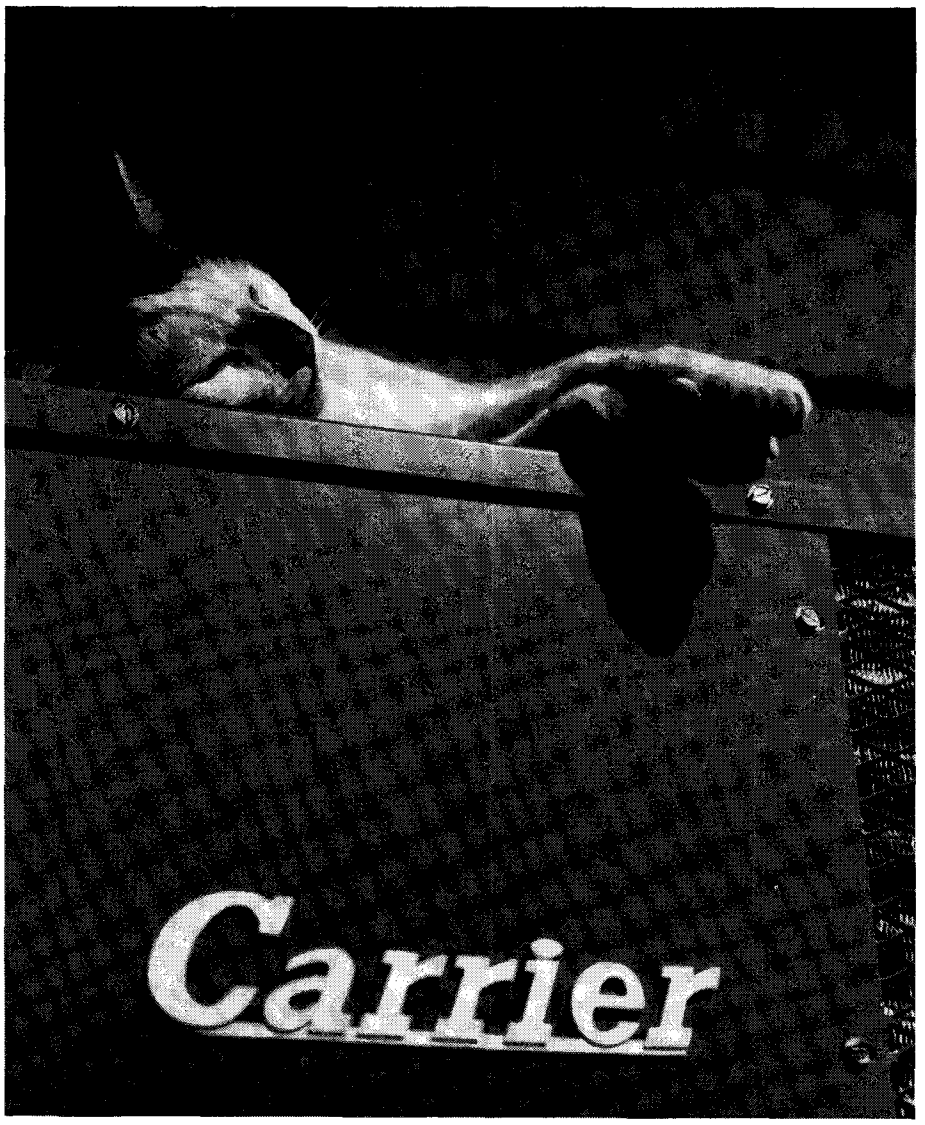
We could go on and on, but you'll get the Chevelle idea best when you discover how much space you don't need to park it and how much money you don't have to spend to buy and operate it. And how many custom touches you can add to make your own Chevelle very special — anything and everything from an AM-FM Stereo radio to a tissue dispenser.

The other surprises you'll just have to see for yourself. Chevelle simply has more of everything than anything else in its class. Surprise yourself: try one! . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

CHEVROLET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Choose Carrier air conditioning and get remarkably quiet operation



Carrier engineering makes sure of it.
Fifty years of research—
more than any other
air conditioning manufacturer—
have built objectionable noise
out of Carrier equipment.
Another reason why more people
put their confidence in Carrier
than in any other make.

Carrier Air Conditioning Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When they build their real homes, we'll be there to help them with home loans.
Savings and Loan Associations help more people finance the buying or building of their own homes than all other financial institutions combined.

FEDERAL SAVINGS AND LOAN INSURANCE CORPORATION — SAFETY OF YOUR SAVINGS — INSURED — UP TO $10,000

Savings and Loan Associations

© 1965. The Savings and Loan Foundation, Inc., 1111 "E" Street, N.W., Washington, D. C. 20004

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

many rural Negroes is an apparent indifference to moral standards. Just as illegitimate children are no embarrassment and family abandonment is no crime, so fist fights are amusing pastimes. A Negro farm employee of one of my church members killed his wife by breaking her neck. The next day he was milking cows as though nothing had happened. The murdered woman lay in bed for days and was finally discovered by my church member after the dead woman's children told him something was wrong with their mother.

In other words, most of the Negroes with whom we Southerners must deal are not of the Roy Wilkins and Marian Anderson type. Instead, many of them are enmeshed in a transmuted African culture. The legacy of slavery still rests heavily on the rural South. I have heard Dr. James Silver, our state's academic thorn in the flesh, state bluntly that the mass of Mississippi Negroes are inferior human beings. Silver, the author of *Mississippi: The Closed Society*, was not subscribing to a concept of inherent inferiority. Rather he argued (and argued rightly) that the inferiority of the rural Negro results from years of adverse social conditioning. In recent years the conscience of the nation has been awakened over the plight of the southern Negro. But this awakened conscience does not cause the gap separating the rural Negro and the southern white man to vanish. Moreover, this gulf cannot be bridged overnight; history knows no such leaps. For the rural South blandly to ignore this behavior gap and to embrace wholesale integration would mean nothing less than cultural disintegration.

A stubborn, harsh fact must sooner or later be faced. To go to the heart of the matter, there is no longer a way for most Negroes to make a decent living in the rural South. As long as cotton was king, Negroes were needed by the thousands to cultivate it. But cotton has been dethroned. One reason is the increased use of synthetic fibers. Another is the importation of foreign cotton. Still another significant factor has been the shift of half the domestic cotton production from the deep South to a belt extending from Texas to California. Meanwhile, vast areas of the deep South have been turned into tree farms, tung-oil farms and cattle ranches. In none of these new pursuits are large numbers of workers needed. Thus, it is a common sight in southern towns to see Negroes loafing on street corners with nothing to do. Just as the miners of Appalachia became economically useless with the decline of coal, even so the rural Negro has become economically useless with the decline of cotton.

To believe that the mass of rural Negroes can find a better life in the rural South under present conditions is as foolish as to believe you can climb to the moon on a stepladder.

What can be done to ease racial tension in the rural South and to improve the lot of southern Negroes? I want to make three suggestions.

First of all, the incredible complexity of the Negro problem in the rural South must be recognized. Regardless of how many civil-rights campaigns are conducted, the problem is going to be around for generations to come, just as the vexing problem of Harlem will be around for generations to come. I wish my colleagues in the clergy outside the South could grasp this fact. They seem to think that if on a given Sunday every preacher in the South would preach a "powerful" sermon on the race question, then miraculously this problem could be solved. Our race problem must be recognized for what it is: a dilemma to which there is no quick solution.

Secondly, the utter hopelessness of the Negro's economic future in the rural South must be recognized. Without extensive landholdings, skills, or opportunities for employment, he is caught in a poverty cycle from which he is powerless to escape. Although the proposal sounds drastic, a deliberate effort must be made to move as many Negroes as possible out of the rural South. If the Negro is going to be saved, he will be saved in the metropolitan areas of this country which offer jobs in factories and offices.

Finally, a program of cultural and economic rehabilitation must be inaugurated for those Negroes who remain in the rural South. Though it may seem brutal to the doctrinaire, this program must be carried out at first within a framework of segregation. The ministry of hundreds of Booker T. Washingtons is needed, and responsible Negro organizations should provide it. Negroes could be taught birth control, elementary sanitation and personal hygiene. Model farms could be established and equipped. Trade schools could train plumbers, electricians and carpenters. Southern Negroes, like Israeli Jews, must become farmer-businessmen par excellence.

Negroes as individuals will not be redeemed until the Negro community does something that will win for it the admiration of the world. In the rural South the door is wide open for Negroes to demonstrate their ability to accomplish something admirable. Why don't responsible Negro organizations, instead of conducting showy civil-rights campaigns, establish Negro agricultural communities patterned after the old Shaker societies of Kentucky or the *kibbutzim* of modern Israel? Why don't Negroes, instead of making themselves look ridiculous by threatening fire upon the white man, establish an economic-development organization patterned after Israel's *Histadruth*? Such an organization could deliver the southern rural Negro from his economic helplessness.

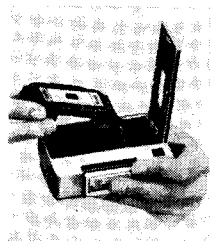
And, parenthetically, may I suggest that in the current controversy at least some sympathy be extended to us southern whites, whose lot it is to live among the rural Negroes? Outsiders conceive of us as dumb bumpkins and hayseed bigots. Northern ministers use us as illustrations of religious hypocrisy, and civil-rights enthusiasts portray us as devils. Ridicule has been heaped on us in such measure that the gates of paranoia are closing in upon us.

If integration means having day-by-day personal contact with Negroes, then let me assert that there is more integration in Mississippi than in any other state in the Union. To us the Negro is not an abstract object of concern; he is the person with whom we live. And it is because we have so many dealings with the Negro that we feel our apprehensions about integration should be heeded.

Clayton Sullivan

Kodak

does practically everything for you automatically

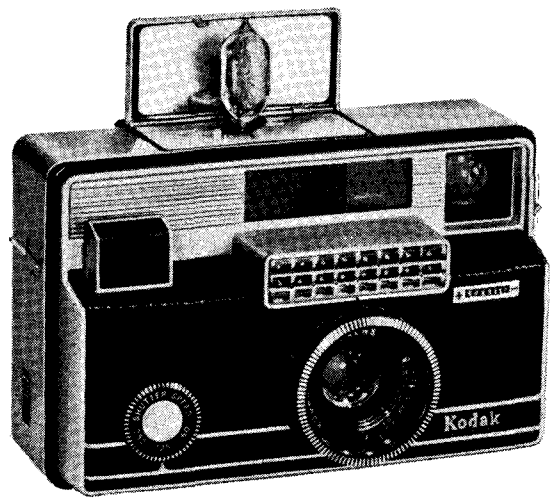


and loads instantly, too

The KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 Camera is the most convenient, most automatic, most helpful precision camera in the world today. It loads *automatically*... *automatically* adjusts for film speed... *automatically* advances the film for you after each shot... *automatically* adjusts the fast *f*/2.8 lens for correct exposure... *automatically* warns when you need to use flash... *automatically* switches to flash speed when you pop up the built-in flash holder... *automatically* sets itself for correct flash exposure as you focus... *automatically* indicates by rangefinder when focus is correct... and more, much more! This extraordinary precision camera costs less than $130. See the KODAK INSTAMATIC 800—and the many other KODAK INSTAMATIC Cameras—at your Kodak dealer's.

Price subject to change without notice.

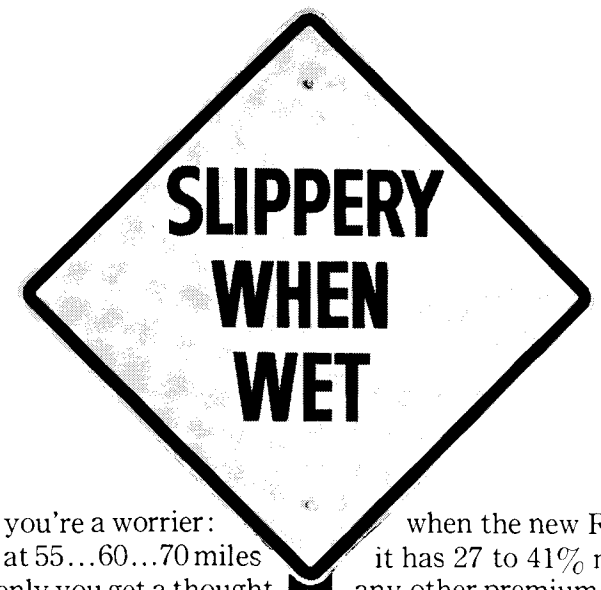
KODAK INSTAMATIC 800 Camera



EASTMAN KODAK COMPANY, ROCHESTER, N.Y.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

More about the tire for worriers



Here's how to tell if you're a worrier:

You're rolling along at 55...60...70 miles an hour... when suddenly you get a thought. What if one of your tires should blow... you're sure it won't happen... but just the same, you're now doing 55 again...

You're driving along on a shiny-wet black asphalt road... winding left... right... left... and every time you wind, you brace yourself for that awful feeling of the car sliding out from under you...

Your wife and kids are late... and you think about the isolated shortcut she always takes ...what a great place for a flat that would be...

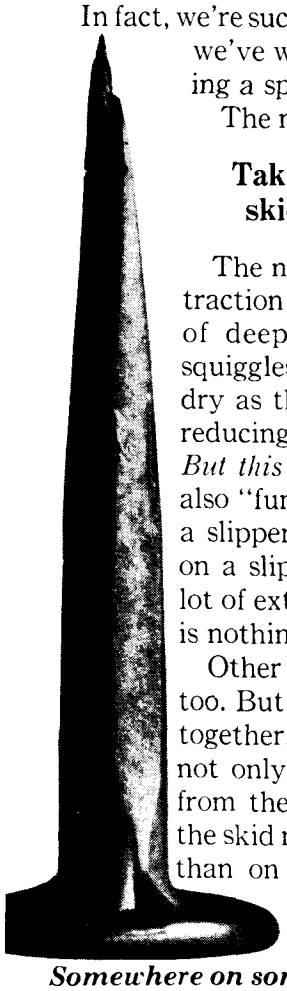
If you remember any or all of these feelings, congratulations.

You're human: You're a worrier.

So are we.

In fact, we're such professional worriers that we've worried ourselves into making a special tire just for worriers.

The new Royal Master.®

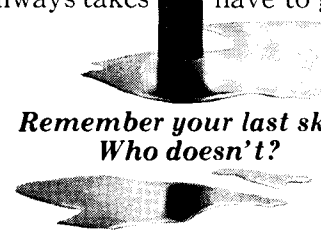


Somewhere on some lonely road there's a nail with your name on it.

Take your worries about skidding, for example.

The new Royal Master has two traction bars, each with hundreds of deep little squiggles. These squiggles actually wipe the road dry as they roll along, drastically reducing the danger of skidding. *But this isn't all.* These squiggles also "fur up" when you're making a slippery turn or stopping short on a slippery road. Giving you a lot of extra traction when traction is nothing less than a blessing.

Other tires may have squiggles, too. But none of them are so close together. Or nearly as deep. So you not only get *more* skid resistance from the new Royal Master, but the skid resistance also lasts longer than on any other tire. In fact, when the new Royal Master is 60% worn, it has 27 to 41% more skid resistance than any other premium tire in similar condition.



Remember your last skid? Who doesn't?

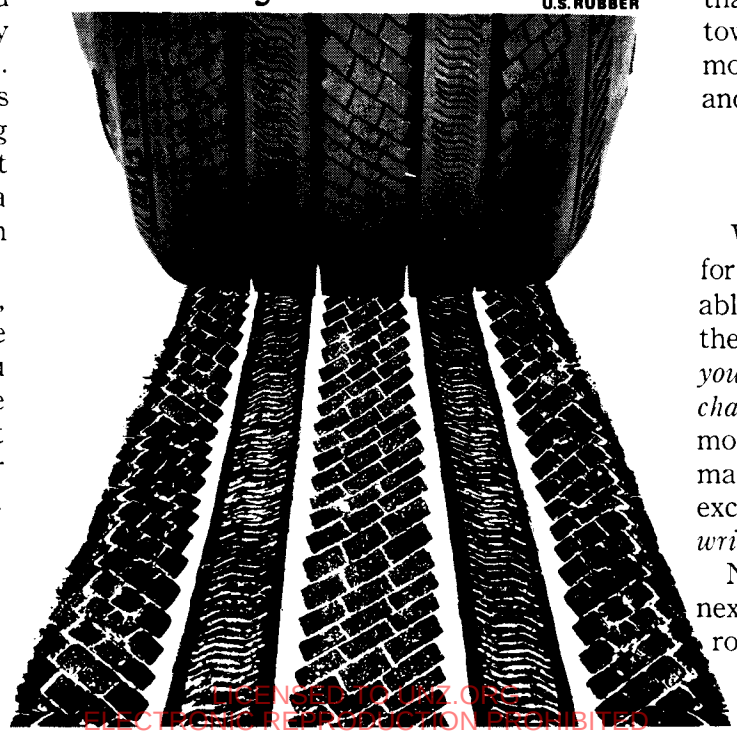
Now, what about your puncture worries?

Let's suppose you pick up a nail on some lonely road. Inside the new Royal Master is a red liner that will grip the nail and block off the leakage. The air will leak out eventually, of course, and sooner or later (maybe 1,000 miles later, maybe 2,000 miles later) you'll have to get the puncture repaired. But you'll most likely be able to do it at your own convenience. Which is really all you worry about when it comes to punctures.

Of course, we could've used a gummy puncture sealant (which frankly is slightly more effective) or a tire within a tire. But we didn't *because our engineers felt that both of these add a lot of heat to a tire. And heat is the chief cause of tire failure.*

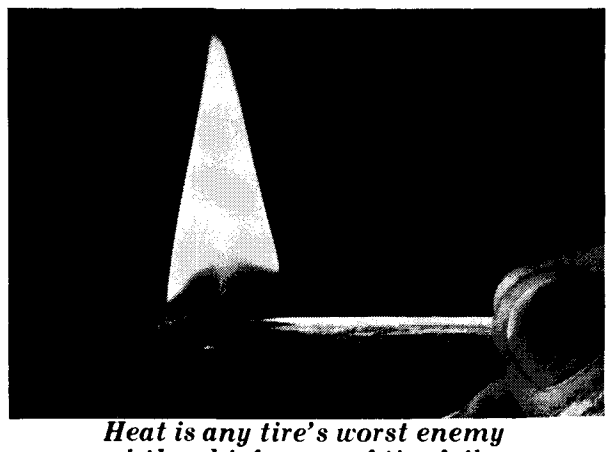
In plain English: the new Royal Master is the only tire on the road to offer you so much protection against flats in an ultra-high speed tire. (Speed rating—a *sustained* 113 miles per hour.)

U.S. Royal Master UNIROYAL U.S. RUBBER



Now, to your biggest worry of all—blowouts.

The chances of blowing a new Royal Master are practically nil. It's a brute of a tire that's



Heat is any tire's worst enemy and the chief cause of tire failure.

more than a match for practically anything on the road—rocks, pot holes, 2-by-4s, you name it. It's also a match for the destructive heat that builds up in a tire on a hot summer day when you keep going for hour after hour without stopping. (Especially when the car's loaded with wife, kids and picnic things.)

The new Royal Master is a match for any of these because it has a carcass that's 60% stronger than standard tires—the kind you most likely have on your car. And *they're* strong. As for the tread on this monster, it's so thick that it lasted for 42,000 miles in our standard town and country driving tests. You may get more. Or less. Depending on the way you drive and local road surfaces.

Here's how much confidence you can have in the new Royal Master:

We'll guarantee in writing that should it fail for any reason whatsoever (except for a repairable puncture or abuse) as long as one half of the original tread is left, *U.S. Royal will give you a brand-new Royal Master absolutely free of charge.* Past that point, you're covered by the most liberal guarantee of *any* of the leading makes. Based, of course, on wear and suggested exchange price. *And* again, you're *covered in writing.*

Now, don't you feel better? You will. The next time you're barreling down the wide open road. On your new Royal Masters.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Everything's old fashioned about Old Taylor 86

except the people who drink it

Of course . . . because they know that "old-fashioned" doesn't mean out of fashion. Good taste never goes out of style. Like the great taste of Old Taylor 86. Smooth, rich, mellow. The kind that comes with unhurried care and coddling—78 years' worth. Now there's a tradition of taste that really talks to today's moderns. How about you? *Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskey, 86 Proof. The Old Taylor Distillery Co., Frankfort & Louisville, Kentucky.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The heir apparent

WASHINGTON

Vice President Hubert Horatio Humphrey speaking, in his humorous, staccato voice, over a quick snack in the Senate dining room:

"You're not going to get any bright ideas from Hubert Humphrey—if I have some ideas I give them to Lyndon Johnson. There's no Humphrey program, just the Johnson program, and there are no Humphrey people, just Johnson people—and I'm one of them."

As these words suggest, the transformation of Senator Humphrey into Vice President Humphrey is more than a change in office. It is also—to the extent that Humphrey can make it so—a change in character. "Bright ideas"—dozens of bright ideas, coming trippingly off the tongue—used to be a Hubert Humphrey specialty. And Hubert Humphrey used to be nobody's "people" but his own.

There is, in short, a "new Hubert Humphrey." It is a little difficult to get used to this new Humphrey, just as it is a little difficult for his vast roster of friends and acquaintances to get used to addressing the new Humphrey as "Mr. Vice President," instead of "Hubert." It may even be a little difficult for Hubert Humphrey to get used to the new Humphrey. But if he has his way, the new Humphrey is going to be with us for a long time—presumably, if God and the voters are good to Lyndon B. Johnson, for eight long years.

As of today, Vice President Hubert Humphrey is, by any sensible calculation of the politico-actuarial odds, the most likely next President of the United States. But there is one indispensable condition to this calculation—that Hubert Humphrey's relations with the President remain such that he will stay on the ticket in 1968, and that he will be the Johnson-supported heir apparent in 1972.

The role of heir apparent is never an easy one. In the days when kings ruled the earth, innumerable heirs apparent were strangled, poisoned, stabbed, smothered or otherwise disposed of. President Johnson has no intention of treating his heir apparent so roughly.

On the contrary, the President, who once acknowledged that his years in the Vice Presidency were "miserable," is doing much to reduce the misery quotient in Humphrey's life. The President has given Humphrey important assignments in such areas as civil rights and space.

More important, the doors of the White House are always open to him. Quite often the President will call the Vice President and say, "What's your day like, Hubert? How about coming over for a cup of coffee?" Humphrey will drop everything to go to the White House, and the two men, who are old friends, will sit and chat, perhaps for an hour or more at a time.

Even so, being Lyndon Johnson's heir apparent is not an easy job. French Premier Georges Pompidou is Gen. Charles de Gaulle's heir apparent, and the French satirical periodical, *Le Canard Enchainé*, quotes de Gaulle as saying to Pompidou: "I told you to make yourself known, not to make yourself noticed." Johnson's decision not to send Humphrey to represent him at Winston Churchill's funeral indicates that the President's attitude has something in common with de Gaulle's. It is not easy for a man to make himself known but not noticed.

It may be a bit easier for Hubert Humphrey than it was for Lyndon Johnson, who tried valiantly and in part successfully to fashion himself into a "new Johnson" when he was Vice President. The fact is that there is and long has been something very like a father-son relationship between Johnson and Humphrey, which was certainly not true of John F. Kennedy and his Vice President.

"I became Vice President because he made me Vice President," says Humphrey. "I became Whip because he made me Whip. As a matter of fact, I've had a helping hand from Lyndon Johnson from the beginning. I remember him saying to me, 'Hubert, you should get better acquainted with more senators,' and we'd have lunch with Walter George or Dick Russell, or someone like that, in the private dining room. He never asked me to change on issues where we differed, but he taught me something all politicians ought to learn and a lot of them don't. That is that whether you call yourself a conservative or a liberal, the most important thing is to get something responsible done rather than just make a noise. A half loaf is better than none, especially if you know where the other half is and you can come back and get it later."

Hubert Humphrey is not a subtle or deceitful man, and his admiration for the President is quite obviously wholehearted and sincere. "There's never been a President happier in the Presidency," he says. "The reason is that the President knows both what to do and how to do it."

But, although there is nothing feigned about it, Hubert Humphrey's admiring-son-to-revered-father relationship with the President suggests why there are roadblocks on Humphrey's road to the White House. Franklin Roosevelt has been compared to the upas tree, whose shade is so thick nothing can grow under it. Lyndon Johnson's shade seems likely to grow at least as thick as Roosevelt's, and maybe a mite thicker.

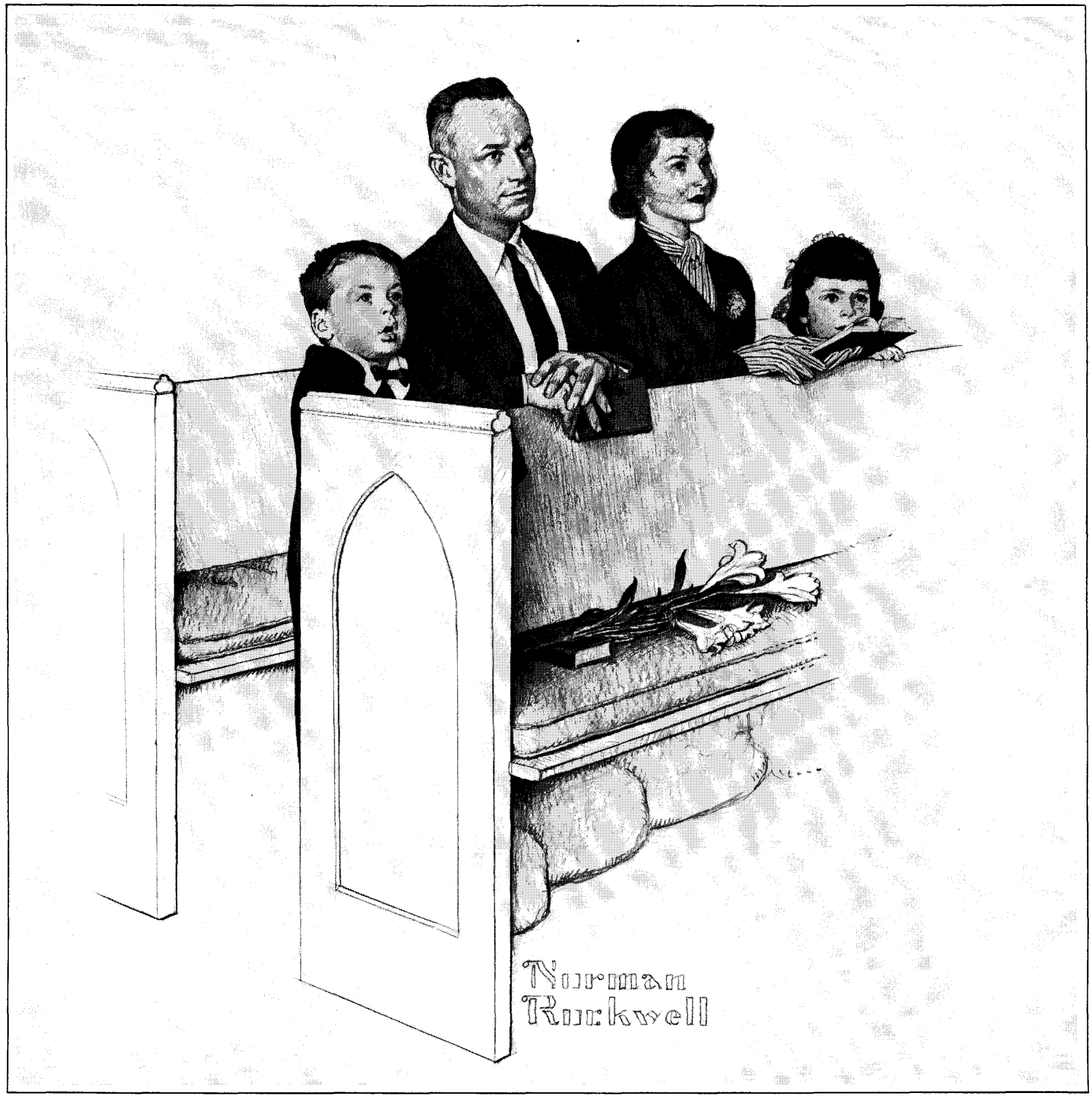
All Presidents are upas trees to some extent, which is one reason why Vice Presidents so rarely succeed to the Presidency, except by inheritance. Moreover, there is at least one legitimate claimant to the White House, who is very able, potentially very powerful, and who sits in the shade of no living man. That, of course, is Robert Kennedy.

But there are roadblocks in Kennedy's way too. For example, as one friend of Kennedy's has said, "Everybody knows that Bobby was unhappy about Johnson's delay in making up his mind what to do about Vietnam. But if he said anything about it in public, the headlines would read: KENNEDY BREAKS WITH JOHNSON ON VIETNAM. And everybody would assume that Bobby was running for President already." Thus, for the time being at least, it is almost as difficult for Robert Kennedy as for Hubert Humphrey to take an independent line on significant issues.

But Humphrey has an important asset that Kennedy lacks. Under any foreseeable conditions Johnson will have a lot to say about the identity of the man nominated to succeed him. Humphrey is a friend of Lyndon Johnson, and Robert Kennedy is not. Johnson likes Humphrey—it is as simple as that. And because Hubert Humphrey is an immensely likable man as well as a very able one, the President's friendship, the vital factor in the equation, is likely to last.

Stewart Alsop

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



In this season...it is well to remember

The hope of our world rests on faith. Through faith our forefathers—men of varied faiths—built this country. And only through faith can we, in our turn, build confidently for the future. Faith is a family matter, too . . . and with it goes the responsibility of helping our children prepare for tomorrow's world.

MASSACHUSETTS MUTUAL
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

Springfield, Massachusetts / organized 1851

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

When the time comes . . .

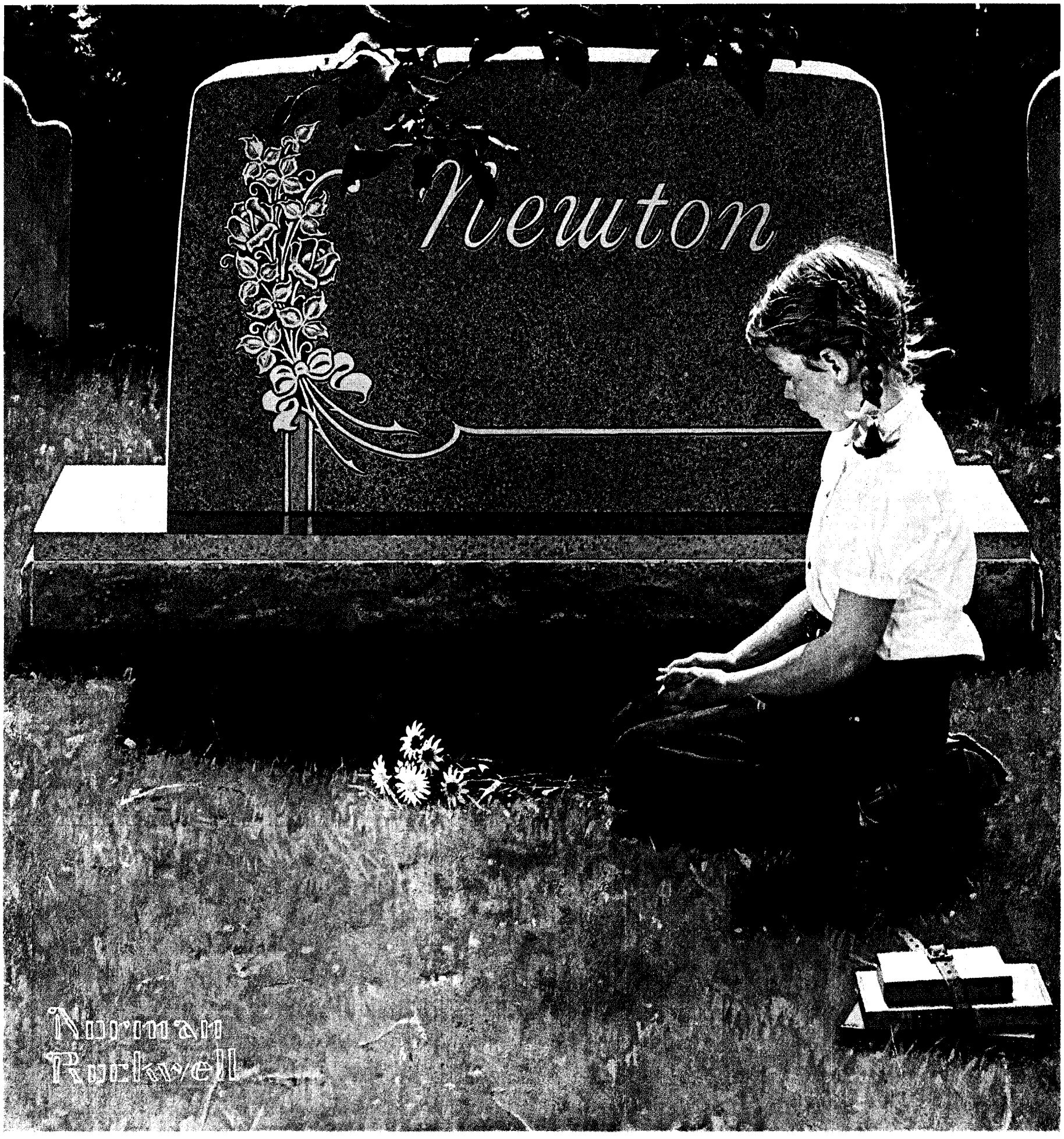
SEALMARK®
ROCK OF AGES®

When the time comes in your family—the time to choose a memorial for a loved one—will you know where to look? How to decide? What to pay?

Few people do.

But there is someone you can rely on for sound, professional advice . . . your neighbor who sells Sealmark® Rock of Ages® Memorials.

Rock of Ages Authorized Dealers hold the most highly regarded position in their field. They hold it because of the integrity with which they conduct their business.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

there's one person to call!

Here, on this page, you will find the outstanding Rock of Ages Dealers in your area. One of them can help you . . . "when the time comes".

The 800 Rock of Ages Authorized Dealers and their salespeople carry identification cards. Ask to see this card and the Rock of Ages Sealmark when you buy.

ROCK OF AGES®

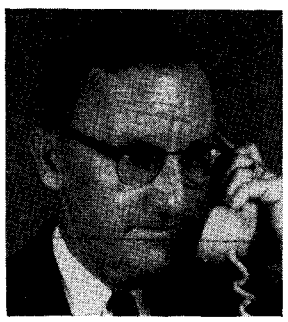
BARRE, VERMONT

in Canada, Iberville, Quebec

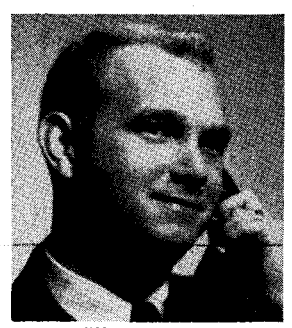
© 1965, Rock of Ages Corporation

SEALMARK® ROCK OF AGES®

DON WELLER
Arizona Granite & Marble Co.
Phoenix, Ariz.
Tel. 253-0090



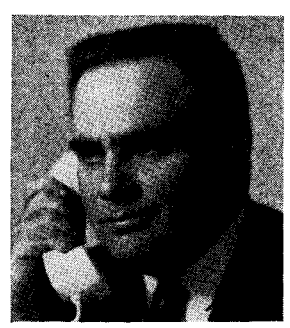
CLEVE L. COTNER
Cotner Monuments
Fort Smith, Ark.
Tel. SU 3-7788



HARRY LEGGETT, JR.
Rest Hills Memorials
Little Rock, Ark.
Tel. FR 2-2111

HUIE McGEE
McGee Monument Co.
Morrilton, Ark.
Tel. FL 4-2278

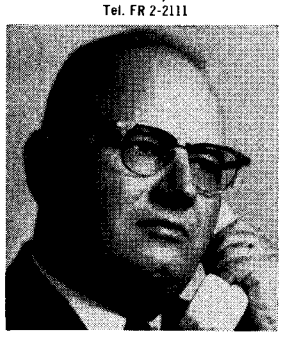
MARTEL DUNLAP
Dunlap Monument Co.
Pine Bluff, Ark.
Tel. JE 4-4125



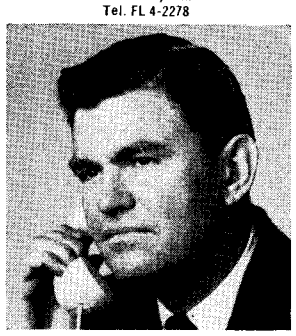
CHARLES A. NORMAN
Memorial Art Co.
Abilene, Kans.
Tel. CO 3-3062

V. E. PETERSON
Memorial Art Co.
Hutchinson, Kans.
Tel. MO 3-3161

CHARLES E. WILLIAMS
Williams Monument Works
Iola, Kans.
Tel. EN 5-3471

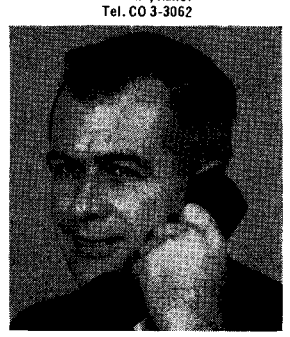


IVAN PETERSON
Memorial Art Co.
Salina, Kans.
Tel. TA 3-2981



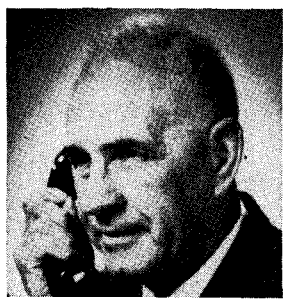
BILL HUTTON
Hutton Monuments
Topeka, Kans.
Tel. FL 4-7005

OLIVE E. QUIRING
Quiring Monument Co., Inc.
Wichita, Kans.
Tel. MU 2-5572

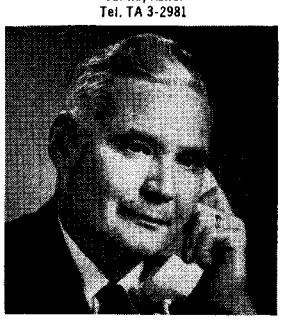


ROBERT A. LANDRY
Amite Marble & Granite Works
Amite, La.
Tel. 9282

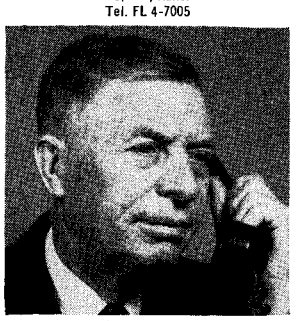
(MISS) NONA E. MARTIN
Martin Marble & Granite Works
Monroe, La.
Tel. 322-4401



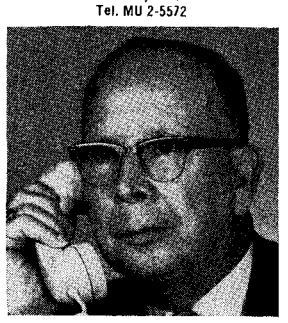
I. GUINN MOON
Allen Monument Co., Inc.
Shreveport, La.
Tel. 868-5346



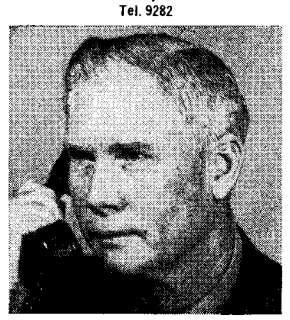
DAVID H. LITTLE
Little Monument Co.
Fremont, Nebr.
Tel. 721-8230



ELMER C. FEIS
Feis-Speidell Monuments
Hastings, Nebr.
Tel. 2-7115

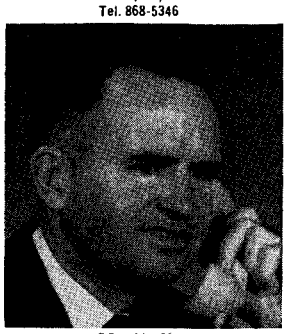


B. H. PALMER
Palmer Bros. Granite Co.
Holdredge, Nebr.
Tel. 995-4477



MAX. J. SPEIDELL
Speidell Monuments Inc.
Lincoln, Nebr.
Tel. 432-6263

BILL HAHN
Hahn Bros. Memorial Co.
Blackwell, Okla.
Tel. EM 3-4263

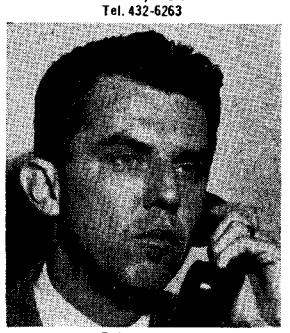


DON ARNOLD
F. E. Arnold Monument Co.
El Reno, Okla.
Tel. AN 2-0136

CHARLES D. LUTZ, JR.
Osgood Monument Co.
Amarillo, Texas
Tel. DR 3-9151

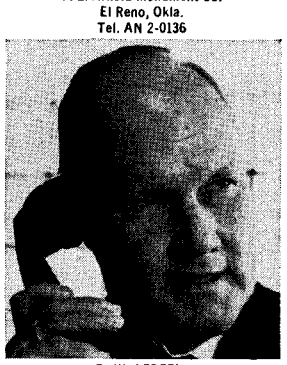
J. N. DAVES
Sabine Monument Co.
Beaumont, Texas
Tel. TE 2-2841

ROY H. GROVES
Memorial Arts
El Paso, Texas
Tel. 533-6026



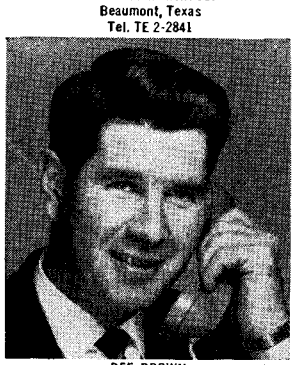
E. W. GIDDEN
Forest Park Memorials
Houston, Texas
Tel. WA 8-5141

JIM COLLIER
South Plains Monument Co.
Lubbock, Texas
Tel. SH 4-4178



R. W. LEDEEN
Ledeen Star Memorial Co.
Mt. Pleasant, Texas
Tel. PA 4-4785

ELMER AUSTIN, JR.
Elmer Austin Memorials
Tyler, Texas
Tel. LY 2-3735



DEE BROWN
Brown Monument & Vault Co.
Logan, Utah
Tel. 752-3415

KENT R. WARD
Walker Monument Co.
Salt Lake City, Utah
Tel. 484-0503

Photographs are not available for the following Authorized Dealers who merit inclusion in this advertisement.

Camden Monumental Works
Camden, Ark.
Tel. TE 6-2186

Oakland Granite & Marble Co.
Oakland, Cal.
Tel. 632-3341

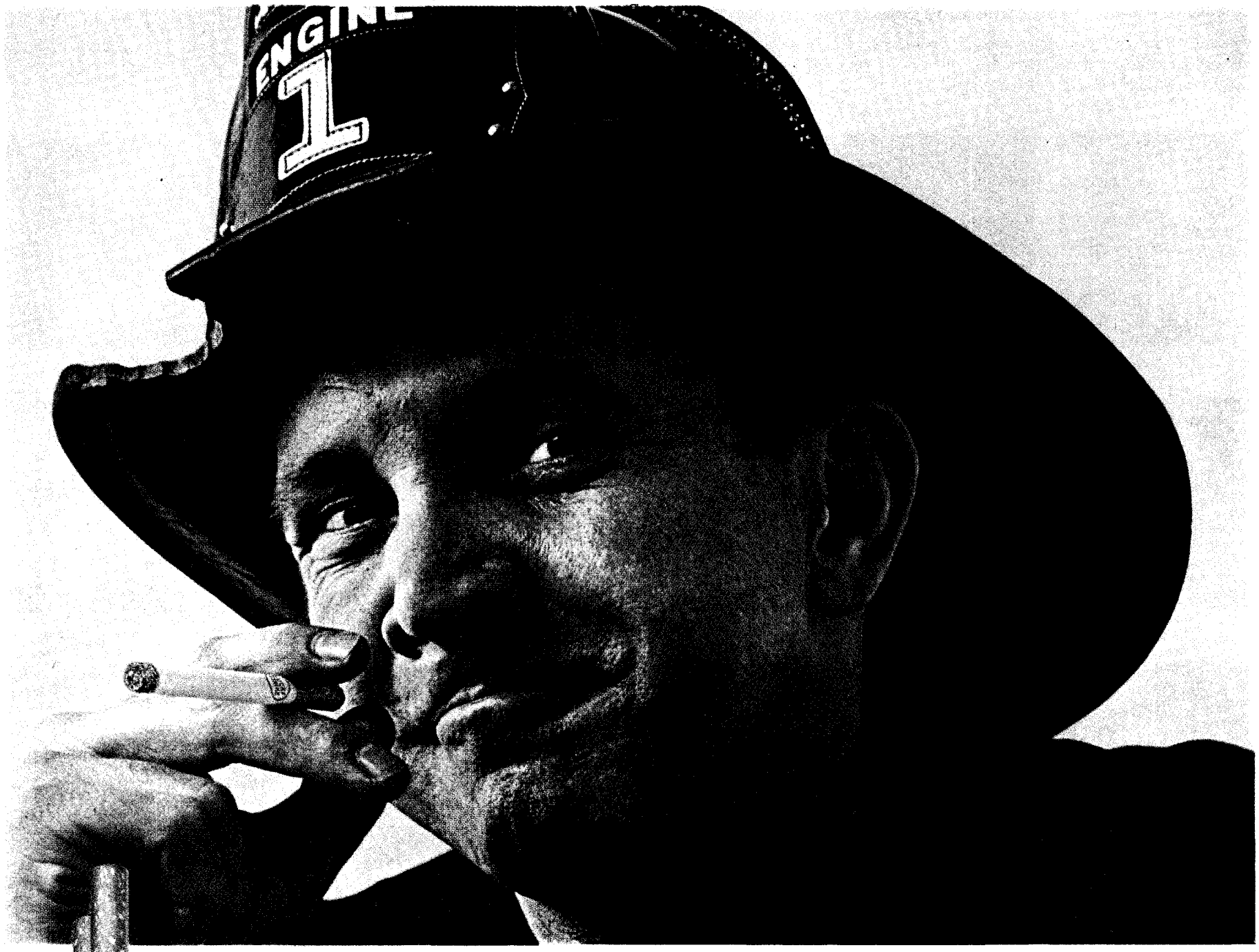
Norton's Memorials, Inc.
Newton, Kans.
Tel. 283-3780

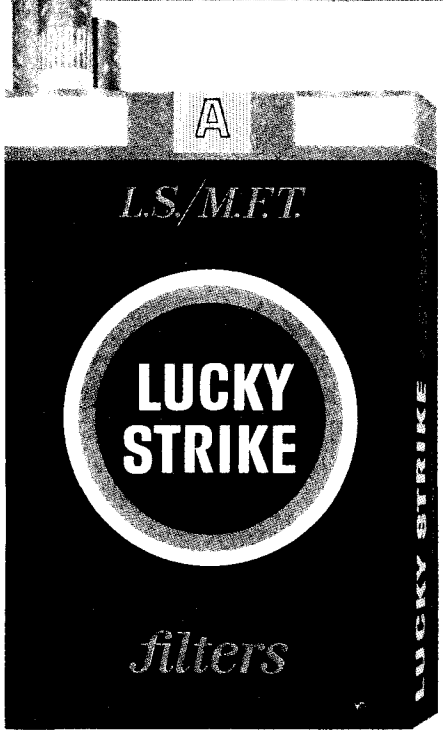
Beverly Memorial Co.
Hattiesburg, Miss.
Tel. 584-6564

Fred Cheek Monuments
Fort Worth, Texas
Tel. ED 2-2689

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"What I said was: **Show me just one filter that won't take away the taste and I'll eat my hat!"**





NEW LUCKY STRIKE FILTERS

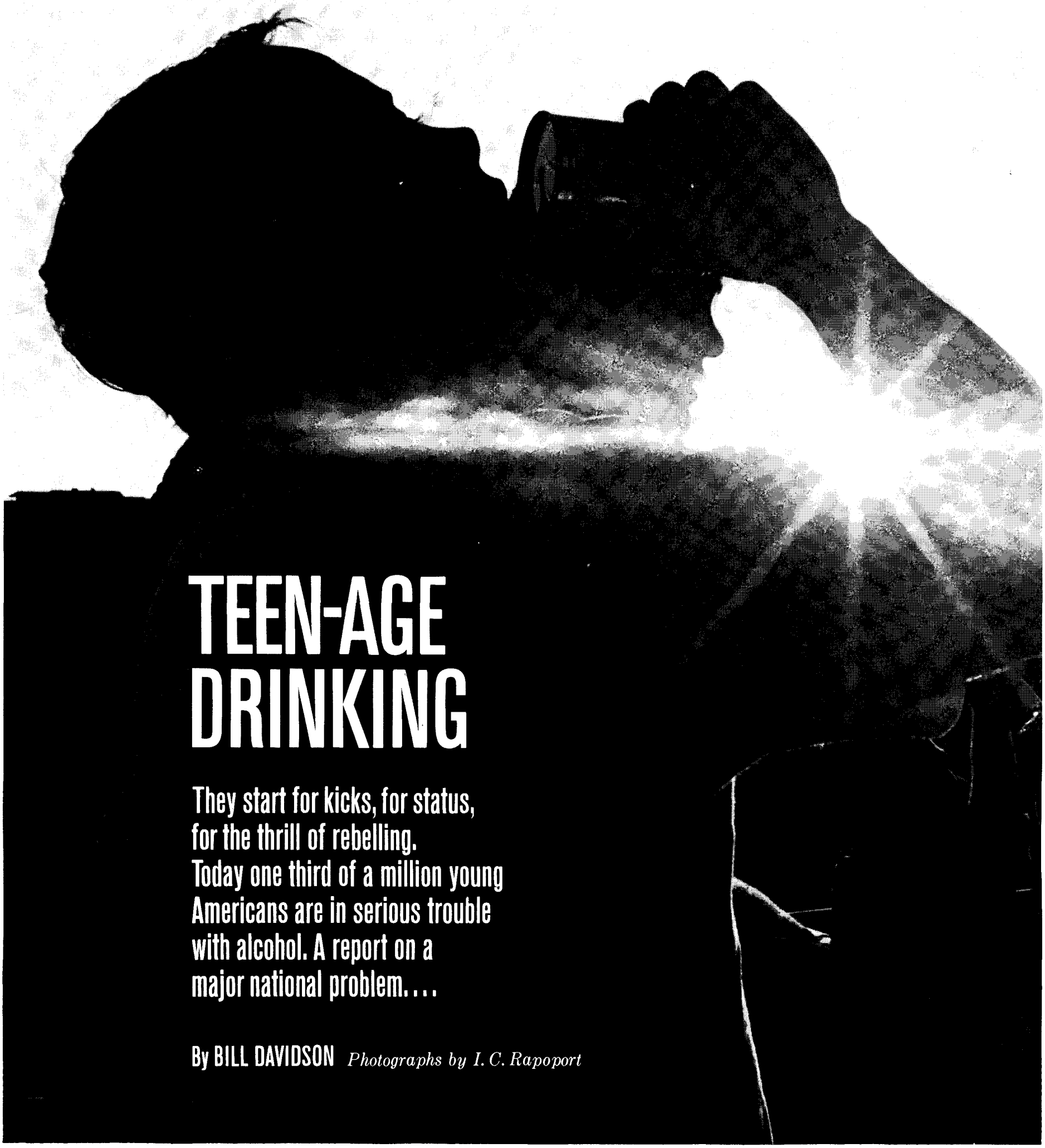
put back the taste others take away

L.S./M.F.T. LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO
LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FLAVOR TIP

You get—unchanged—Lucky Strike's
famous fine-tobacco blend.
And Lucky's Flavor Tip actually enhances the taste

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



TEEN-AGE DRINKING

They start for kicks, for status, for the thrill of rebelling. Today one third of a million young Americans are in serious trouble with alcohol. A report on a major national problem....

By BILL DAVIDSON *Photographs by I. C. Rapoport*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Shortly after seven o'clock one evening last May, Gary Hanlon and another 17-year-old boy left Southbury, Conn., to drink in nearby Putnam Lake, N.Y. For a 17-year-old, New York's minimum-drinking age of 18 is more easily circumvented than Connecticut's minimum of 21; the boys, in fact, had already made three drinking expeditions across the state line that day.

At 7:34 P.M. a gas-station attendant saw Hanlon's car speed up Connecticut's winding Route 39 at about 75 miles an hour, approaching from the south a dangerous curve known as Taylor's Corner. At the same moment, a New Fairfield, Conn., banker named Louis Tanzella was heading into Taylor's Corner from the north, driving his brand-new automobile at a sedate 35 miles an hour. With him were his wife and daughter.

Hanlon's car couldn't make the curve. It hurtled into the left lane, out of control. Tanzella, seeing the car coming at him headlong, tried to steer up the steep bank beside the road. Hanlon hit him broadside. The crash was heard half a mile away. Tanzella and his wife were killed instantly; their daughter died the next morning. It took hours of work with blowtorches to free Tanzella's body from the wreckage. Scanning the banker's blood-soaked driver's license, a highway patrolman noted that it was Tanzella's 54th birthday.

Hanlon's companion survived the crash; Hanlon did not. "A sample of Hanlon's blood," the coroner reported, "revealed a blood-alcohol level of 0.14, a high reading. It was the equivalent of nearly seven ounces of 86-proof whiskey in his system."

The Hanlon tragedy made headlines in the local newspapers, but it received almost no notice elsewhere. A month later, however, a similar case—that of 18-year-old Michael Smith—did get national attention. After drinking 12 Scotches at a party in the affluent New York City suburb of Darien, Conn., Smith wrecked his car; his date, 17-year-old Nancy Hitchings, was killed. The incident gained notoriety not because of the teen-age drinking so much as because the parents and other adults who had supervised the party were arrested under an unusual and seldom-enforced law.

For every celebrated case such as Michael Smith's there are a thousand obscure cases like Hanlon's tucked away in police files across the nation. Perhaps because the statistics are hard to get at, the phenomenon of adolescent drinking has not been intensively researched. In the past 20 years there have been perhaps five major studies by outstanding sociologists, and all have tended to play down the problem.

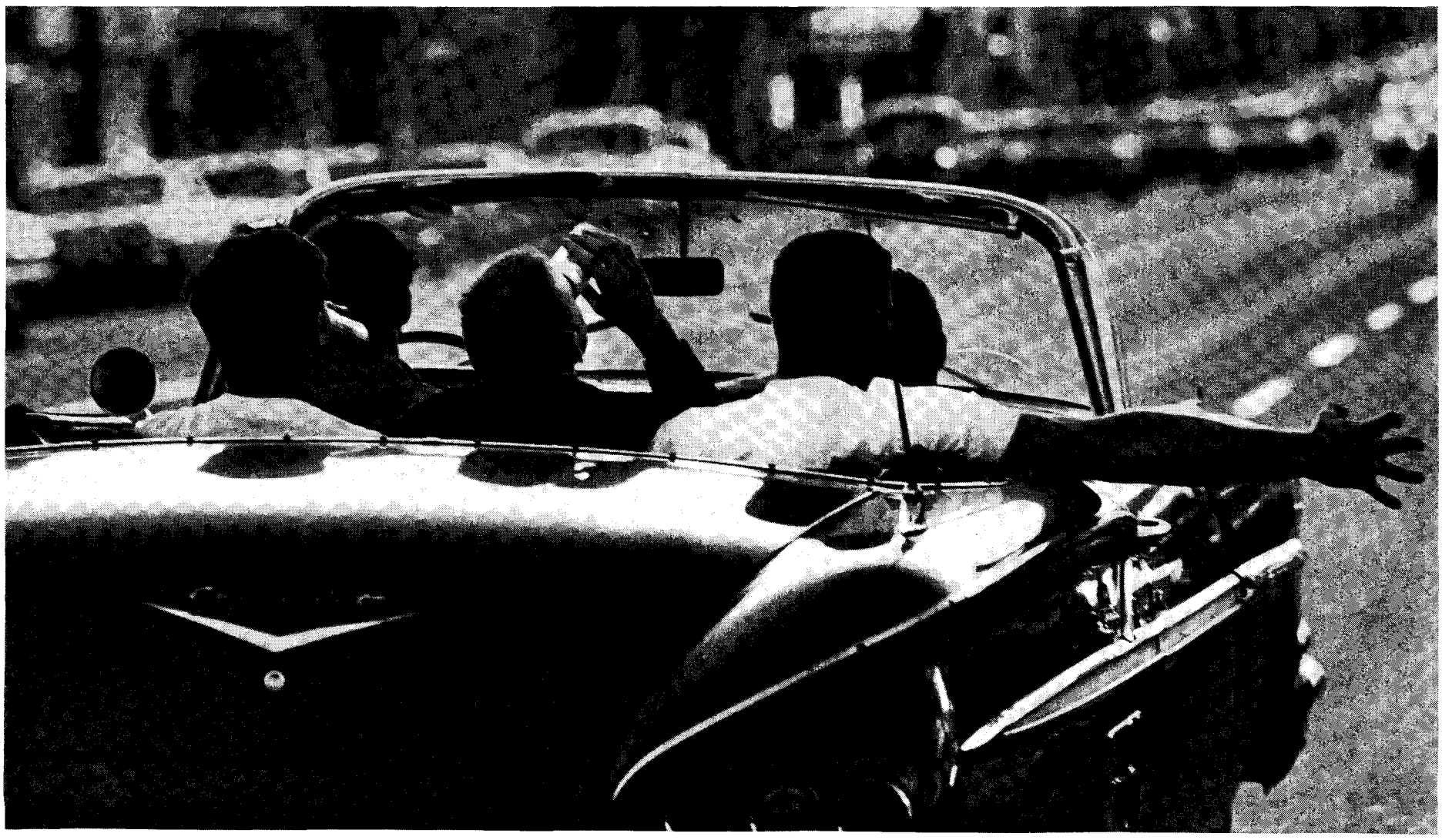
The studies acknowledge that a good many teen-agers drink—as few as 50 percent of teen-agers in some parts of the country and as many as 86 percent in others. But the studies maintain that, as one authority put it, "most of them don't drink much." Dr. Selden D. Bacon of the Rutgers University Center of Alcohol Studies likes to point out that more 12- and 13-year-old drunks were admitted to New York City's Bellevue Hospital in 1890 than have been brought in for drunkenness in any recent year. When learned societies discuss the subject, one speaker or another is sure to elicit chuckles by quoting an ancient Egyptian or Sumerian inscription that laments youthful imbibing in the same alarmed phrases used by the press today.

The social scientists say that since seven out of ten American adults (or nearly 80 million people) drink, it should not be surprising if proportionately large numbers of children follow the adult example. Nevertheless, they add, the percentage of teen-age drinkers hasn't changed much in the last 20 years. Of the 10.9 million American youngsters between the ages of 15 and 20 who are "users" of alcohol, "only" about three percent have difficulty with drink—that is, "only" about three percent are pre-alcoholics or turn to alcohol because of deep-rooted emotional problems.

To the social scientist this percentage is "not statistically significant." To the average American, however, it most certainly is. As one Pennsylvania educator put it: "That so-called statistically insignificant three percent means that a third of a million kids are running around the United States capable of killing themselves or innocent people and causing millions of dollars' worth of damage. . . . Statistically insignificant? I wonder what the smug sociologists would say if we had an invading army of about a third of a million men loose in our country with the same potential of causing death and destruction."

It is the behavior of this troublesome three percent that has stirred most of the new national concern over teen-age drinking. The problem drinkers, of course, are not evenly distributed across the country. There are fewer, for instance, in midwestern communities with Baptist-Methodist traditions of abstinence, and more in East and West Coast communities where the country-club ethic prevails. But few areas have escaped altogether the rampages of young drinkers.

For example, the much-publicized case of the socially prominent youngsters who ransacked a Long Island mansion after a coming-out party in 1963 was matched several months ago in little Hastings, Nebr., where some 40 boys and girls commandeered a vacant farmhouse for a drinking party. Before the night was over they had wrecked the place in an orgy of wanton destruction. In the exclusive Portola Valley suburb of San Francisco 13 boys—aged 12 to 17 and all from wealthy families—engaged in a year-long alcoholic spree in which they set a school on fire, shoplifted, broke into a dentist's office to find Novocain, robbed houses, and stole the hubcaps and smashed the windows of parked cars.



A carload of guzzling teen-agers cruises down Ventura Boulevard in California's San Fernando Valley. Getting liquor is no problem.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In California, teen-agers often induce derelicts to buy alcoholic beverages for them. Not long ago three boys in their mid-teens paid a bum to buy them a case of beer. After they had drunk with the old fellow for an hour or so, the boys got rambunctious and started to stone his shack. When the derelict tried to chase them away, the youngest boy threw a brick at the old man, hitting him on the head. The police found his body several hours later, his skull bashed in. Capt. W. L. Richey, commander of the Juvenile Division of the Los Angeles police, said, "This is a clear case of where teen-age drinking led directly to murder."

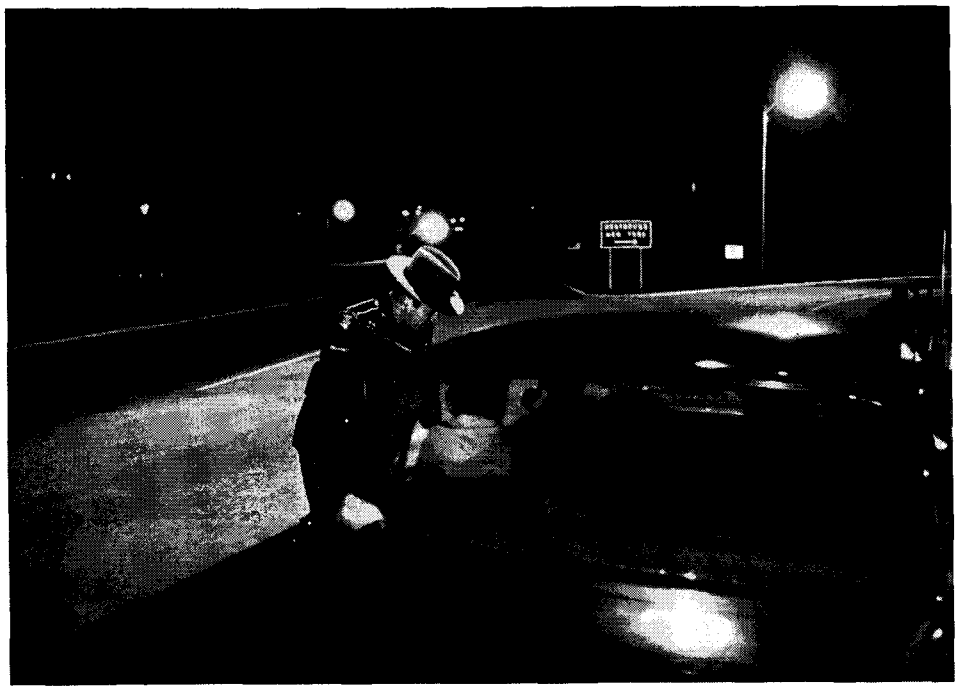
More and more concerned Americans are coming to realize that underage drinking *frequently* leads to murder of a sort—to slaughter on the highways. In the last two years more than 10,000 persons have been killed in accidents caused by drunken drivers; and more than 4,000 of those fatalities were caused by teen-aged drunks. In 1963 there were 112 such fatalities in California alone.

Social scientists who study adolescent drinking tend to deplore the recitation of statistics like these. They say that since 97 percent of drinking teenagers drink moderately, the misdeeds of the immoderate three percent should not be emphasized. Some argue that the three percent are emotionally disturbed and would be getting into trouble even if they didn't drink.

Sociologist George L. Maddox of Duke University disagrees. "If a youngster is in trouble," he says, "with drinking he's in worse trouble." Another dissenter is Dr. Robert E. Gould, head of Adolescent Services of the Psychiatric Division at Manhattan's Bellevue Hospital. "With the widespread and socially accepted pattern of teen-age drinking in America today," Gould says, "you can never tell when deviant or pathological drinking is going to develop out of emotional disturbances and pressures already within the adolescent. If the soil is ready, problem-drinking will grow out of it."

There are several reasons why teen-age drinking has become so widespread and so accepted in recent years.

"This current crop of teen-agers," says sociologist Harold Hodgkinson, dean of Bard College, "was born in the period following World War II. Their fathers had recently returned from the horror and boredom and deprivation of military life, and their mothers, too, were suddenly released from the overall tension of war. The result was a feeling of elation and relief, and a compulsion for wanting everything to be pleasant. This led to an unusual relaxation of discipline by parents in the governing of their own lives and also in their rearing of their children. We went through a period of extreme permissiveness in dealing with youngsters; the drinking went along with that. Parents drank more themselves, and as their kids grew up the parents didn't seem to care whether their youngsters were experimenting with alcohol or whether they were setting a bad example for their children."



Connecticut trooper stops teen-agers returning from spree across border in Port Chester, N.Y.

Richard J. Hughes, who as governor of New Jersey has crusaded for firmer controls on teen-age drinking, explains the increase somewhat differently. "It seems strange," says Hughes, "to blame a situation like this on the general prosperity we're all enjoying in America today, but I'm afraid that's at the heart of the problem. In the 1930's, during the depression, youngsters didn't have the money to buy beer or whiskey or cars. In the early 1940's most of our young men were at war, and those who reached adolescence after the war were struggling along in family situations in which their fathers were still trying to reestablish themselves economically after serving in the military. It wasn't until the 1950's and 1960's that the

"After twelve cans of beer, I feel like a man...."

"I'm a beer drinker," said the boy, a handsome 17-year-old in beige chino trousers. "I don't like any kind of hard liquor. When I was fifteen, this friend of mine and I got together after school one Friday afternoon and started drinking vodka and orange juice. I got so sick I couldn't even go to school on Monday. So I stick to beer. I usually drink two six-packs at a time, maybe twice a week. I still feel good after the two six-packs, and I still can drive.

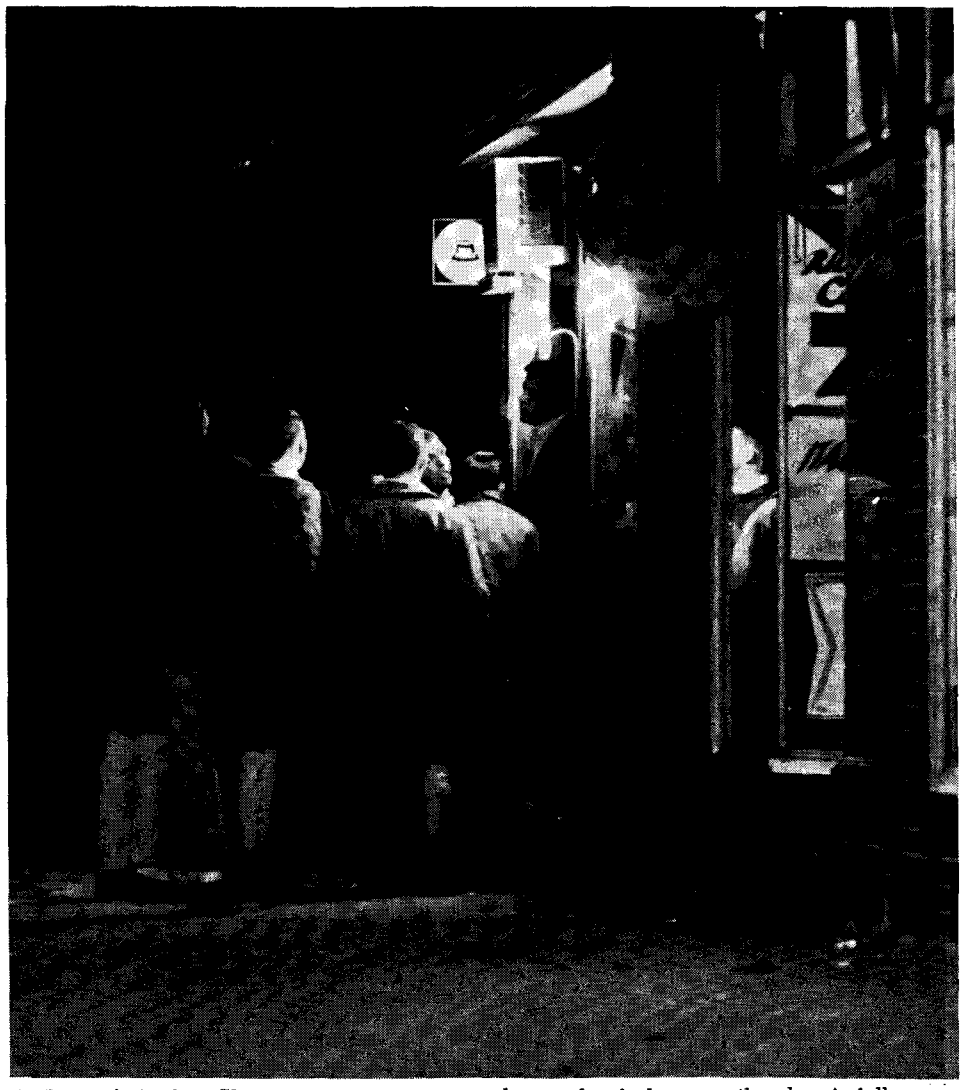
"We got a twenty-one-year-old minimum age for drinking here in California," he said, "but it's a joke. You can buy a fake draft card or driver's license for about five bucks right here in town. Most of the time it isn't worth the trouble to do that, though, because liquor's so available. All I'd have to do is call the liquor store down on the corner, and they send a bottle or a case of beer over with a twelve- or thirteen-year-old kid, and you give him a quarter tip, and he doesn't say anything. Or, if you're driving around, you wait until you see a wino, get him to go in and buy it for you, and then you give him a quarter."

Asked how drinking affected him, the boy smiled and ran his hand through his thick, curly blond hair. "After polishing off twelve cans of beer, I feel happy," he said. "I feel like a man instead of a kid. Nothing bothers me, and everything is funny. You know, it builds up your courage and your ego. It's fun. You forget about everything else.

"One night, four of us got together and bought three cases of beer. We started about five in the afternoon and kept drinking until 11:30 that night. Tom had his car, but he wasn't sober enough to drive, so he just said to take him home and bring back the car in the morning. We dropped him off at his house, but when we looked back, he was walking in the wrong direction. So we got out and led him back to his house and pushed him through the front door. He told us he woke up on the kitchen floor at three in the morning. When he first got up the next day, he almost called the police because he forgot about loaning his car. It was a howl.

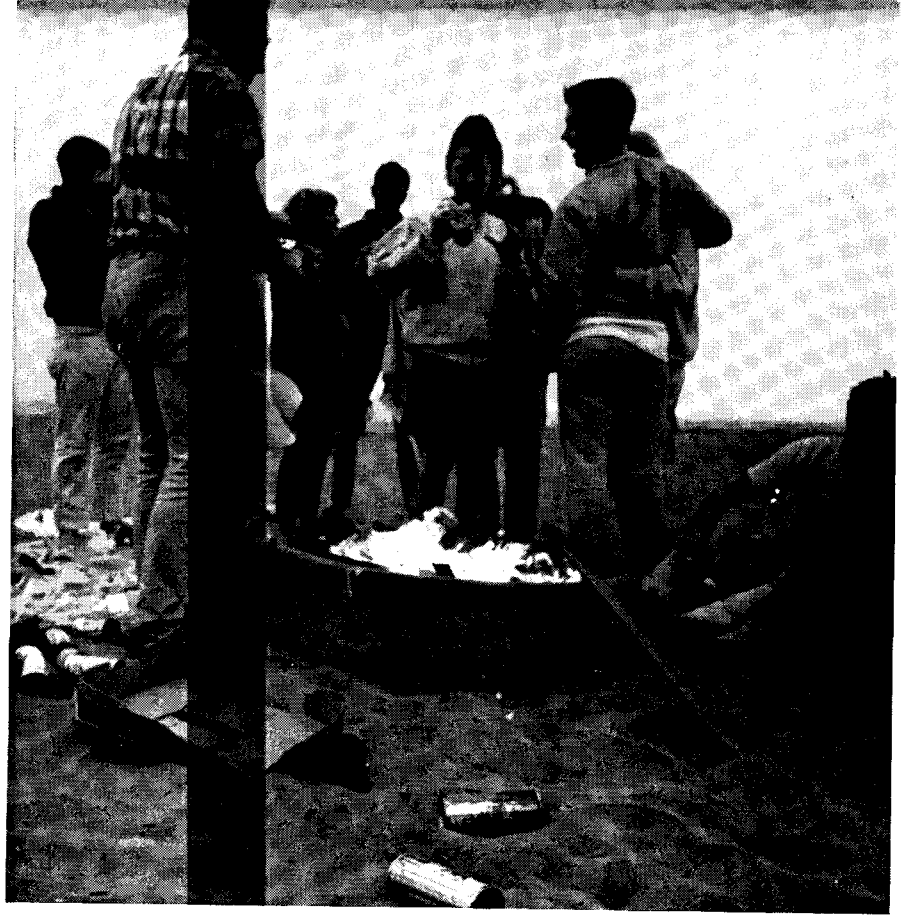
"Most of the cops are pretty cool. When they see you drinking beer in a car, they'll make you pour it out, but they won't do anything beyond that. The worst they can do is suspend your driver's license temporarily, but then, of course, you can tell them you have to drive to school. Then they blame it on the parents, but you usually get the license back.

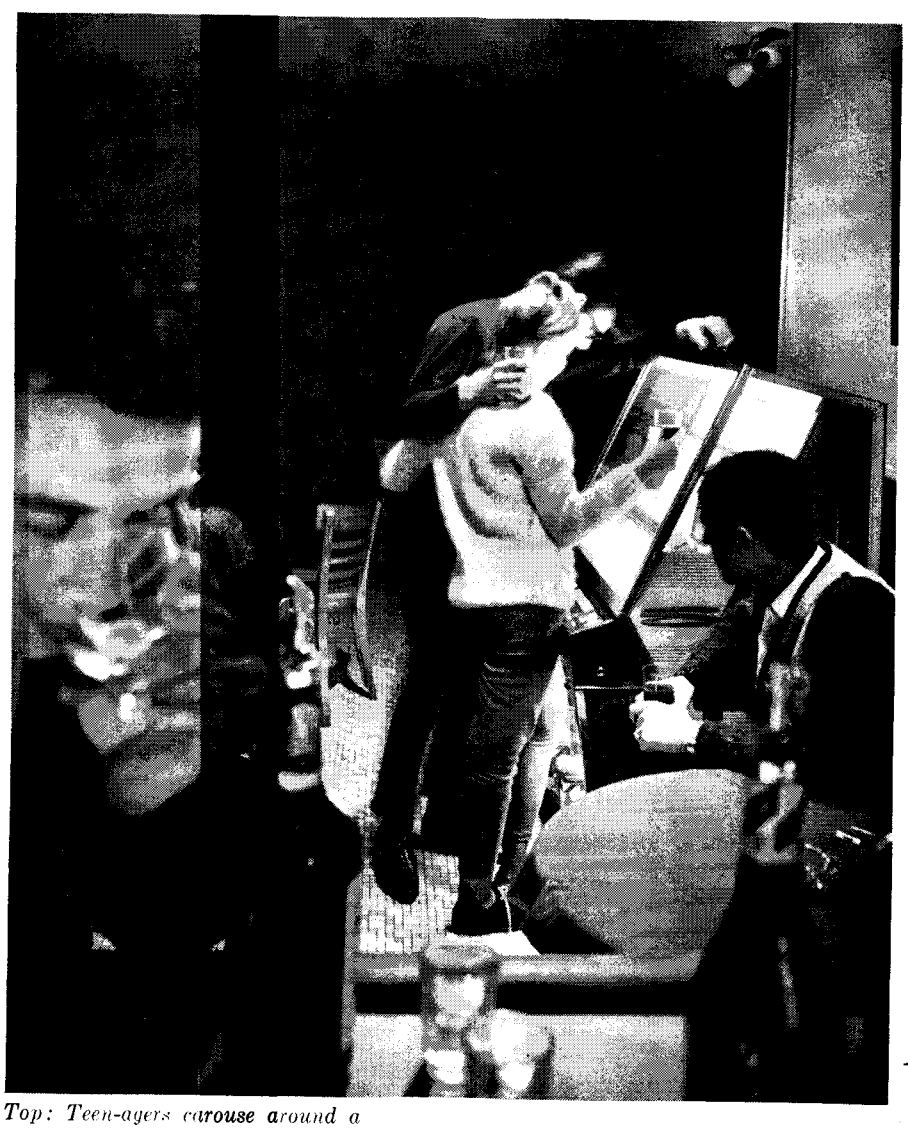
"My parents? All my life they tell me 'no' about drinking, and then I come home and see *them* so loaded they're bouncing from wall to wall. They worry about me? OK, so they worry. It's too bad. They don't like to admit it, but I'm as grown-up as they are." □



At Rapson's in Port Chester, youngsters are turned away by the bouncer; the place is full.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED





Top: Teen-agers carouse around a fire on beach at Playa del Rey, Calif. Below: Drinks make the music sweeter for a couple in a bar in Manhattan.

trouble started. With good times, kids got sizable allowances, or they got well-paying jobs after school. Suddenly they had money to experiment with things like drinking. The wealthier kids got cars from their parents; the poorer kids had enough money of their own to buy a jalopy. So for the first time on a large scale we had that very dangerous combination of inexperienced drinking and inexperienced driving."

(Medical authorities have discovered why the combination of drinking and driving is especially dangerous for young people. "The younger age group," says Dr. Johan Lofthus of Norway, one of the world's leading experts on alcoholism, "has on the whole a lower blood-alcohol level. This seems to mean that the younger people [who drink] tend to get into trouble more easily while driving a car, since they have a lower alcohol tolerance than older drivers.")

A third and important explanation for the surge in teen-age drinking is that our adolescents are reflecting the persistent tensions of American society itself. Today's youngsters have never known a world at peace. The boys face the military draft and also increasingly bitter competition to get into college or to get and hold good jobs. Many girls, too, face the struggle of getting into college, and many drift into unhappy early marriages. Like the adults around them, these boys and girls often resort to alcohol to help them cope with their tensions.

Even for the vast 97-percent majority of youngsters who drink without incident, drinking becomes what Duke University's Dr. George Maddox calls a natural form of "adult role-playing." Battling to be recognized as adults and not children, the youngsters seize upon drinking as a widely recognized symbol of American adulthood. Maddox points out that when a drinking teen-ager proves his maturity in more substantial ways, such as marrying happily or acquiring and holding a good job, he is likely to stop drinking.

Nearly all experts agree that "adult role-playing" is the key factor in today's widespread teenage-drinking phenomenon. Sometimes it takes extreme forms. In San Francisco, for example, a 15-year-old boy, having observed his parents drinking heavily every night, assembled six of his friends, found a bottle of bourbon in his father's liquor cabinet and downed it all at once. Nothing happened, so his friends suggested he try "cocktails." The boy then drank two water glasses filled to the brim with a mixture of Scotch, bourbon and vermouth. An instant later the boy fell to the floor unconscious, and his friends rushed him to Junipero Serra Hospital. He was in danger of drowning in his own vomit, and so a doctor performed a tracheotomy, opening a hole through his throat into his windpipe, enabling him to breathe. Eighteen hours later the boy finally came out of his coma and survived, but just barely. Sixteen normal drinks of whiskey taken at once can be a fatal dose. This boy had swallowed the equivalent of nearly 50.

"Teen-age drinking," says Doctor Maddox, "usually follows the old adage, 'Like father, like son.' If the child sees his parents drinking excessively and compulsively, he'll believe that's the way adults act, and in his adult role-playing he'll act accordingly. If the parents drink just socially and in moderation, the chances are the child will drink that way too."

Most psychiatrists agree, but they point out that the adolescent's concept of the adult role is also affected by what he reads in books and sees in movies and on television. The fictional drunk is often a romantic figure—the surgeon who could be the best in the world if he didn't tipple; the attractive, comical life-of-the-party drunk; and the very masculine, hard-drinking hero of the James Bond stripe. "The danger of these influences on a teen-ager who has feelings of inadequacy," says Bellevue Hospital psychiatrist Dr. Robert E. Gould, "is that the youngster will drink as an excuse for his deficiencies, like the drunken doctor; or he will drink because maybe *that* will make him the life of the party, which he couldn't hope to be ordinarily; or he will drink to prove his masculinity. He doesn't realize that excessive drinking frequently connotes just the opposite of masculinity. Often it is used by adults to cover up latent homosexuality or sexual impotence."

These, in sum, are the major findings of the experts. Do these views coincide with those of the individuals directly involved—the teen-agers themselves? In hundreds of interviews all over the United States, startlingly similar opinions were repeatedly expressed by youngsters who had never heard of the experts or their opinions.

Take, for example, these three young residents of Danbury, Conn. Seventeen-year-old Mary Lou Chambers unwittingly documented the adult-role-playing theory when she said, "The kids I've seen drinking hard liquor don't really like it. They take a deep breath and force the stuff down their throats. They're just doing it because they're trying to prove how grown-up they are." Paul Carroccio, 16, seemed to echo Gov. Richard Hughes' speculations about automobiles and prosperity: "Overall," he said, "I think that kids who become heavy drinkers are also heavily indulged by their parents. For example, one of my former friends was given an allowance of twenty dollars a week—at the age of seventeen. His parents also gave him a new car. When he started in high school, he was a straight-A student. Then he began driving over the New York border to drink with his friends. By the time he was nineteen he had smashed up a couple of cars, he had dropped out of school, and now his parents have thrown him out of the house." And 17-year-old Dorothy Battista gave a perfect illustration of Doctor Gould's "life-of-the-party" theory: "This girl friend of mine was very unpopular. She started to go over to New York to drink in bars so boys would pay attention to her. Now she goes with a divorced man, and I think she's beginning to sniff dope. Her grades have dropped so that I don't think she'll ever finish school."

In Chicago, an 18-year-old boy unknowingly admitted drinking to cover up for sexual inadequacy. "I don't know what's wrong with me," he said. "When I go with a girl and it's getting serious, and I have a big date with her, I'll go out with my friends and get drunk and I never make the date."

No social scientist could ask for a better example of drinking to excuse failure than that of the 17-year-old in Lansing, Mich., who said, "You gotta

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

have straight A's to get into any of the good engineering schools. This year, when the cops picked me up for drunk driving after that accident I had, I figured I'd never get into a good school anyway, so I gave up even though I'm sure I could have made it without that black mark on my record."

The interviews with young drinkers compellingly depict the failure of state laws prohibiting the sale of alcoholic beverages to minors. Every single youngster told of the ease with which he was able to obtain whiskey, wine or beer through various stratagems. The situation is particularly acute in the states adjacent to New York, which allows 18-year-olds to buy all forms of alcoholic beverages. Teen-age spas have sprung up all along the border—in towns like Port Chester and Brewster, N.Y.—to which adolescents from neighboring states flock to drink. Governor Hughes of New Jersey and Governor John Dempsey of Connecticut are leading an intensive and so far unsuccessful campaign to get New York to raise its drinking age, too, to prevent the slaughter of out-of-state teenagers returning home in their cars from drinking bouts across the border.

Recently the New York border situation has deteriorated into near-open warfare, with state-police road blocks sometimes making border crossings as complicated for teen-agers as those at Berlin's Checkpoint Charlie. Not long ago a New England Governors' Conference in Boston passed a fiery resolution deploring the "ever-widening impact of personal tragedy," and calling on the New York legislature to see the error of its ways. Last month Gov. Nelson Rockefeller of New York reluctantly declared that he would sign a bill raising the state's minimum-drinking age to 21, if the legislature passed one; at this writing, the legislature is considering several.

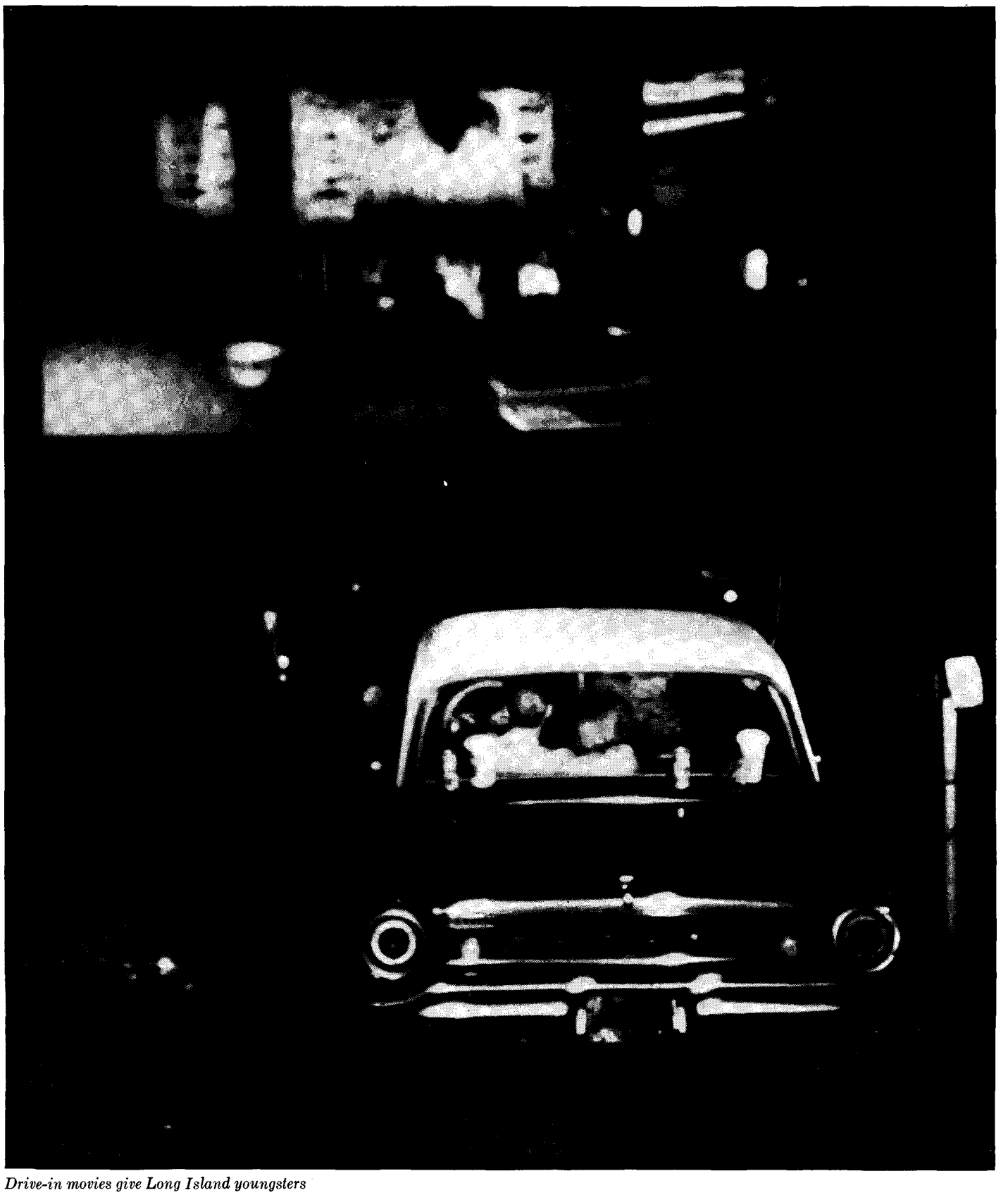
Throughout the nation there is a trend toward more stringent legal solutions to the teen-age drinking problem. In Redwood City, Calif., last January, Municipal Court Judge Roy Seagraves sentenced Mr. and Mrs. James Melton to spend 10 days in jail and a year on probation for allowing their teen-age sons to give a beer party. After the death of the Hitchings girl in the Darien tragedy, Judge Rodney S. Eielson levied stiff fines against adults who had served liquor to the teen-agers. Ohio now has a law imposing a fine and even a jail sentence on any teen-ager misrepresenting his age to a bartender through "false identification or other information"; other states are following suit. Several states now suspend a car's registration if a teen-ager drives it while drunk. This causes the parent as well as the youngster to lose the use of the car, and it is proving to be a serious deterrent.

Complicating the job of controlling teen-age drinking are the tavern and nightclub owners in many parts of the country who cater to the teen-age trade. On Long Island, for example, there are clubs that aim directly at the teen-ager with cash to spend. They even advertise on rock 'n' roll stations, assuring listeners that teen-agers' clothing is perfectly acceptable and promising the best in wham-bam music. The tough, young crowd they draw suggests that they are favorite rendezvous for local dropouts.

Many places have set up non-alcoholic nightclubs exclusively for young people. These clubs seldom last long. Notable exceptions are Southern California's Cinnamon Cinder clubs (there are four of them). Waitresses serve cola drinks and coffee, and certain informal clothing (Levis and Capris) is outlawed. Still, despite the restrictions, the clubs are always jammed.

The success of the Cinder clubs notwithstanding, it seems strongly apparent to most observers that the best answer to the teen-age drinking problem is sanity in the home. Few authorities suggest that parents practice total abstinence. Most psychiatrists believe that social drinking by parents is harmless so long as it does not become a fetish, and so long as the child is brought up reasonably well. The strong family unit, they say, is the strongest defense against problem drinking. It is a recorded phenomenon, for example, that the children of Italian-American and Jewish parents begin sipping wine ceremonially with their families at an extremely early age. And yet problem drinking is rare in these groups because of the strong parental influence that frowns on excesses of any kind.

"Unfortunately," says Dr. Selden Bacon of Rutgers, "not too many American parents apply this sort of restraint on themselves, let alone their children. Today, most Americans are afraid to tell anyone he is drinking too much, for fear of being called a square or a bluenose. We're the only nation in the world where it is not a disgrace for someone to be sloppy drunk in public. If parents rid themselves of this attitude, it would immediately reflect itself in their children. The tragedy of the Darien, Connecticut, incident was not that the boy got drunk and killed the girl in the car crash, but that not a single adult had the courage to stop him when he was *getting* drunk." □



Drive-in movies give Long Island youngsters a place to drink. The lots are not patrolled.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By DON OBERDORFER

UNCLE SAM'S

Like an electronic nightmare, the new IRS

One morning last spring an 83-year-old New Jersey businessman blurted out to astonished federal tax officials that despite a comfortable income for many years, he had never filed a tax return in his life. About the same time a well-to-do undertaker in the Chicago area summoned agents to reveal tax delinquencies stretching back to 1944, and in Indiana a prosperous citizen came forward to admit that he had failed to report many thousands of dollars of interest which he had been receiving under fictitious names.

The cause of these surprising confessions—and at least 1,100 others over the past three years—is panic concerning a small red-brick building on the outskirts of Martinsburg, W. Va. Inside the building are digital computers which operate around the clock, every day of the year. Outside, a sign reads: NATIONAL COMPUTER CENTER, INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE. And the building's business is handling Federal Income Tax returns.

Since the center processed its first return in January of 1962, officials of many IRS offices around the country have become accustomed to the sight of guilt-stricken taxpayers, nervous and sometimes weeping, who are giving themselves up before the computer can nab them. One revenue agent in New England recently returned from church to find an elderly man on his doorstep at home, waiting to show him from carefully prepared records exactly how he had cheated on his taxes since 1948. Another distraught citizen appealed to IRS by mail to "please send an investigator as I have defrauded on my returns for the past ten years."

Although the Government does not make a point of saying so, the chances are that most of these self-confessed sinners would have remained undiscovered for some time. So far there have been only a few limited efforts to use the computer to detect tax cheaters. Mostly, the machines have been occupied with the horrendous bookkeeping job involved in handling 100 million tax returns a year—checking arithmetic, ordering refund checks, dispatching dunning letters and the like.

Until recently, moreover, the only individual returns being fed to the machine were those from seven southeastern states—which were selected as a "pilot region." This year individual returns from New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland and the District of Columbia have been added. The tax returns of all businesses in the nation are also being processed by machine, but the computer will not handle all individual returns until 1967.

Under the new system, the work of processing a tax return begins at one of seven IRS regional computer centers. Here an army of temporary workers, mostly housewives, converts the information on each return to a pattern of holes in small punch cards. A computer then translates these cards to tape, shrinking all the data reported on the average Form 1040 to a mere half inch of tiny magnetic markings. Reels of this shiny brown plastic tape, each containing thousands of tax returns in random order, are then shipped off to the National Computer Center at Martinsburg.

There in a windowless, fluorescent-lit

LICENSED TO UMZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Illustration by BILL CHARMATZ

WONDERFUL TAX MACHINE

computer strikes fear far and wide—for the monster'll get you if you don't watch out.

room, two identical computers perform a variety of operations on coded command from their human programmers. One of the first jobs is to sort the returns according to the numerical order of the taxpayer's Social Security number. Then they can be readily checked against a master tape file of all tax accounts, which is maintained at the center in the same order.

If a taxpayer has a refund coming, for example, his return is electronically compared with the master tape to make sure that he doesn't still owe money from a prior year. If it turns out that he does, the machine automatically makes the proper adjustment before clearing his refund check.

The computers add, subtract, record and compare, all with incredible speed and accuracy. Last year they spotted arithmetic errors in one out of every eight returns that they checked—three times as many as human agents had been finding. Since most of the faulty computations turned out to be in the taxpayers' favor, this one operation netted the Government an extra $4.6 million in taxes from the Southeast alone.

It is not the thought of being caught in a mathematical error that has been driving tax cheats to confess their sins, however. It is fear that the IRS will finally be able to do what many people have mistakenly assumed it was doing all along—checking each individual's tax return against other information routinely available to the Government, such as employers' reports of wages, corporations' reports of dividend payments and savings institutions' reports of interest paid.

Until recently, the sheer volume of paperwork involved has prevented the IRS from doing this job except in a few cases. But now the hundreds of millions of "information returns"—each of which bears the payee's Social Security number—can be converted to tape in the same manner as the tax returns themselves and sent to Martinsburg for checking against the taxpayers' master files.

This operation is not yet routinely performed on every computerized tax return, though officials say they plan to do so eventually. Spot checks are being made, however. In one recent test the machines checked the returns of all southeastern taxpayers whose last name began with "R" against the reports of dividends and interest paid to them. Even this relatively small effort disclosed several cases of blatant fraud and 350 of "significant underreporting" and turned up 29 persons who had been failing to file any tax return at all.

When the transistorized beast at Martinsburg completes a job, it raps out a code symbol to that effect on its steel-gray console typewriter. Occasionally the typewriter also pounds out signals that something is frightfully wrong, as it did in the predawn stillness of February 19, 1963. While a startled crew of swing-shift technicians huddled near, the machine indignantly reported that taxpayer 551-32-7319, a man named Leroy J. Deskin, had filed identical claims for refund checks in 13 cities scattered around the South.

The news was telephoned several hours later to the Washington office of Clinton L. Walsh, the IRS director in charge of data-processing operations. Walsh had spent many years tracking down such duplicate-refund frauds, an arduous and uncertain task with manual methods. "I raced up a flight of stairs to inform the chief of intelligence," he recalls, "only to discover that Deskin had been picked up in Miami on a human tip. Still, that was the first solid proof that the computer could spot a crook."

Most of the computer's triumphs, though, have been purely psychological. Last year, for example, 200,000 more returns than expected were received from the Southeast. One came from a hefty, young Georgia appliance salesman whom we shall call Bill Smith. He is what Internal Revenue calls a "non-filer"—a person who has been failing to pay any income tax at all. Since employers withhold taxes from those who earn regular wages, most non-filers—like Smith—are among the ranks of the self-employed.

"The first year," he explained recently, "April 15 slipped by when I was on the road, and I didn't have the cash anyway. The next year I was afraid that if I filed they'd find out about the year before, and the year after that I was more scared than ever about the other two." After Smith heard about the computer, he couldn't sleep, he couldn't plan, he couldn't think. A few days later he fortified himself with a half-pint of whiskey and appeared at the Internal Revenue office to confess his sins. He expected to be taken straight to jail, but in view of his voluntary confession he was only required to pay back taxes, penalties and interest—more than $7,000.

Ironically, some of the confessed delinquents turned out to be accountants and tax advisers who had been preparing returns for others while holding back their own. "These are the guys closest to the system," explains a veteran collector. "They knew better than most people what the real odds were against our catching them using the old methods, and they know that those odds are shifting now."

William J. Bookholt, the Southeast regional commissioner, declares that his men are "only scratching the surface" with their present computer operations. "The day will come when we can feed the machine a list of, say, all the barbers or doctors in a city, or even whole city directories, to make sure everyone is paying his taxes. In three years the system will be perfected, and then the possibilities will be limitless."

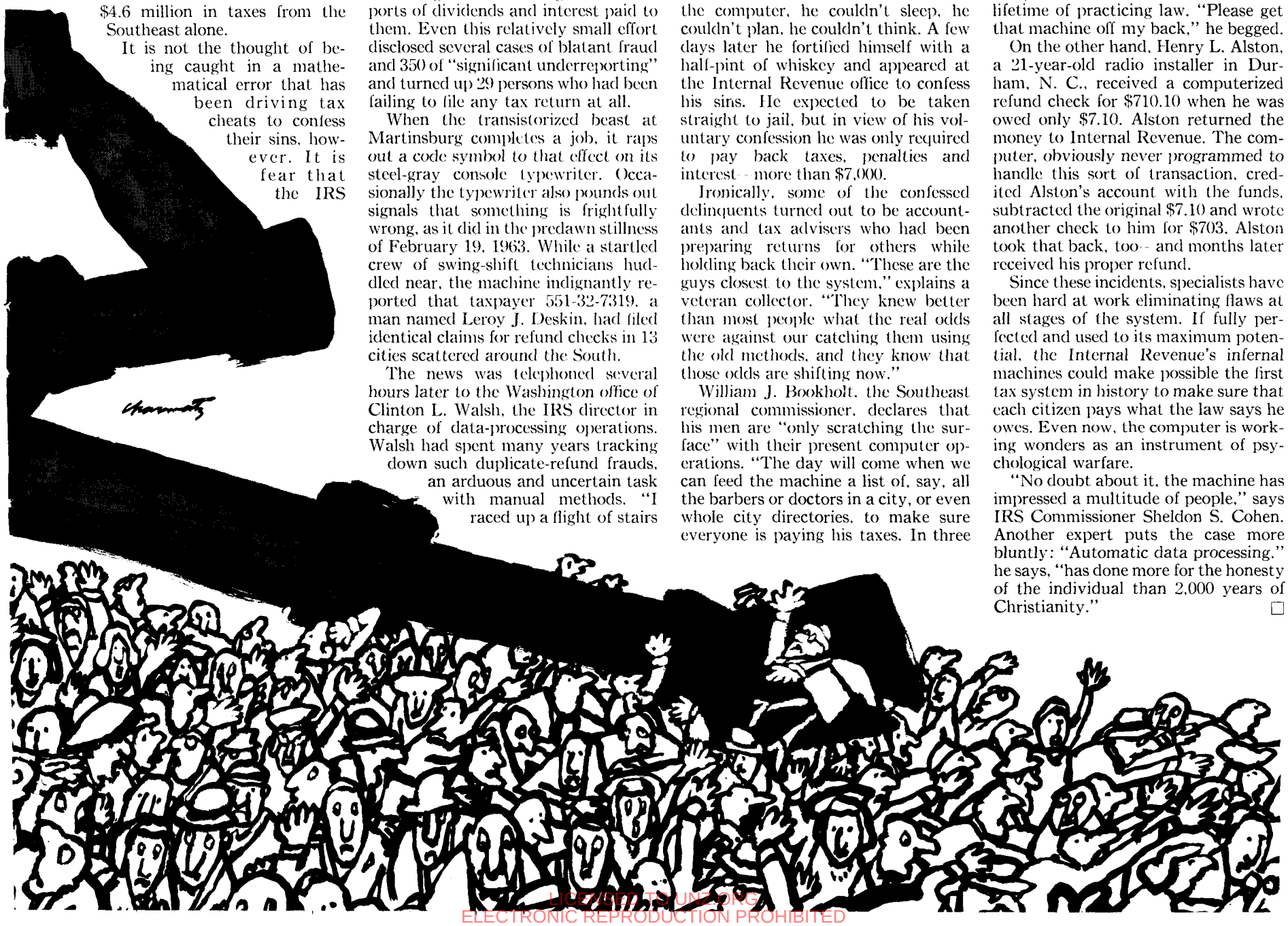
In the meantime the imperfections that always seem to crop up in a new system as complex as this have been causing Bookholt and his aides a world of grief. For example, the computer is a literal-minded tangle of wires with no sense of judgment. Until given orders to the contrary, it doggedly refused to accept joint returns from married couples if the husband had somehow neglected to write his wife's name in the proper space. Before officials realized what had happened, Internal Revenue offices were flooded with angry protests from citizens who had been billed for extra taxes. One indignant taxpayer wrote in to propose that someone give the computer a swift kick. "My wife fixes our TV that way," he said, "and it works just peachy."

A common error in the early days was the misplacement of decimal points. An Alabama attorney whose tax was $3,600 was shocked to receive a computerized bill for $360,000—more, he complained, than his total income in a lifetime of practicing law. "Please get that machine off my back," he begged.

On the other hand, Henry L. Alston, a 21-year-old radio installer in Durham, N. C., received a computerized refund check for $710.10 when he was owed only $7.10. Alston returned the money to Internal Revenue. The computer, obviously never programmed to handle this sort of transaction, credited Alston's account with the funds, subtracted the original $7.10 and wrote another check to him for $703. Alston took that back, too—and months later received his proper refund.

Since these incidents, specialists have been hard at work eliminating flaws at all stages of the system. If fully perfected and used to its maximum potential, the Internal Revenue's infernal machines could make possible the first tax system in history to make sure that each citizen pays what the law says he owes. Even now, the computer is working wonders as an instrument of psychological warfare.

"No doubt about it, the machine has impressed a multitude of people," says IRS Commissioner Sheldon S. Cohen. Another expert puts the case more bluntly: "Automatic data processing," he says, "has done more for the honesty of the individual than 2,000 years of Christianity." □



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

STUPENDOUS!

GIGANTIC!

ASTONISHING!

RESPLENDENT!

REDOLENT!

REFULGENT!

MAGNIFICENT!

GARGS!

By BILL BALLANTINE

Clowns and daredevils! Ponderous pachyderms! Wild beasts! And 34 new acts from behind the Iron Curtain!

Circus trains have no glass windows; there are only aluminum slats and mesh screening between passengers and those flashing red lights and harsh-clanging warning bells at crossings. The woodwork of the sleeping cars strains and creaks like an old ship at sea. My springless mattress rested on boards; my pillow was homemade, lumpily stuffed with musty kapok. I remembered to bend half of it behind my head as protection against horrendous bumps in the night. On my first run, 365 miles from Miami to Jacksonville, I tried sleeping on my stomach, on my back and on each side—cramped, spread-eagle and cozy fetal—but it was impossible to stay asleep for more than 10 minutes or so at a time.

I had picked up "The Greatest Show on Earth" in Miami and was going to follow along for part of its annual trek north from winter quarters in Venice, Fla., to New York City for the traditional springtime stay of 40 days and 40 nights in Madison Square Garden. Before the season is over, the circus will visit some 40 cities, ending next November 27 in Mobile, Ala., and then back to Venice for the winter.

This was my first ride on a circus train since 1954, when I was winding up my profligate career as a clown, and I can report that it is the same bone-jarring ordeal it has always been. Ringling Brothers gave

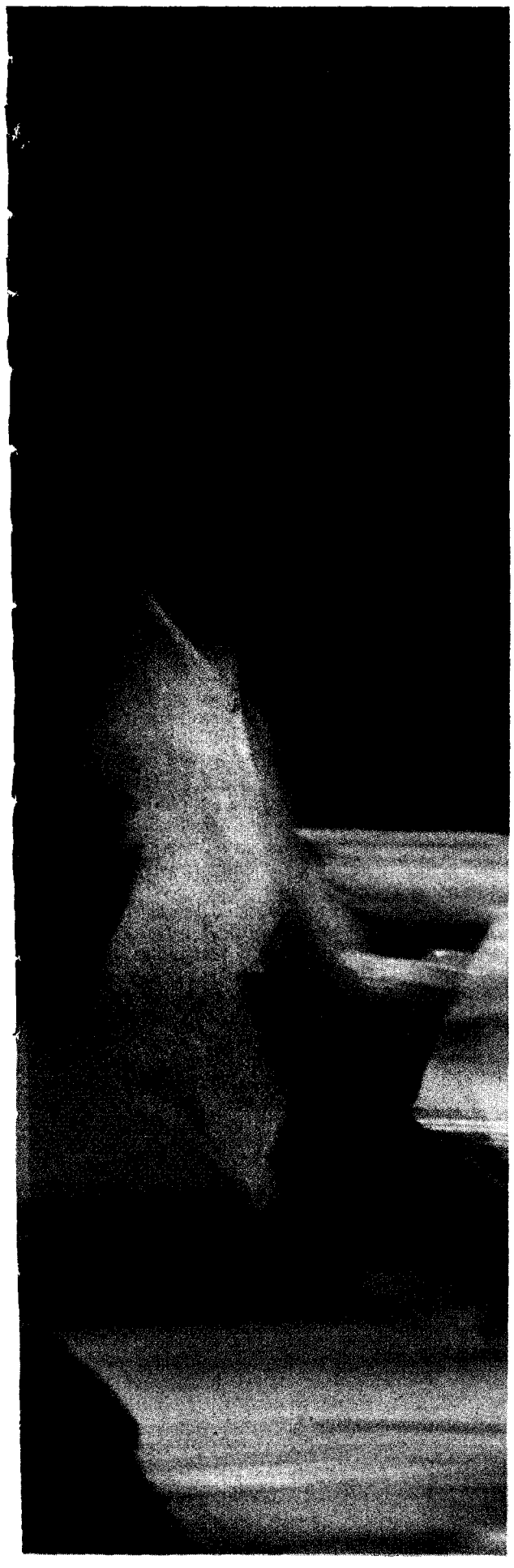
Captain Hugo Schmitt's "Performing Proboscidians" perform the sit-up, one of the four basic elephant tricks; others are leg-stand, lying down and standing on their massive heads.

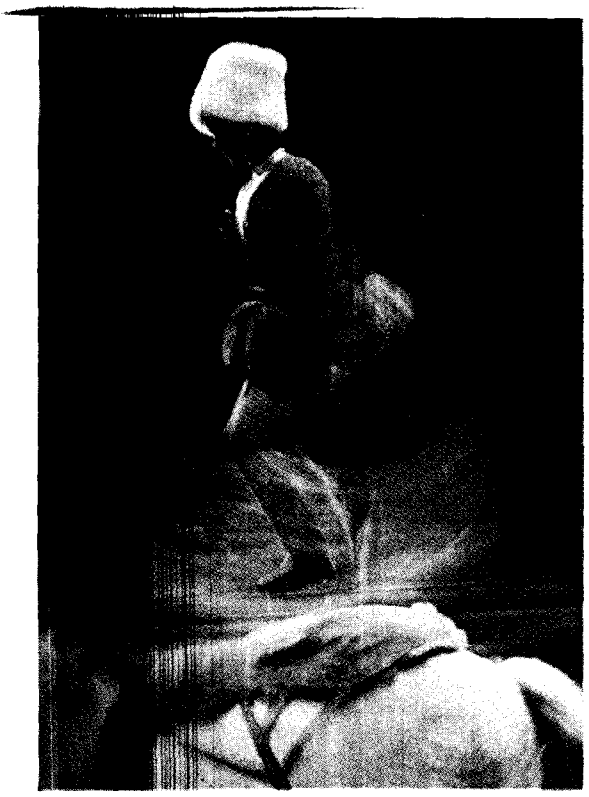
◀ *Doval starts down 45-degree-angle wire. "If you are not afraid," he admits, "you have no business up there."*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hanneford Troupe goes through its paces: below, George Jr., hops on one foot on horse's bare back; right, Miss Diane, part Sioux Indian, skips rope; lower right, Miss Annette pushes off from galloping horse, hits ground, bounces again onto animal's back.





up the Big Top in 1956, after 75 years under canvas, but the show itself is still pretty much the same. This year's version carries 289 people of 21 different nationalities, 93 trained wild animals, 42 horses, 7 ponies and 30 pigeons which have been dyed pink, canary yellow, chartreuse, turquoise, lavender and cerise. ("The pigeons ain't workin'," a clown told me. "The head pigeon died, and he was the only one what knew the routine." The obituary turned out to be wishful thinking.)

A sizable gaggle of towners greeted us when we arrived in Jacksonville the next day. There was a small stir of excitement when the horses began clomping down the side ramps of two of the four stock cars, but the crowd didn't really heat up until the huge, wrinkly old elephants appeared. The small boys of a visiting third-grade class, who until then had been completely absorbed in the rasping squawker of a parked police motorcycle, abandoned it when one elephant picked up a grizzled bullhand in her trunk and placed him atop her knobby head. The onlookers happily watched the elephant shuffle off, trailing behind her the rest of the herd chained together in pairs, with a spindle-legged South American guanaco tethered to the tail of the last one.

The domed ceiling of Jacksonville's spanking-new city-owned Coliseum is so high that a firemen's 100-foot aerial-rescue ladder had to be used for hanging the main and safety falls of the aerialists' rigging. The job took five hours, and then the riggers knocked off because of a wrestling match scheduled for that evening. By the time I showed up at the Coliseum the next morning, things were pretty well in hand. Interlaced lengths of matting already formed a track, and sections of curbing were being interlocked around the perimeters of the three 42-foot rings. Overhead, the rectangular frames of the flying act and other aerial displays hung from a baffling myriad of cables. In the early-morning gloom about 40 men worked smoothly—smoking, whistling softly, singing nondescript snatches, grunting, shifting heavy things about. Outside, from a distance, the bell of a switch engine clang-clanged monotonously, grew louder, still louder, then faded into another distance. There were echoing shouted orders, an occasional juicy curse, and coarse derisive laughter. Metal rings clinked as trapeze nets were dumped from a wagon; metal poles gave a hollow clank as they struck the cement floor.

"What happen to that big damn Stetson you come on the show with?" asked a wiry man with a checkerboard cap. "Oh, that was a *dis*-guise," replied a tall roustabout in a red plaid lumber jacket, "so's I could git to the show train the night it left for Miami. My brother, he's a policeman, an' he had the word out to pick me up for 'vag' an' lock me up. He was fixin' for me to go live with my married brother, but I done fooled 'em both."

I wandered out into the circus "backyard," the area behind the building, and ran into circus manager Lloyd Morgan, soaking up some thin sunshine. Short, portly, gimlet-eyed, an inveterate smoker of expensive fat cigars, he looks like the popular conception of a circus boss.

"Little tight here," observed Morgan, staring glumly up at the Coliseum wall. "Most buildin's are; Miami Beach, I guess, has the most room. Got no storage space at all in Steubenville. Johnstown ain't much better; we have to put the horses an' elephants over in the ball park. We'll have new buildin's this year in Seattle, Oklahoma City, Calgary and Edmonton; what *kinda* problems they'll give us, we'll know when we get there."

Behind us, four small tents sheltered lions and tigers, camels, llamas, ponies and rosinbacks (the broad-beamed horses of the riding acts). A long narrow tent about the size of the old cookhouse held Liberty-act and dressage horses, the guanaco and a zebra, plus a long line of nervous elephants.

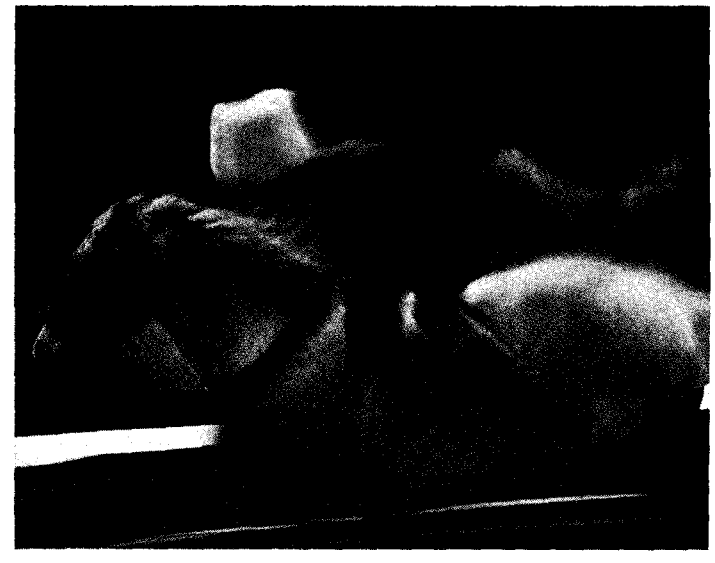
A small boy and his younger sister paused before the open end of the elephant tent, where a scruffy bullhand was draped across a folding chair.

"Nah, that ain't no baby elephant," the bullhand said, "that's a full-grown one. They's only about two of them in the country, an' that's one of 'em—an' he's as *stretch*-erous as the big ones. Slap ya with his trunk as quick as look at ya. That there thing alongside him is a won-*awk*-o; she'll spit on ya. An' stay back away from them horses; they'll bite ya an' they'll kick ya."

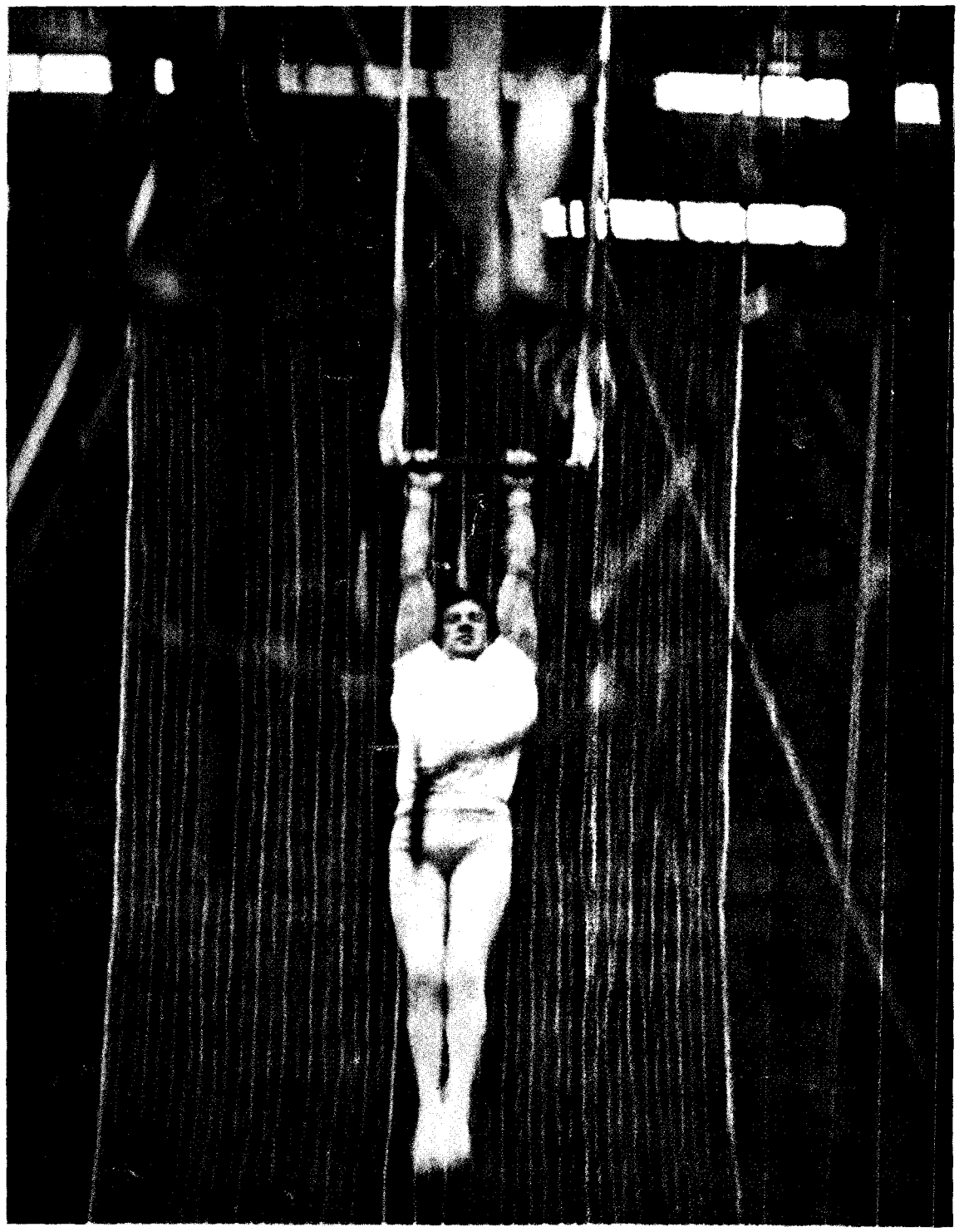
"Brian," said the little girl, pulling on her brother's arm, "we better get on home."

Against the high wall surrounding the backyard, house trailers belonging to some of the acts were parked in spaces marked RESERVED FOR HOCKEY CLUB. One van labeled KÜBLER'S SCHIMPANSEN-FAMILIE carried a sign warning against the hairy apes inside: BITTE DIE SCHIMPANSEN. NICHT ARGERN. NICHT NECKEN. A passing showhand obligingly translated: "That means don't argue with the bastards, and don't neck with 'em."

The largest piece of rolling stock was a magnificent gleaming silver trailer which belonged to the



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



A "catcher" gets into position for trapeze act.

circus concessionaire, the prosperous boss of the hucksters of candy floss, programs, and those anathemas of every parent—novelties and souvenirs (known in the trade as "garbage"). A tattooed young man was watering and washing elephants—six at a time—a hose in one hand and a transistor radio held to his ear by the other.

One wardrobe gnome was busy sewing webbing straps onto a golden, mirror-studded elephant "howdy" (howdah); another adjusted tiny Christmas-tree lights on a squat gray-turreted castle built over a jeep. "I 'member," he said to his helper, "when the floats on this show was *so* damn big the girls had to use ladders to climb up on 'em. But you couldn't begin to get them kind into some of the buildin's we have to play in. As it is, I wished these had roller-skate wheels."

Back inside the building, performers' prop boxes and trunks of every size, shape and description (even such long-outmoded carriers as camelback steamer trunks and wicker hampers big enough to hold a colony of cobras) were being shifted into place. There were so many that improvised cubicles had been curtained off in backstage corridors to supplement the permanent dressing rooms.

"I ain't never seen so much damn junk in all my life," complained a sweating prop hand, wheeling in an enormous black beauty carrying the label: ATTENTION! LUGGAGE OF ARTISTS. BAGAGES D'ARTISTES. ACHTUNG! ARTISTENGEPÄCK!

"There's lots of silent letters in them names," said his buddy, in charge of a heavy trunk marked with large, crude, hand-painted lettering: ARTISTICKE LESNIEWICZS.

"I hear three of them new acts already has bought brand-new cars," offered another trunk mover, "an' we ain't been out but two weeks yet."

An old clown friend of mine, who delights in being miserable, sauntered by. "Wait'll you *see* what Johnny North has drug over from Europe *this* year," he said dolefully. "Adagio dancers, mouth-organ players, more bicycle riders, acrobats an' jugglers than you can shinny up a stick. We even got a pregnant Polish lady lion tamer; they'd prob'ly have her jugglin' too if she wasn't expectin'. I hear that next year he's thinkin' of bringin' over a troupe of one-legged Italian midget tap dancers an' a Ubangi ventriloquist."

The usual consternation over Ringling's new acts is compounded this year because nearly all of the 34 new acts (the most since 1947, when European acts first were available following the war) come from Communist-bloc countries.

"It is not right he should be bringing over so many these hulligans—especially dirt-ty neck common-ist ones," complained one performer, who'd been a newcomer herself 17 years ago. "Soon there be no room no more for us true-blue American acts." She meant it too—even if she doesn't have her first papers yet.

The U.S. State Department certainly is not displeased by this opportunity to expose such an influx of Eastern Europeans to our cultural mores, although mutual economic advantage, rather than political strategy, was the basis of the deal.

The exchange is working well, especially for the Hungarians, whose *Magyar Cirkusz es Variete V.* (a corporate theatrical organization under the Ministry of Culture) rakes in the dollars paid to the visiting 17-member troupe and pays the performers in per diem allowances of eight dollars each against their state-guaranteed annual wages, which are held in escrow for them overseas. Any profit made by the dollar exchange, of course, goes to the Hungarian government. The 38 Poles are also on a daily allowance, but the balance of their wages goes to whomever they designate back home. The 32 Czechs are apparently paid in dollars just like anybody else.

So far the public seems to like the newcomers. Bosoms are firmer, behinds are cuter; the girls are leggier; the men more muscular; none of the women look like camels; and, for a change, there are more than enough performers to fill all three rings at once.

The first of the menacing invaders that I encountered were Hungarians, the Varadys, a family of nine springboard acrobats (the father, his second wife, two married sons with their wives, a teen-age son, a granddaughter and a pint-sized grandson). Plainly dressed and carrying well-worn kit bags and a string-net sack containing oranges, a few discouraged bananas, and a loaf of white bread, they stood clustered in a corridor, thoroughly alienated from the backstage hurly-burly.

The next newcomers I met were also Hungarian—a juggler named Zsilak and a wire-walking couple named Balzas. They were involved in a spirited discussion of the great Hungarian dream—to see America, to buy a new car and to return home in style, satisfied that all the skimping and scrounging to achieve this capitalistic triumph was worthwhile. Russian cars sell in Hungary for about four times the annual salary of a circus performer; an American car costing $2,500 here is valued over there at the equivalent of $7,000. My observation that a car bought here then could be sold there for quite a profit raised hilarious hoots. "You could not in all of Hungary find such a customer," I was told.

The Polish performers seemed the least tense, the most open and pleasant. Claudius Blaszak, the sad-faced husband of the lady lion tamer, does a clownish turn with his own lion. He began our interview by saying, "I am a free man, you can ask whatever you want." Claudius, too, hungers for an American car and spends every free moment in automobile showrooms. Because Americans "have seen great things and great acts," he is proud that they applaud him and his wife.

"You can be everywhere," he explained through an interpreter, "but if you do not be in America, you haven't seen anything. It is a place you must see if you are an artist. You may find it better or worse than you imagined, but you have to see it. We will return to Poland with lovely memories."

Most of the new foreign acts practiced together during the first afternoon I was with the circus and the profusion of activities gave the place a kind of surrealistic quality. The bear trainer, in street clothes, was testing his beasts' motorcycles by riding them sidesaddle around and around one of the end rings. At the same time three men stripped to the waist tossed about a girl dressed in a frilly green-pink-and-white Magyar costume, and a troupe of young unicyclists flitted to and fro along the hippodrome track while juggling tenpins and soccer balls. Locally hired musicians (the show carries only a drummer and organist) went over the circus's nearly 200 music

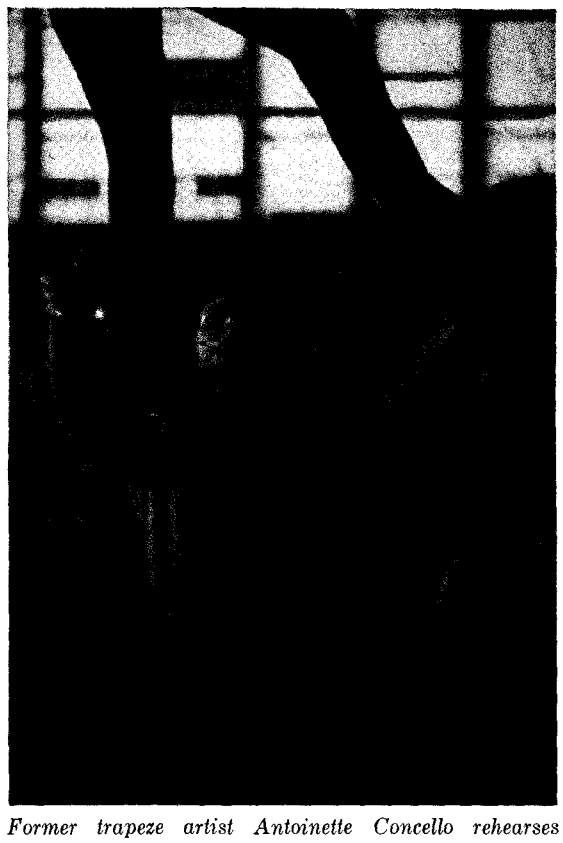
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

German-born Chrys Holt, in "Hairial Hairlift," twirls and juggles while dangling 20 feet off ground by her hair.

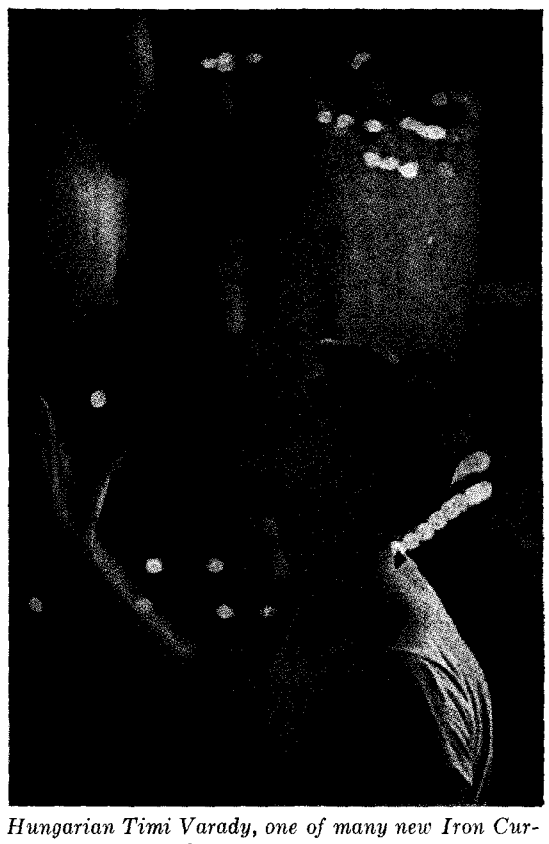
cues with bandleader Merle Evans, a veteran of 56,419 performances.

"OK, boys, *Fanfare Number Two* is a simple crash before you hit the hole," Evans was saying. "Now play me a few bars of the *Galop Number One*. Then you have *Ringling Brothers Standard*, then a thing called *Kentucky Sunrise*, and three numbers, *The Fleet Is In*, *Hurrah for Hollywood*, and *Stop It*."

In the center ring the Varadys, now in black, blue and bayberry-green tights, soared gracefully from their battery of thumping teeterboards, their lithe bodies flickering in washes of red, yellow and blue light coming through colored-glass window-panes around the base of the Coliseum's vast dome. After the Varadys quit the ring, Herr Kübler and his eight chimpanzees took over—the chimps without their costumes looking hairy, black and ugly, screaming shrilly in counterpoint to the band's brassy blasts. While the chimps, in unison, walked on their hands to the waltz from Tchaikovsky's *Swan Lake*, the pigeon impresarios set up shop in the ring now abandoned by the adagio dancers. The birds fluttered and flapped perilously close to the chimps, who swiped at them wildly and gnashed their teeth. Herr Kübler screamed as loudly as his pupils, his blacksnake bullwhip cracked, his revolver barked, and the chimps, baring their gums, bounced stiff-legged, stiff-armed, and screeched even more balefully. Up



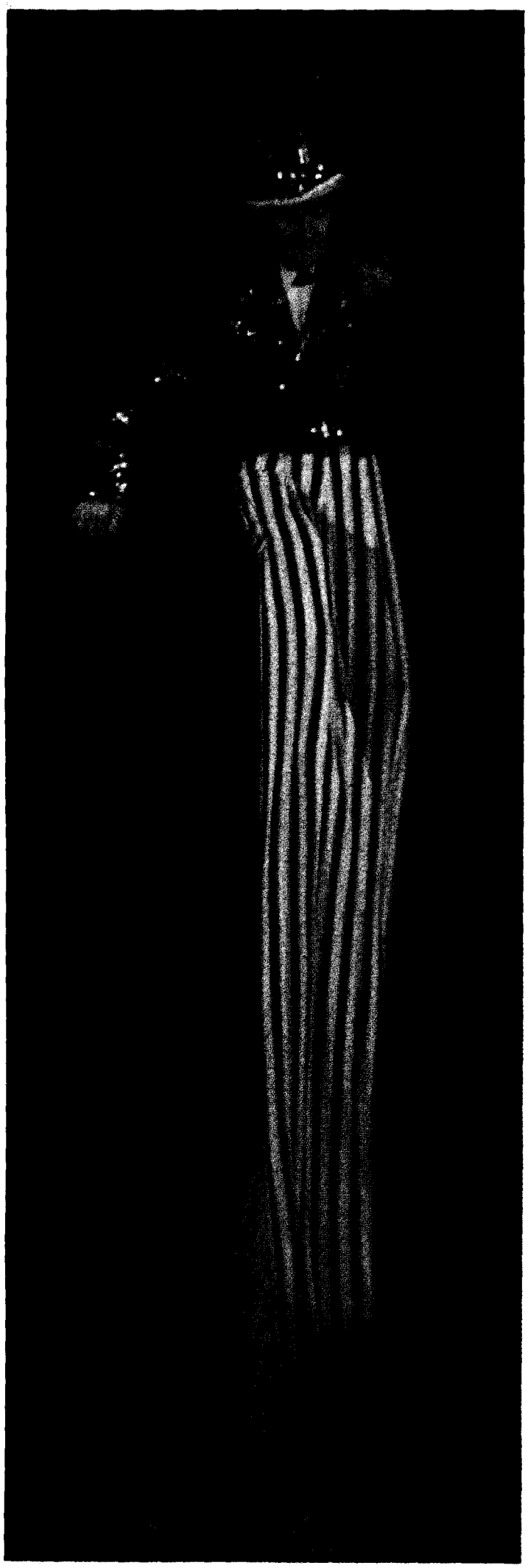
Former trapeze artist Antoinette Concello rehearses young performer for aerial version of "Swan Lake."



Hungarian Timi Varady, one of many new Iron Curtain acts, juggles five inflated balls in practice session.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

PHOTOGRAPHS BY LAWRENCE J. SCHILLER



British-born Uncle Sam strides in and out of many numbers on stilts which lift him 22 feet off ground.

in the seats, sweepers stoically pushed debris from the previous night's wrestling orgy down the aisles. And stage-left of the band, in a lacy, beribboned bassinet, the small son of one of the performers slept through it all.

At twilight there was a lull in the frenzy, but the tempo began to build again as show time approached. I dropped into the clowns' dressing room, a good place to take the measure of the general mood of the circus. The off-duty watchman, an ex-boxer nicknamed "Dummy" because of a speech defect that makes him sound like a ventriloquist's dummy, was curled up asleep on a trunk top with a folded newspaper for a pillow. In a tiny side room maestro Evans rearranged music sheets. "You know what they got in this spec?" he asked. "*Home, Sweet Home!* for God's sake. Why, I never in my life played that before in a circus. We might as well use *Taps*, or *My Rosary*." From an adjacent shower room came the sweetest sound of the indoor circus, hot running water—during my time we bathed in two large buckets of cold water.

One of the oldest clowns in the business, "Professor" Paul Wenzel, 77, was admonishing a "first-of-May" (rookie) clown, "Why you puttin' on your makeup already for? It's only a quarter of seven. Did you ever see a coal miner go down in the shaft a full hour ahead of time?" Another old clown who had tried to retire the year before was saying, "Yeah, I *was* through with the circus—for the first six months. But I got tired of payin' $28 a week just to play golf, an' I hung around the house plantin' and transplantin' a thousand trees so many times they wore out."

When the ringmaster's piercing whistle started the show, I found myself a choice seat near the center ring. The imported acts added greatly to the spectacle, giving the show an exciting, primitive sensuality, and bringing back to the circus its essential vulgarity.

A massive bicycle display went on a bit too long for my taste, and I felt that there were a few too many jugglers (manipulating Teddy bears, Japanese dolls, ribbon streamers, crockery, lamps, tennis racquets, a flying carpet, flaming torches—you name it), although I was convulsed by a particularly droll fellow in a sailor suit who juggles cannonballs and a brass artillery shell, which explodes when he drops it. There are more horses than ever in this newest edition of the Ringling Bros. Circus (claimed to be the 95th), including one charmer who kicks beach balls into the upper reaches of the balcony. The program calls the elephant display, "Pachyderms and Pulchritude, Performing Proboscidians in Massive Magnificence." I can add nothing to that.

While the new acts are exciting, it is the old established stars who carry the show: Miss Chrys Holt, being pulled daintily aloft by her chestnut tresses; Doval on the high wire; Charly Baumann, treating his Royal Bengal tigers like Shetland ponies; the Stephenson family in their superb whirlwind dog act; La Toria, suspended by one hefty arm, as the audience awesomely counts her giant body-swings.

The clowns are as funny as the management permits them to be—which, speaking as an old clown, isn't often enough. Bulbous-nosed Lou Jacobs, Ringling Bros.' most famous clown, manages to get in a few of his typical harem-scarem chases—one involving a truculent midget in a motor-driven perambulator, another employing a hospital bed which runs loose and then explodes and falls apart, dumping its bandaged occupant onto the sawdust. The Hanneford family still gets the biggest laugh in the show when George, racing toward the ring to leap on his horse's back, runs full tilt into a candy butcher. The next time around George

Charly Baumann cracks whip, tiger leaps to cage's bars.

misses the candy butcher, who collapses in trying to get out of the way, and a bulldog roars out and pulls George's pants off. To a circus performer even pie-throwing is considered sophisticated comedy. The Hannefords, incidentally, are the only truly American aggregation in the circus this year. George Jr. hails from Ozone Park, Long Island; his wife, Vicki, is from Georgia; one of the girl riders is from Sarasota, Fla., and the other is part Sioux Indian.

On the last note from the band, Bob Dover, the Performance Director, said, "That's it," and put away his stopwatch. "Still runnin' just under three hours. We'll get it down to two-an'-a-half, but we'll have to do it in easy stages."

Standing next to him, Richard Barstow, who staged the circus, said, "I've called a rehearsal for tomorrow at five. I think I can get thirty-five seconds off the finale by cutting the *California Here I Come* music." He paused, and added, "Seven girls were chewing gum tonight in the spec, and three scratched themselves—I have the names—and I've got to tell the 'Good White Queen of the North' not to wear that ghastly pale lipstick. She looks like she's embalmed."

"After this one we got ten more stands before New York to shake it down, so don't worry," said Dover.

"I'm not a bit worried," replied Barstow, looking worried.

Out in the dark backyard Henry Ringling North, John Ringling North's dapper younger brother, who is a vice president and member of the board, twirled his ever-present furled umbrella. "What was it," he asked, "that Ernest Hemingway said about the circus? 'It is the only spectacle I know that, while you watch it, gives the quality of a truly happy dream.'"

"Could be," the manager, Lloyd Morgan, muttered, "but there are times when it seems more like a truly unhappy nightmare." □

Lion leaps from stand over arm of Polish trainer Adela Smieja

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FDR

AS WE REMEMBER HIM

On the 20th anniversary of Franklin Roosevelt's death, his daughter and four sons look back upon the tumultuous years they all shared in the White House.

On April 12, 1945, Eleanor Roosevelt sent a message to her four sons in the armed forces. "He did his job to the end as he would want you to do," she said. "Bless you all."

James Roosevelt, a colonel in the Marine Corps, received the message and the news of his father's death on Leyte Island in the Philippines. Elliott Roosevelt, a brigadier general in the Air Force, was in the European theater of war. Franklin Jr. and John were both with the Navy in the Pacific, Franklin in command of a destroyer escort, and John serving aboard the aircraft carrier *Hornet*. Only Anna, the Roosevelts' daughter, was in the United States. She was with her mother at the White House when the tragic news came from Warm Springs, Ga., that President Franklin Delano Roosevelt was dead of a cerebral hemorrhage.

It was the end of an era. The five Roosevelt children who experienced that era with the man who was both President and father recently shared some of their memories with *CBS NEWS*. Excerpts from those interviews were used on my evening news program. What follows are further reminiscences from the five living persons who were closest to the remarkable man who was the 32nd President of the United States.

WALTER CRONKITE

When Franklin D. Roosevelt was elected to the presidency in 1932, Franklin and John, the younger sons, were students at Groton Preparatory School. Franklin, in his last year, was 18; John was 16. The three older children, Anna, James and Elliott, spent that first presidential election night with their father. Elliott was 22.

ELLIOTT: On election night in 1932 they had the ticker tape and the telephone set up in one room, and all the operators and the principal workers were gathered around that room. For a long period of time father stayed out of the room, but as the returns started to really come in, and it became apparent that he was moving ahead in the early stages, he just couldn't resist it. He came into the room, and then he set up charts and he followed each state, each county in the United States, with the greatest of interest, and he kept cautioning all of the people around: "Now, don't get excited; this can change." But it didn't change, so after a while, I'd say about midnight or 12:30, he felt that the election was really won, and, of course, that called for a lot of backslapping and a great deal of pleasant celebrating, and I think he stayed up until about three o'clock that night. When he went to bed, he was completely sure that he had won the election because by that time most of the major cities in California, which were the last ones to be heard from, had come in.

F.D.R. JR.: We were going to play our last big football game the next day, and I was on the football team, so I talked to him about a quarter of nine on election night and said, "How does it look?" and he said, "Well, I think it looks pretty good, I think that we're going to win." And so I went to bed election night quite satisfied that all was well. I woke up the next morning and found out that my father had been elected by a landslide and, I might add a postscript, we won that game.

ELLIOTT: In every election he sat with the newsmen who were covering his campaign, and they all named the number of states they thought he would carry. I remember very clearly that he won the first election bet by naming the number of states he would carry right on the nose.

JOHN: I remember the following March 4. The rector of Groton, Dr. Peabody, made a big exception. He permitted the sixth form to go down to father's inauguration. Right after that, as you'll remember, we had the closing of the banks and the bank holiday, and I remember mother having to scrounge around to get enough money so that Franklin Jr. and I could get back to school from the inauguration.

I think father was tremendously confident of himself. He had ideas. During the early days of his illness, when he first had polio, he had time to do a lot of reading and a lot of studying. He loved history. And father was completely confident that he could alleviate the distress which many of our fellow citizens were undergoing at the time.

Anna, at 25, moved into the White House with her two children, Sistie, 5, and Buzzie, 2. James, the eldest son, was 25 when F.D.R. became President. He left the insurance business to help his father at the White House.

JAMES: I think I started out in a sort of informal way through the first term, and then during the campaign in 1936, I was with him almost constantly, and that was rather a successful campaign, and I think father got the idea it'd be kind of nice to have me around altogether. So, after the election, we went down

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

In 1932 Anna, Franklin Jr., F.D.R., James, Elliott (front) flew to Chicago, where F.D.R. got the Democratic presidential nomination.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

to South America, on what was known as the goodwill or Good Neighbor policy tour. And everything went so satisfactorily that at the end of it father asked me if I would mind moving down to Washington, getting a house and bringing my family, and being one of his secretaries. Well, my mother was rather violently opposed to this. She thought it would be very widely criticized. But father was a little stubborn, you know, and when he got an idea that he wanted something, particularly if it was something personal, he usually went ahead with it, in spite of everything. So finally he convinced me that it was the right thing to do, and I came down and worked in the White House. It was a difficult position, because naturally people would resent being told that they couldn't see father, but they had to see me. There were some rather crusty characters who felt this was about as low as you can get. But little by little things worked out, and I think that during those periods when father would give me special work, such as coordinating the independent agencies, things worked out fairly well, and the original criticism more or less died down.

ANNA: It could be very difficult. I know some of my brothers have said they remember definitely resenting having to make appointments to see father. You think you ought to be able to see your male parent when you would like to see him. But I think that as you mature you learn and have to learn that your father belongs to the people whom he serves as a public servant. It's hard to take sometimes, but you learn.

FRANKLIN: We used to kid him, and say, "Well, I suppose I need an appointment to see you." This wasn't exactly true. We could always see him before dinner in the evening. He would go in and sit up in bed, taking a rest, and quite often he would have a massage on his legs, and he'd have all the evening papers spread out on the bed. He was an omnivorous reader of newspapers, just as Jack Kennedy was. And we would go in there, and we would talk about things

Winston Churchill and Franklin Roosevelt, flanked by Franklin Jr., left, and Elliott, meet off Newfoundland in 1941 to frame Atlantic Charter, a declaration of postwar aims.

that were happening in the world and in the country. Sometimes we would talk about our own personal problems. And he was always very interested, and very warm about the relationship between himself and his family. He was a great family man.

JAMES: He made it very clear to me right in the beginning of my—should I say—secretaryship that we must maintain during the business part of the day a completely business attitude, and I would refer to him as Mr. President when I walked in and had something to say to him, or was introducing somebody to him. And there was very little of what you might call camaraderie during the business part of the day. Now, when the day was over, and we were swimming in the pool or relaxing, even though we might be talking business, then it was not so official. This was, I think, a good way to be, because you couldn't really have a father-son relationship in carrying out business. But there were times when he would be bawling me out because something hadn't been done just the way he wanted, when I would say to myself, "Now, wait a minute. I'm your son. You don't have to be quite as rough as that with me." But you learn to take those things, even though they are sometimes hard to take.

ELLIOTT: The presidency invariably places restrictions on families staying close together, but I feel that both my mother and my father made great efforts to keep the family a close-knit unit. In the case of my father, he went to tremendous lengths to keep close contacts through telephone calls and letters. As busy as he was, he was able to write letters to the different members of the family who were living in other parts of the country as often as once or twice a month and, further than that, if there were any problems within the family, he would immediately call up. When we were in Washington, he made a point of postponing appointments and inviting whatever child happened to be there to come and have lunch with him at his desk in his office.

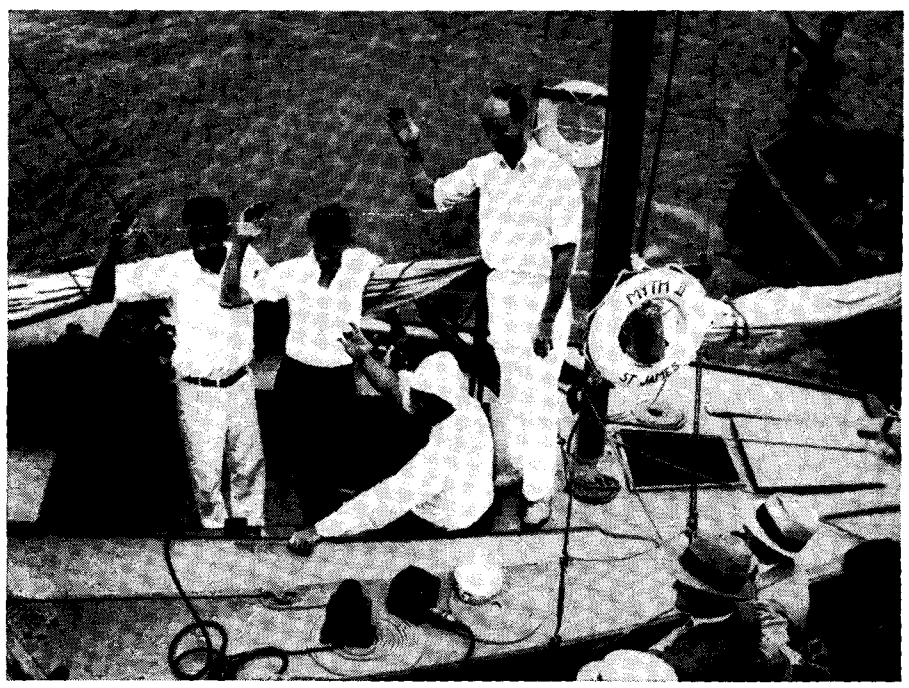
F.D.R. JR.: We tried to write to him once a week or once every ten days; usually when exciting things happened. He would write back, sometimes in longhand, just a quickly scribbled note, or sometimes he would dictate to Marguerite LeHand—we always called her Missy—his private secretary who was with him from 1920 until she died in 1944. We carried on a sort of erratic correspondence, not a regular one at all. My mother was much the greatest letter writer in the family and she wrote us very regularly. She'd always give us news from the rest of the family, and so she was sort of the family newspaper.

JAMES: We didn't all really live in the White House. But on frequent occasions we would all be there for a visit, and when we all got together, it was probably as noisy as the White House has ever been. One of the great things about the White House is that the second floor really isn't like a museum. This is a family home, and this is where the family feels relaxed, not under public scrutiny. I don't think, for instance, we would have enjoyed having the public present for one tremendous pillow-fight night that I remember we had. There were a good many feathers broken, and a lot of cleanup work to do afterward, and a few bruised feelings. But these kinds of things, I think, make the White House a perfectly normal home to live in when you get above the first floor.

ELLIOTT: I remember that father always was very easygoing with regard to our informality around the White House. In fact, I remember one time when my uncle Hall [Eleanor Roosevelt's brother] was attending a very formal white-tie dinner in the main dining room and he was suddenly hit with the urge to give a horse bite on the knee of father's personal secretary, Miss LeHand. Horse bite is when you grab hold of the knee and make somebody jump all of a sudden, which she did, and she let out a yelp. Father leaned down the table and said. "Hall, this is not the time or place for that sort of tomfoolery."

ANNA: He was a wonderful grandfather. I think he and my mother both had a favorite saying which was, "You can

Al Smith, F.D.R. and son Elliott Roosevelt appear in Brooklyn during the 1932 campaign.



Franklin Jr., John, James accompany their father on a 1932 cruise along the Atlantic coast.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You don't tuck a Wildcat V-8 into just any cage. New Skylark Gran Sport.

Stuffing a hulking engine onto a set of wheels is a long way from making a Skylark Gran Sport. Oh, we have a big-bore engine, all right; 400 cu. in. of Wildcat V-8, to be exact. And it does come on like gangbusters. But you get a lot more for your Gran Sport money. A heavy-duty frame, with suspension to match, for instance. The kind of tough, reliable brakes Buick's been building for years. Steering and handling that keep the reins in your hands. And a ride that makes you think you're driving a big limousine, instead of an eager Skylark. Obviously, Skylark GS is a car designed for fun—and the sort of safety that lets you enjoy it. So wouldn't you really rather have a Buick?

One of the new Gran Sports from Buick

BUICK MOTOR DIVISION

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Firesto

One of the nicest things about our nationwide guarantee... there's no getting away from it

Our guarantee covers a lot of territory. It covers, for example, just about every road hazard you'll ever run into, over or through. And it's backed by over 60,000 Firestone Dealers and Stores located in every state of the Union and in every Canadian Province.

That means that you can drive from Florida to Alaska without getting very far from our expert tire service. *If* you ever need it. Chances are, you never will. Because we build our tires the same way we guarantee them—to last. With safety-fortified Sup-R-Lon cord bodies. And with our exclusive Sup-R-Tuf rubber compounds that give you from two to ten thousand *extra* miles per tire.

Which is another way of saying our guarantee lasts *longer*, too.

Next time you need tires, get yourself a set of Firestones. You can charge them, if you like, at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Store. Then drive anywhere you choose . . . with confidence.

Sup-R-Lon®, Sup-R-Tuf—Firestone T.M.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

)ne

Your Symbol of Quality & Service

All Firestone Passenger Car Tires carry a full lifetime guarantee against defects in workmanship and materials and all normal road-hazard injuries for the life of the original tread. Replacements are prorated on tread wear and based on current Firestone retail price at time of adjustment.

The name that's known is Firestone - all over the world

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Money for your child's college education?

Guaranteed.

You could start saving for college and hope you have the will power to keep it up.

You could invest and hope your stocks rise before your youngster is ready.

But if you want to guarantee money for college even if you aren't around, start a Travelers Guaranteed College Fund.

You decide how much your child will need. He gets it, starting the year he enters college.

You can pay the budget way – by the month. If you die or become disabled, your payments stop. But your child still gets the college money.

It's just one of the special kinds of insurance available under the Travelers umbrella of protection.

For all your insurance – Life, Health, Homeowners, Car, and Business Insurance – look in the Yellow Pages for

YOUR TRAVELERS MAN

RELIVE GREAT MOMENTS IN HISTORY. VISIT THE TRAVELERS PAVILION AT THE NEW YORK WORLD'S FAIR.

really enjoy your grandchildren much more than your children because you have no responsibility for them." I think the times he enjoyed most with the children were when his breakfast arrived in the morning, and just before or after. The children would go in and ask him questions, and play their own games on the floor and climb up on the bed, and he would tell them stories, and of course they went swimming with him.

ELLIOTT: Father participated in the horseplay, particularly when we were in swimming. You know they built the swimming pool in the White House with public donation of funds when he first went into office. He used to do a great deal of swimming for exercise after he got through with his work, and he always invited any children that were around the White House to come swimming with him, and there was an awful lot of horseplay going on in the swimming pool.

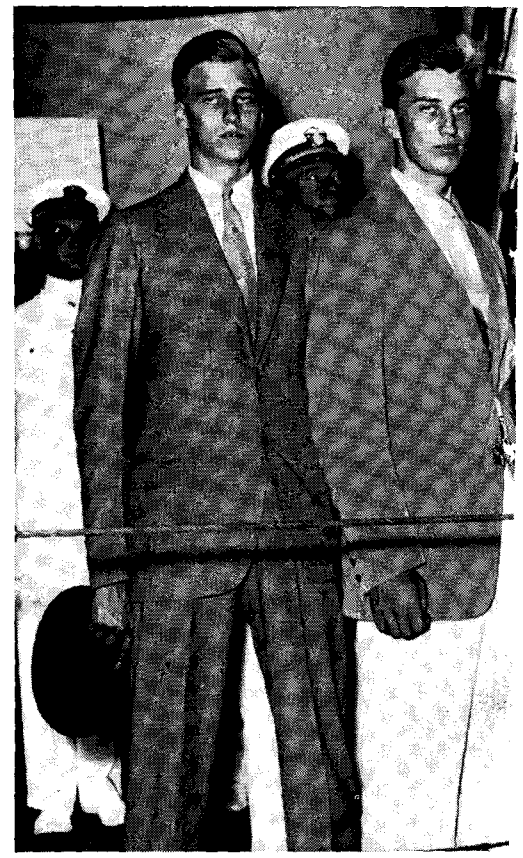
When there were any number of us present, whether it was one or five, the talk invariably turned to the politics of the day, or some question of government, and as a rule, you got a very free expression of opinion from the younger members of the family. I'm not aware that father at any time took the advice of the younger members of the family, but I would say very definitely that he was amused by the positive thinking of each and every one of us, and he never discouraged any of us at all in expressing our opinions.

JOHN: I think that a lot of people who came to lunch or dinner were amazed at the Roosevelt children and how we used to talk back to father and argue with him about current events and the problems of the day. I remember that former Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes remarked to some friends that he'd never heard anything like the way the Roosevelt children used to talk back to their father as if they really knew something. That here we were, really trying to tell father how he should run the Government. And I remember that I made a bet with him once that he wouldn't get his Supreme Court bill through, and he paid off—one dollar.

Anna mentioned sitting in on talks between her father and Prime Minister Winston Churchill of Great Britain. She and her brothers recalled those times with Churchill and with some other personalities who were close to their father.

ELLIOTT: I think the thing I remember most about Mr. Churchill's and father's relationship, and the many meetings that I was present at, was the fact that Winston Churchill liked to stay up late. Father grumbled a great deal about having to sit up for many hours, after dinner, sit and converse until the wee hours of the morning, and then get up early the next morning and start in the daily business at hand. He used to think it was quite remarkable that Mr. Churchill could carry on until the late hours of the night, and still get going before noon the next day.

ANNA: Both of them loved to talk, and both of them loved to tell stories, and they got along beautifully. I don't think they knew each other before the



John, Franklin Jr. and executive clerk Rudolph

Atlantic Charter meeting, but then, of course, the terrible business of war had to bring them close together.

JOHN: I think Louis Howe [secretary to F.D.R.] in the early days was one of the great influences on father. I know that during the war he placed a great deal of reliance and trust in Admiral Leahy and Admiral King and General Marshall. As for the other areas, Harry Hopkins was one of his most trusted frends, and also Henry Morgenthau. While I know a lot of people think that father probably made all the decisions, they were not snap decisions. They were considered decisions, made after talking to a lot of his very close advisers. I think he'd try to balance all the answers they came up with, but sometimes he completely ignored them.

ELLIOTT: I would say that father was quite deliberate. At the important conferences that I happened to attend with him, he listened at great length to what all of the advisers and the principals had to say. Usually he postponed the decisions and did not express them at the time of the meeting. The final decision would come out the next day, or at the next meeting. Stalin was always pressing for an immediate decision, or was trying to get father to agree with him, but father always postponed or deliberated at great length.

James had cause to remember his father's way of dealing with one international figure—for personal reasons.

JAMES: That morning, when we arrived in Uruguay, the president of Uruguay was very nervous, and we found that he had been shot three months before during a parade similar to the one that we were about to have. So my father asked the president if we couldn't improve the security, and he pointed out that there would be Secret Service men behind us, and probably motorcycle policemen along the sides of our car. Really, the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forster with F.D.R. on Hawaiian tour in 1934.

only angle for a shot would have been from straight ahead, and father said, "Now, over on this side, you put your aide," and then he said, "I'll put my son Jimmy in the front seat right next to your aide, so you couldn't possibly get shot. My son Jimmy would get it if anybody aimed at you." Well, I thought he was joking. He wasn't joking at all. He was very serious about it. And I can assure you in that parade I watched the crowd more closely than they've ever been watched before.

ELLIOTT: Father never had even in the wartime years the type of security which we deem necessary for our President today. He used to resent having a large number of Secret Service men around him when he was out in public. He did not object to one man being close at hand at all times, but when he was relaxing, and he was out, maybe campaigning, he used to like to have the people able to come up close to him. Prior to World War II he had very little security. When World War II came along, there were quite a lot of subversive agents here in this country, and security did tighten a great deal. When he went to Hyde Park, they rimmed the outer part of the property with Secret Service posts and with soldiers. But still, in his personal life, he resented highly having too many Secret Service men right up next to him.

JOHN: Father used to get a great deal of relaxation by driving his Ford touring car, which is presently in the library at Hyde Park, and he used to give the Secret Service fits because they had a great big 16-cylinder Cadillac with which they tried to follow father on some of those wood roads, and, of course, he could get through with his Ford, but the Cadillac of the Secret Service would get bogged down. He used to have more fun just evading and losing the Secret Service. Finally they got smart and they got a Ford too.

F.D.R. JR.: He'd drive around those corners, and sometimes we were never sure that he was going to make it. I think he scared the King and Queen [of Great Britain] to death in 1939, when he took them out to show them his woods, as he would say. After they got through that ride, we had the famous hot-dog picnic. He loved hot dogs and hamburgers. He loved going on picnics. He knew every big hilltop in Dutchess County, and he'd always take us to a new one if he knew about it. He had a few favorites that we'd go back to. But he loved the long view that you would get, and the beautiful scenery that Dutchess County is famous for.

JOHN: I remember when the late King George and Queen Elizabeth came for a night, the famous time of the hot-dog picnic up on the top of the hill. The King and Queen were delayed getting here, and when they came in, my father asked the King if he would like a cocktail, and added, "Of course, my mother thinks that you should have a cup of tea." The King said, "You know, that sounds very much like *my* mother." He had a cocktail.

John is the only one of the Roosevelt children who still lives in Hyde Park.

JOHN: I always remember this place not for the people that came to visit my father and my mother and my grandmother, but really as a home, because this was where we grew up with the horses and with the dogs and tennis, and this was our home. I know that my grandmother always used to complain and tell all of our visitors that my father learned his bad language from me, and I learned mine in the stable.

ANNA: As a father, he could be very stern, but at the same time, I think he was much more apt to leave the discipline to the female members of the family. That was my mother and my grandmother—I think they were the disciplinarians in the family, much more than father.

JOHN: Well, of course, mother always had the problem of getting us off to school, getting us enough clothes so that when we were in boarding school we had all the necessities and what not, and mother, of course, ran the New York house and Campobello. I think that in later years, from the time father went actively into public life, after polio had hit, he used mother as his legs, eyes and ears to go out and find out about certain situations or get some information. Now, he probably didn't always agree with her conclusions, but this was a viewpoint that was very helpful to father.

ELLIOTT: I think what he did was to recognize the fact that my mother could gad around the country very easily, and that what she saw was of tremendous value. He valued her reports to him.

The Roosevelt sons often served their father as support; a firm right arm to lean upon as he walked.

F.D.R. JR.: You were very conscious that you had to keep your arm stiff. He did lean heavily on your arm, and, of course, he had a cane in his other hand, and braces up to his hips. But nobody was really conscious of the fact that he had been stricken with polio and was

TEST YOUR TALENT DURING OUR FIFTY-FIRST ANNIVERSARY CONTEST

1914

1965

DRAW ME Draw Me

Two $595.00 commercial art scholarships awarded

First 51 runners-up receive $5 cash prizes

This year Art Instruction Schools celebrates its 51st Anniversary of service to the commercial art world. Since our beginning in 1914 more professional commercial artists have received training in art from our school than from any other art school in the world.

To celebrate our 51st Anniversary we offer this dual scholarship award, plus 51 cash prizes.

All you do to enter is draw either or both of the girls, in pencil, larger or smaller than the above sketches. If you win one of the scholarship prizes, you receive a complete course in commercial art taught by America's largest home study art school, Art Instruction Schools.

Our staff of instructors will select the *next* 51 most promising entries and award each a $5.00 cash prize.

Even those who do not win receive a professional estimate of their talents without cost.

Entries for the 51st Anniversary Talent Contest must be in before May 31, 1965. None can be returned. Our students and professional artists are not eligible. Start your drawing now and mail your entry right away.

ART INSTRUCTION SCHOOLS
Studio 4375
500 So. 4th St., Minneapolis, Minn. 55415

Please enter my drawing in your draw-a-head contest. Also send information about your Art Course at no cost or obligation.

(PLEASE PRINT)

Name_____

Occupation_____ Age_____

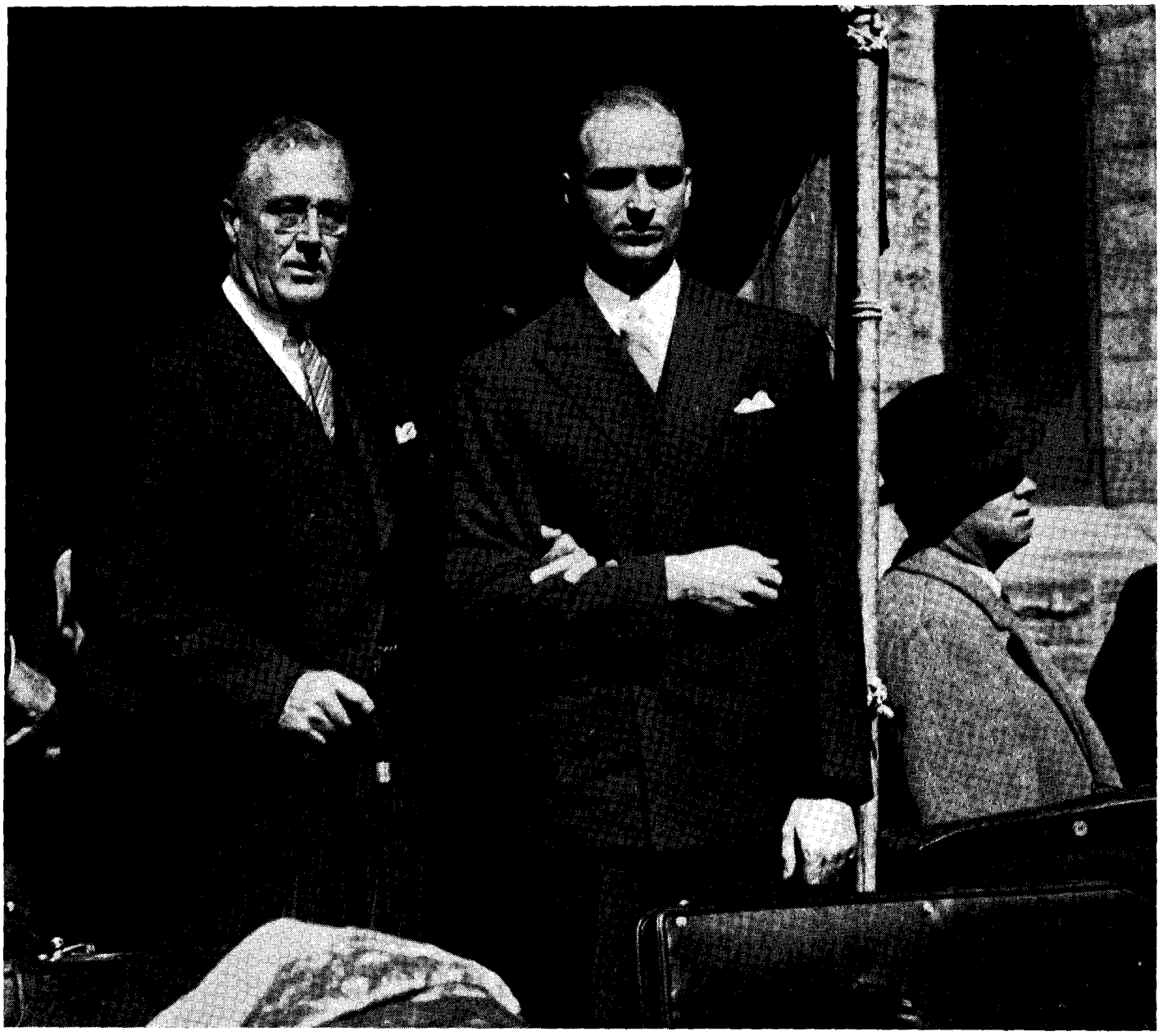
Address_____ Apt._____

City_____ State_____

County_____ Zip Code_____

Accredited by the Accrediting Commission of the National Home Study Council.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



President Roosevelt and eldest son, James, leave St. John's Church in Washington in 1933. James, a California resident, is serving his sixth term in U. S. House of Representatives.

paralyzed from the waist down, with very limited movement of his legs. He never seemed to pay attention to it. He'd walk on and off a train by a ramp. He'd get in and out of a car by getting onto the jump seat first. He handled his legs with his hands by lifting them up. So it all seemed very natural.

ANNA: The Happy Warrior speech [in 1924] was the first speech—the first time he had made a public appearance of this kind since he'd been paralyzed. It was a terrific effort, because in those days braces for a paralytic were, I believe, made of iron. Naturally there was a lot of conversation about it at home, beforehand: Was he going to be able to walk the distance between where his chair was and where the podium was? It was discussed, but not in terms of what the physical strain would be. I'm sure it was spoken of in that manner by my grandmother, who was always apprehensive about anything that he did, but not by the rest of us. We just had a natural confidence that he gave us. If he was going to do it, he could do it.

F.D.R. JR.: He did so many things. He even rode a horse when he was down in Warm Springs, Georgia. He had good enough balance. Of course, he never did get out of a walk, but he rode occasionally, even at Hyde Park. And he was able to sail. I remember we went cruising along the Maine coast two summers, in 1933 and again in 1936.

JOHN: One of the things we all remember so well are the cruises we made with father on the *Amberjack*, and then on the *Sewanna*, and some of the great times that we had. He was completely relaxed. I remember one time on the Maine coast. We were going into Campobello, and it was heavy fog. We had with us a destroyer as an escort, and father just decided, because he knew the waters and the tides and the whole coast so well, he decided to just take off. We took off in the fog, and I'm afraid the poor skipper of that destroyer almost died. But father knew where he was going, and how he was going to get there. The skipper, I think, had a few very bad moments.

F.D.R. JR.: I remember him after he was stricken with polio and after the strength came back to his shoulders and arms and the upper part of his body. My brother John and I were, I suppose, seven and eight or nine, and we used to roughhouse on the floor of the library of the house in New York. Suddenly his legs would give way, but it never bothered him. He had tremendous strength in his arms and his shoulders. I remember Jack Dempsey saying to him one time that if he'd had the strength that my father did, he'd have never been knocked out by Gene Tunney.

ANNA: I know that many people have said that father would not have been the humanitarian that he was if he had not had polio. I don't believe this. If you read his record as a state senator in Albany and his record later in Washington, you realize that he had all these terrific interests in people and in what happened to people long before he had polio. But I do believe having polio and suddenly realizing all the things that you could never do again would give you the time to concentrate on things you hadn't had time to concentrate on before; to develop your philosophy and your goals and plans.

ELLIOTT: He sharpened his perceptions tremendously after his illness, and he became a voracious reader. As you know, he was able to read a 300- or 400-page book and recite any paragraph from any page that you questioned him about months and months later. He recited verbatim, because he could read that book in an hour and a half. He had a photographic mind.

JOHN: He used to love to work on his stamps, and that gave him a great deal of relaxation. He was quite a historian, and he loved not only history but geography, and I think that through his stamps he developed curiosity. If he'd get a stamp from some out-of-the-way place, he'd want to know all about that place.

John recalled two qualities that helped his father carry the load of the presidency during a depression and a war.

JOHN: Father had a marvelous ability. He could lie down and take a nap whenever he went to bed. I know he used to read a detective story or parts of one, but he had no trouble in sleeping. He could put things out of his mind and get a complete rest. Another reason he could carry such a load was that he could always laugh. I remember one time when the family was living in Hyde Park, and father had just been elected President. An old friend who was a state motorcycle policeman was visiting us. My brother Frank and I used to go out and swipe his motorcycle, and he complained bitterly to father that those two miserable brats were swiping state-police motorcycles, and father turned to him and said, "Well, if you're damned fool enough to leave the keys in it, then you deserve to have your motorcycle stolen." Father could always laugh, and he could always kid people.

ELLIOTT: It was my impression that he always was talking to me and to other members of the family of the time when he would get through with the office of the presidency and what he was going to do with his time when he got out of the White House. He looked forward to that day tremendously, but it led to a certain amount of, shall we say, embarrassment to me on one occasion. I was so certain that he wasn't going to run for a third term that I came out very vociferously for John Nance Garner for President in 1940, and he suddenly announced that summer that he would accept the third-term nomination. He had not discussed a third term at all. In fact, I have at home the front page of the New York *World* of 1912 in which there is an editorial decrying Roosevelt seeking the third term. This was Theodore Roosevelt seeking a third term on the Bull Moose ticket, and my mother sent it to my father after he announced that he was going to seek a third term in 1940.

I think the thing that he would have liked to do was to write. He wanted to do a popular-style history of the United States Navy, and he also wanted to write a biography of John Paul Jones. He had made many notes. He started on these books back in the '20's when he had polio, and he kept those notes all the way through his term of office as President, and I know that he intended to write those books. He also wanted to travel. He wanted to go as sort of a goodwill ambassador around the world for succeeding Presidents.

But to write and to travel were dreams. The era was drawing to an end.

F.D.R. JR.: I saw him over Christmas of 1943, when I returned from the Medi-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Pontiac Motor Division • General Motors Corporation

Some cars try to look like Pontiacs.
Some cars try to act like Pontiacs.
Lots of luck.

Imitation is the sincerest form of flattery, and we're as susceptible as anyone else. But the fact is that no matter how hard the others may try, there's still a wide gap between their efforts and the genuine Pontiac. What sets Pontiac apart? Things like a tigerish 389-cubic inch V-8 engine, matchless Wide-Track ride and roadability, and a look that others can't seem to capture no matter how much they envy it. Slip down to your Pontiac dealer's and slip into something like the Catalina Convertible pictured above. See if you don't agree that there's nothing like the real thing. **Pontiac '65/Year of the Quick Wide-Tracks.**

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Anna: 'The night before he died he planned to be at a big barbecue, and he was telling me about it.'

terranean with a very badly damaged destroyer. He was in very good health. You could see that being Commander in Chief during the war was a tremendous strain. But he had all of his faculties and full vigor. I would say he was considerably more serious than he had been before I first went into service in early 1941, almost a year before Pearl Harbor. He had much less time for relaxation, even for his stamp collection.

ANNA: Many people have said to me, "Why didn't you say anything; you must have known his health was failing." And the only thing I can say is I never felt his health was failing. I was with him constantly the last year and a half that he lived. I did feel that he was growing older and that the burdens on him were more than most people of a very young age could stand: the big Depression when he first went into the White House, and then the war right on top of that. I felt that the burdens were such that he needed a little bit more rest from time to time, and that was why I decided to work with him and see what little things I could take off his shoulders, little details that he, not being able to run around, couldn't do. That was how I came to go with him to Yalta. But I don't think any of us realized. There was no time for him to swim during those four years, so that he wasn't able to take good care of himself. But I don't think any of us felt that he was really failing in health.

James saw him at his last inauguration.

JAMES: I was really very distressed, and I noted, for instance, that when he went out on the south portico to take the oath and deliver his inaugural address, he seemed very frail, and I tried to make him wear a cape . . . a coat. And he shook it off in a manner that made me know that he was very tense. And then when we came back to the White House after the speech, I noticed that he just wasn't well, and he said to me, "I don't know if I can make the reception." And that was the first time that he'd even indicated to me that he was uncertain of his physical ability. So, I immediately went to Doctor McIntire [Adm. Ross T. McIntire, White House physician] and to a number of other people and they tried to reassure me, and I then went to see a Lieutenant Commander George Fox who was part of the medical staff and who was an old friend of mine. I put it to him as straight as I could, and asked him if everything was all right. And he said, "Look, I don't know what you've been told, and I don't want to be quoted, but you'd better make the most of the few hours that you'll have now with your father, because you may never see him again." So, I was prepared, of course, from that remark, but I was deeply disturbed because some people were telling me he was fine, and I could see that he was not well, and this naturally made the next few months very trying. I went back overseas the next morning, and that was the last time that I saw him alive.

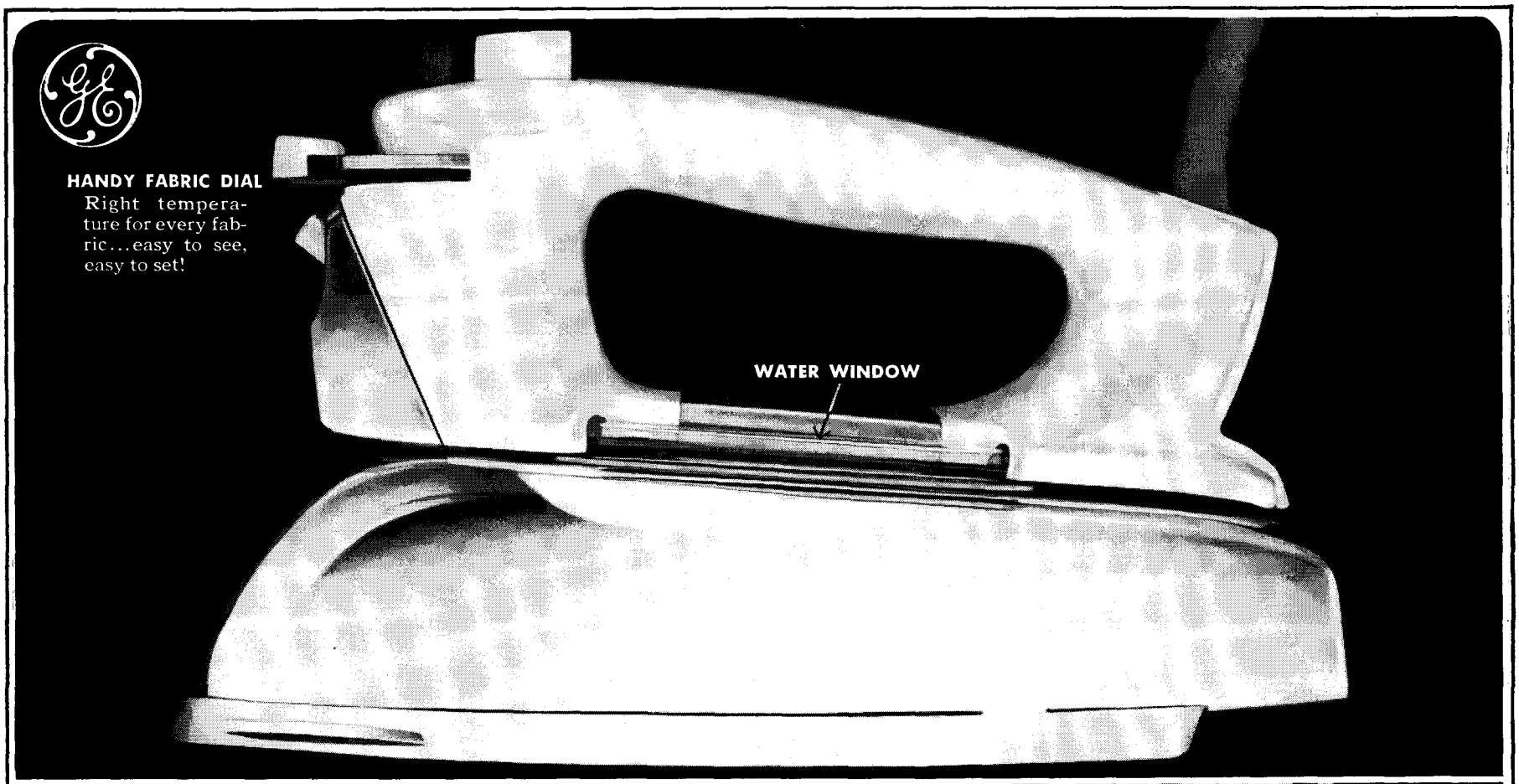
ANNA: When he went to Warm Springs on the last trip, he used to call me every night, when he thought I was going to bed, to ask how my younger son was, and always to tell me stories with roars of laughter as to what he was going to do. The last night before he died he was planning to be at a big barbecue and he was telling me all about it.

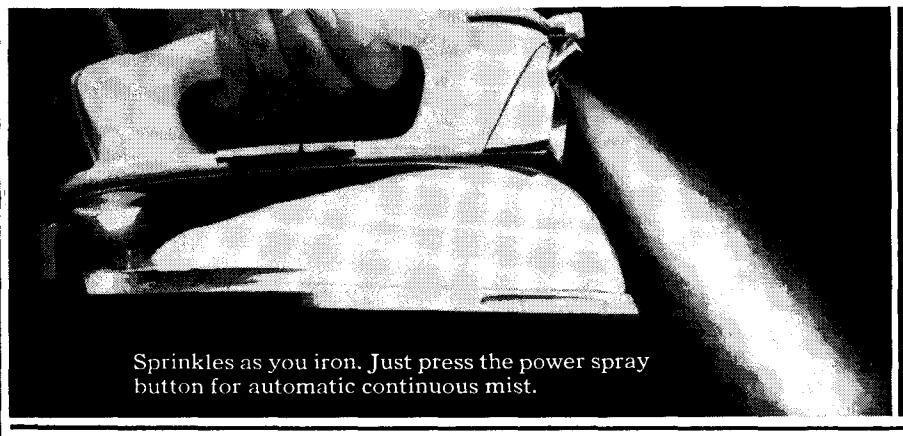
F.D.R. JR.: The last letter I got from him was actually after he died. My destroyer sank an enemy submarine off Mindoro in the Philippines, and it happened on the night of his birthday, January 30, 1945. So, I wrote him a brief note and said, "If you ask Admiral King [chief of staff of the Navy] for battle report number so and so, I think you will find that my ship has given you one of the most unusual birthday presents that any President ever had, and from a son." After he died, I got the note from him addressed to the commanding officer and officers and men of the *Ulvert H. Moore*, congratulating us on sinking this enemy submarine, and agreeing that this was the most unusual birthday present he had ever received. We put the letter near the galley where the sailors like to congregate, and I believe that it was there until the ship was put out of commission. That was the last letter. □

This portrait was taken in 1945. F.D.R. holds David Boynton Roosevelt, left, and F.D. Roosevelt III. Front row, left to right, Christopher Roosevelt, Ann Sturgis Roosevelt, John Boettiger, Elliott Roosevelt Jr., Sara Delano Roosevelt. Second row, Curtis Boettiger, Haven Clark Roosevelt, Kate Roosevelt. Third row, Eleanor Roosevelt, Anna Eleanor Roosevelt, William D. Roosevelt, Ruth Chandler Roosevelt.

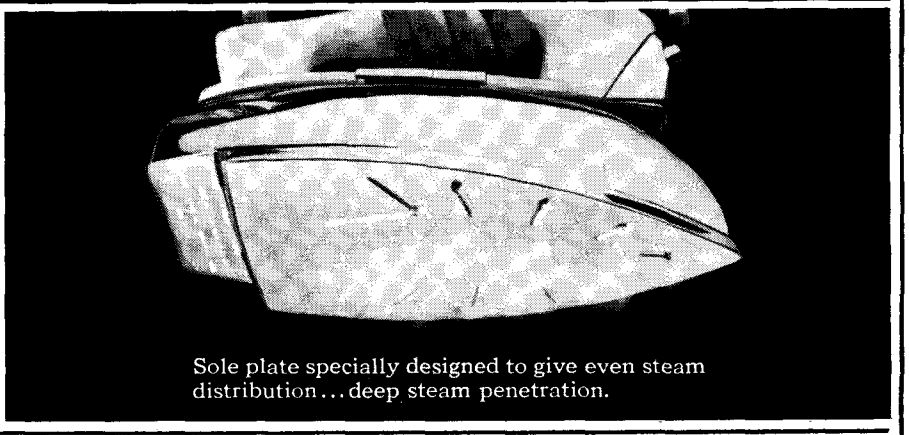
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

No guesswork with the General Electric Spray, Steam and Dry Iron... Water Window tells you when to add water... Fabric Guide tells you the correct heat settings for all the new fabrics.



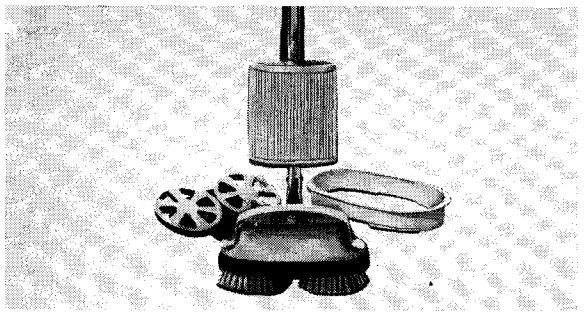


Sprinkles as you iron. Just press the power spray button for automatic continuous mist.

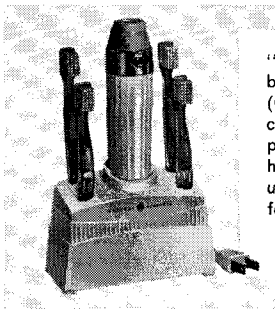


Sole plate specially designed to give even steam distribution... deep steam penetration.

THREE MORE WAYS GENERAL ELECTRIC BRIGHTENS YOUR LIFE



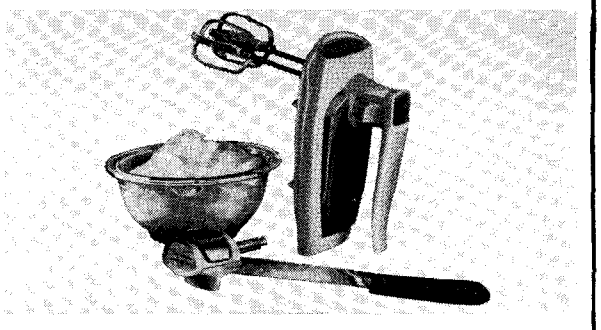
GENERAL ELECTRIC SHAMPOO-POLISHER. It's the 4-in-1 appliance – scrubs, waxes, buffs floors... shampoos rugs, too. Has all attachments.



"The General Electric toothbrush has been accepted (Group A) as an effective cleansing device for use as part of a program for good oral hygiene to supplement the regular professional care required for oral health."

COUNCIL ON DENTAL THERAPEUTICS, AMERICAN DENTAL ASSOCIATION

GENERAL ELECTRIC AUTOMATIC TOOTHBRUSH. Regular use gives cleaner teeth, more healthful gum care than ordinary brushing by hand. Cordless, rechargeable.



GENERAL ELECTRIC PORTABLE MIXER... light in weight, yet powerful enough to mix heavy batters. Easy to clean. Has optional knife sharpener, too.

General Electric Company, Housewares Division, Bridgeport, Connecticut

GENERAL ELECTRIC

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Marlin

Introducing excitement!
The swinging new man-size sports-fastback – MARLIN!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This is the big, bold, brand-new car for swingers who love fast lines, deep luxury, and man-size room for man-size comfort. This is Marlin, most exciting Rambler ever built. It's too much automobile to be just another fastback. It's got too much luxury to be just another sporty car. It's got too much solid value to be anything but a Rambler. Performance? All you can use, including the might of a 327 cu.-in. V-8 option. With Power Disc Brakes and with individually adjustable reclining front seats, *standard*. With almost any sports option you can name. And with all the extra-value features that Rambler delivers at no extra cost: Advanced Unit Construction, Deep-Dip rustproofing, Ceramic-Armored exhaust system, Double-Safety Brakes (separate systems, front and rear)—and more. Take in the excitement. Take in the Marlin. Take in this newest of the Sensible Spectaculars—at your Rambler dealer now. In limited production, but stepping up fast. American Motors—Dedicated to Excellence

Marlin BY RAMBLER – Newest of the Sensible Spectaculars

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The appraiser

How can a man be honorable in this day and age without separating himself from everybody else?

Ballard Stowe was an honest man, and he was an appraiser of real estate. In business he had prospered, but in other things he had been less successful. At the age of twenty-four, when he first journeyed to San Francisco to improve his fortune, his fiancée back in Nevada promptly married a railroad man.

It took Ballard Stowe ten years to propose marriage again. The woman was named Lillian, and she had a son of eight. Ballard and Lillian were married; he bought a house; she decorated it in a respectable way; she cooked edible meals; and on Saturday nights she allowed him to share her bed.

With the boy, Steven, Ballard Stowe was never able to feel like a father, for his wife always managed to stand between them. Ballard was closer to his brother's daughter, Willow, whom he saw only occasionally. Still, he made no complaints. He assumed that one gets out of life what one deserves, and to do his part, to enliven their family life, he bought a sailboat. Lillian visited the boat only twice. And Steven, who loved his studies and played the clarinet, had no time at all for Ballard and the boat.

Ballard usually sailed alone. And he slipped into a pattern: About one Friday night a month he would cruise under power across the bay to Petrol, a town not normally visited by yachtsmen. At Petrol he would tie up among the unpretentious skiffs of fishermen. He would lay out his sleeping bag and leave a small lamp burning. Then he would walk to the New Era Club, a bar frequented by members of the roofers' union.

He would sit among the roofers, men with white foreheads, burned necks, and powerful, hairy hands, and he would drink bourbon with a little water. He would play a game or two of shuffleboard, but mostly he drank and listened to conversations about roofing jobs, and hunting, and cars. He listened with pleasure to the jukebox. By closing time he was drunk and very quiet. He would make his way carefully back to the boat, crawl into his sleeping bag and sleep. His mild hangovers were always dispelled by coffee and a plate of meat and beans. He cherished these occasional escapes from the world of the Kiwanis Club and Real Estate Board, from parking meters, and garters, and shined shoes.

The real-estate clients who dealt with Ballard Stowe—bankers, insurance executives, municipal officials and private investors—trusted him. Without ever taking a hidden commission (and without failing to charge a substantial fee), Ballard Stowe analyzed sites and buildings, investigated incomes, reported expenses and verified the plans of government agencies. He was assisted by a secretary, a widow named Martha Scoles.

Martha was some twelve years younger than Ballard Stowe, and she had a daughter who was just entering business college. She was a big woman. Her features were too strong, too coarse, to be called beautiful, but she had straw-blond hair, a full mouth and steady gray eyes. She was efficient. She handled the property-management department alone and did much other work besides. Ballard paid her well.

One night they worked late on a report that was due in court next morning. It was after eleven when Martha, turning away from the file cabinet, slipped and fell. Ballard helped her to her feet. Before he realized quite what was happening, he was covering her mouth and eyes with kisses. She began to return his kisses, and when she began to moan and breathe with great gasps, he lost all control of himself. He made love to her, but afterward he could say only, again and again, "Martha, Martha . . ." At last she said, "Goodness, Ballard, this isn't the end of the world."

Ballard Stowe took from the cabinet a bottle of whiskey that had been given him by a contractor long before. He got two paper cups from the water cooler and filled them to the brim.

When Martha saw the whiskey, she sagged back against the wall and laughed affectionately, and her newly arranged hair fell down again around her cheeks.

"What's funny?" asked Ballard.

"Do you realize how long that bottle has been in the cabinet?"

"Quite a while."

"It's been there since the Christmas before last." She smiled again. "There it sat all that time, getting dusty, yet under your perfect control. How typical."

"I've been conscious of *you* all these years, Martha, but I've never done anything. I don't know what happened just now. I'm sorry, Martha."

"I'm glad."

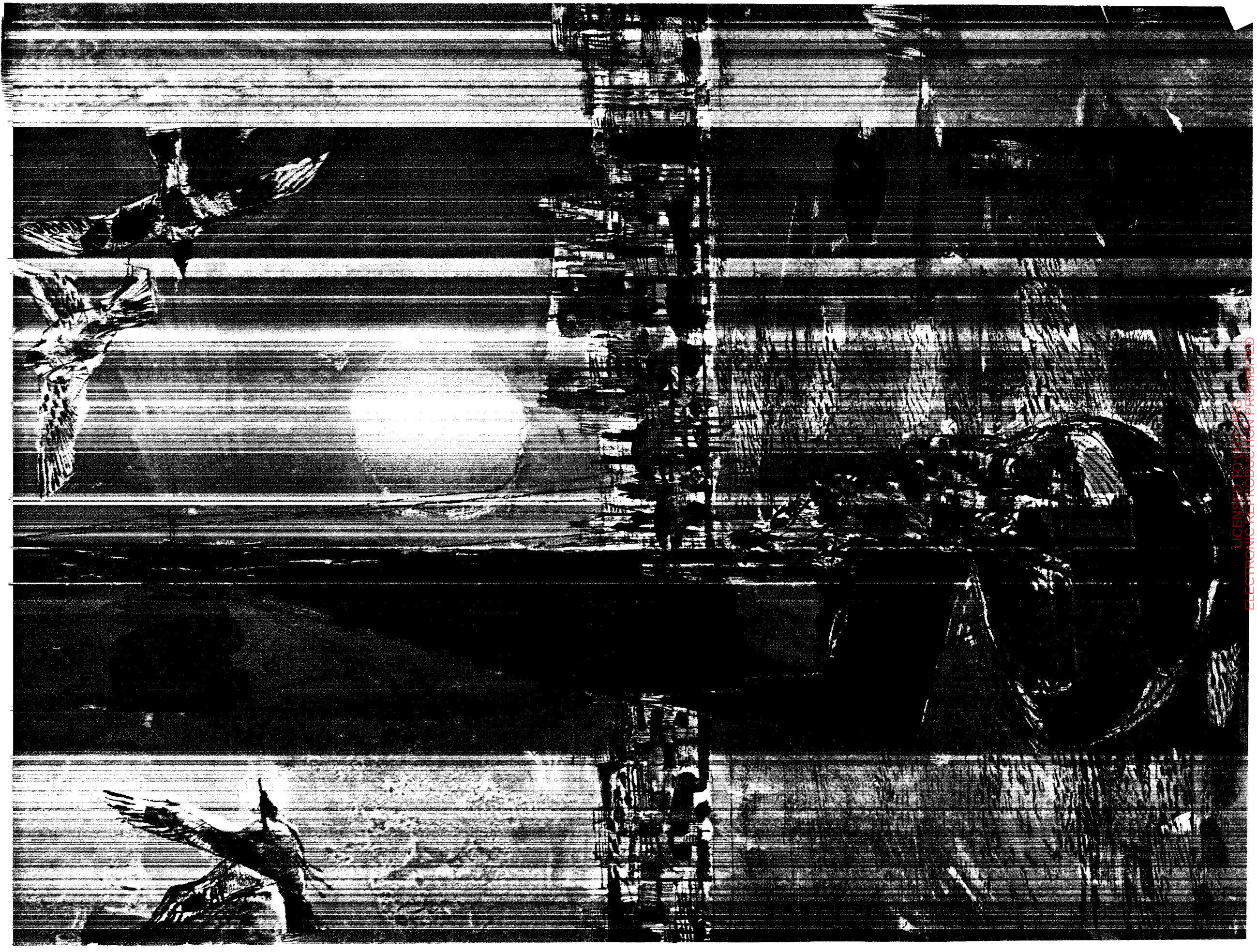
An obscure fear touched Ballard Stowe. "That surprises me," he said. His mind darted away. "Martha, how is it that you've never remarried? I haven't the faintest notion about your life outside the office."

Martha Scoles drank off her whiskey and

By MALCOLM WOOD

Painting by Hugo Wetli

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



LICENSED TO
ELECTRONIC RE

shuddered. "I'm not used to whiskey, Mr. Stowe," she said.

"For God's sake, call me Ballard, Martha."

Without looking at her he drank down his whiskey. "We'd better have one more," he said. He half-filled her cup and filled his own.

"Do you really want to know about my—life—outside the office?"

"I guess it's none of my business."

"Yes it is. After Fred died, friends kept pairing me off with eligible men. I tried to find another husband. But in the beginning I compared them to Fred, and then I began comparing them with you. Ballard, do you realize how rare it is to find a man who is honest? And strong?"

Ballard looked down into his whiskey. "I suspect that when we get to know almost anyone well, we find something to admire." But as he said this he thought of his wife, Lillian.

"Being together hasn't made you love me."

"Perhaps I've felt more than I realized, Martha. Besides, you've been awfully distant and cool here in the office. I . . ." He shrugged.

He drank more whiskey before driving her to her apartment house. There he stumbled at the curb and realized that he had had too much. Martha got out her key and wondered whether he should drive home alone. Again he crushed her against him roughly and kissed her with such desperation and hunger that, when she was free, she held him away and shook her head. Then she put one finger to her lips and pulled him into the apartment house. He stayed with her until morning.

On a Friday evening in late October, Ballard stood with a hose on the yacht-club dock and rinsed grime from the deck and cabin of his chunky boat. He had not lived with his wife, Lillian, since the morning he had returned from Martha Scoles. His wife had demanded, "Well? Where were you?" Ballard would have hardly known how to lie if he'd wanted to. He told Lillian exactly what had happened.

"You can't stay here now," said Lillian. "It never has worked, Ballard."

A settlement involving alimony, the house, and college support for Steven was arranged. In a spasm of self-pitying anger, Ballard refused to quibble with Lillian's demands. His lawyer, an old friend, burst out, "Her own counsel dislikes her. I shouldn't tell you this—he shouldn't have told me—but the main reason she married you was to support herself and get that son through college. She's probably been planning to dump you for years." Ballard winced. His friend said, "I know it hurts, Ballard, but I just get sick of seeing these women get away with it. Let's fight her down to the last nickel."

"No. Give her everything except the furniture and pictures in my room. I'll probably be happier at the Athletic Club than I was with her." He tried to grin. "I've learned my lesson about trusting women."

Now he untied his boat from the dock and felt some bleak pleasure at the thought of going across the bay to get drunk. But he was pierced with a sudden loneliness for the family of his brother. They, at least—especially Ballard's niece—had enjoyed sailing with him.

It was a clear evening. The sun had just set and there was a hazy smudge of brown where the blue-green sky met the dark hills. He thought now of Martha. She was living in a town not far from Petrol.

He had only seen her once since their night together. The next morning, after he had been evicted by Lillian, he found Martha waiting stiffly in the office in her coat and gloves. "Mr. Stowe," she said quickly. "I can't work for you any longer. You've probably told your wife everything. That was right, I suppose. I just don't want to cause more trouble in your family." Some expression on his face made her add, "For God's sake, Ballard, don't feel sorry for *me*. I'm all right." She stood up, and with her head bowed, swiftly left the office.

He let her go. Next day he forwarded to her a check for six months' pay marked "terminal salary." His recollection of Martha was badly mixed. He would never have imagined that guilt could make his head and eyes ache so painfully, that his stomach could cramp again and again, compelling him to twist and crouch behind his desk. Those memories that did visit him—of her wanting him, of the small blue flowers on her dressing gown, of her strong, bare feet flattening, of her languor beside him as they went to sleep—these memories sometimes made him get to his feet and pace, and put a fist against the doorjamb. Once these memories made him lift the water-cooler jug from its rack and hold it in both hands while the pure water gurgled and splashed on the office floor, soaking his shoes and trouser bottoms until he relaxed and returned the bottle to its place. He ached for her, but felt sure that of a woman from whom he had already taken so much he must expect some trickery, some retaliation.

He climbed into the boat's cockpit. He thought again of what his lawyer had told him as he jerked savagely on the engine lanyard. The engine erupted into small, bubbling explosions, and he took the boat at deliberate speed down the estuary toward the open bay. Grimly sighting at the nearest buoy, he steered the boat dead on it, then swerved at the last moment.

The experience with Lillian had made him sensitive to other disillusionments. The morning newspaper had told of a teen-age "sex club," organized by a Sunday-school teacher. He remembered now that the raffle at the Chamber of Commerce September Jubilee had been fixed. And a business matter was troubling him. A complicated transfer of industrial properties was being negotiated between a railroad and a steel company. The companies had agreed that each one would appoint an appraiser, and these two appraisers were to select a third appraiser as a referee. Ballard had assumed he would be asked to give the final report, but a youngster had been chosen. When Ballard learned the absurdly low appraisals placed on the properties, he had known there was collusion among those three appraisers; that he had been avoided because he was incorruptible. His services were sought when accuracy and fairness were required, and avoided when they would be inconvenient. It was as though his honesty commanded a price and earned him a splendid livelihood because it was so rare, a sort of specialty. And tonight—again he aimed dead on the outermost piling of the last breakwater—he felt, what is the use of being honest for yourself only if you can't be one of a community of honorable men?

The boat began to lift on the larger swells of the open bay, and Ballard steered for the murky, discolored cluster of lights on his starboard bow. He saw, coming downwind from the north, a large sloop sailing wing and wing. In the day's last light her full-swelled sails glowed like cream, and the foamy bow wave proved her swiftness across the blue-black water. This sight of beautiful sail, and the strength of an unusually steady wind from the north, made Ballard Stowe take a sudden large lungful of air and snort through his nose. He watched the sloop jibe and pass by him on the starboard. Two silent figures in the cockpit waved, and then their heads

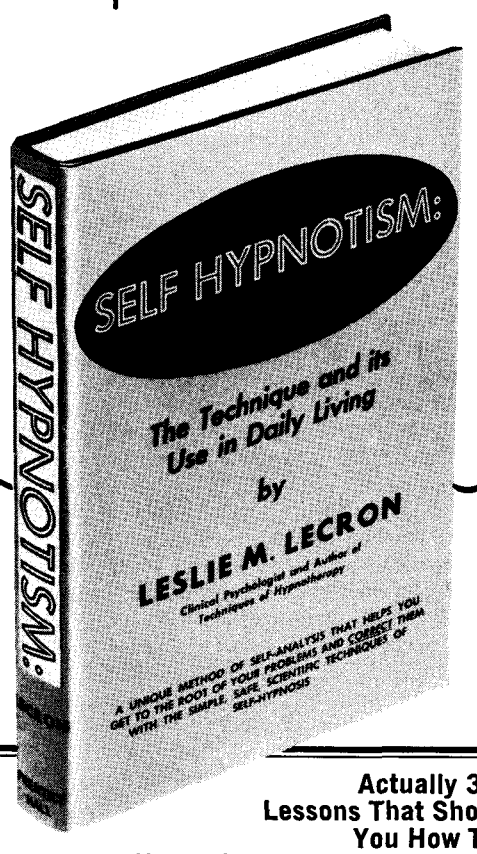
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For the first time . . . an expert who teaches DOCTORS how to CURE WITH HYPNOTISM helps YOU unleash explosive powers you've kept "chained up" since babyhood!

Now at last . . . are you ready to use

SELF HYPNOTISM

to make life give YOU what you want?


SELF HYPNOTISM:
The Technique and its Use in Daily Living
by
LESLIE M. LECRON
A UNIQUE METHOD OF SELF-ANALYSIS THAT HELPS YOU GET TO THE ROOT OF YOUR PROBLEMS AND CORRECT THEM WITH THE SIMPLE, SAFE, SCIENTIFIC TECHNIQUES OF SELF-HYPNOSIS

Now, at last, a world-famous expert who teaches doctors and psychiatrists MEDICAL HYPNOSIS has prepared the master work of his life on SELF HYPNOTISM . . . a book that reveals Nature's own key to reaching and controlling the subconscious — a technique that is available to all who dream of a better life — who want to increase their joy in simply being alive — who want more money, power and prestige — who deeply want a more beautiful and satisfying marital life — who want to conquer pain and depression.

Now, don't let the word hypnotism frighten you for a minute. Many folks shy away from such a powerful force . . . yet how can a force which relieves tiredness instantly — that does away with pain and black moods — that stops nervous tension—a force that has been proven to be the greatest power in the world for self-advancement — a technique that you can use at the office, while traveling, anytime you wish —be anything but a marvelous force for good?

This astonishing technique is SELF HYPNOTISM, a method you can *use yourself*. It's a self-help process you use in privacy, WITH THE GREATEST OF EASE AND SAFETY.

It's a force that can help control fears — conquer bad temper — change bad habits — turn sorrows into joys — transform defeats into major victories — a natural, joyous force God-given to every one of us. It is an eminent way of relaxing ourselves completely, of bringing back our natural feelings of vigor and vitality, of calling upon fantastic powers for use in study, learning, work, thinking, getting well from the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune"!

A "Programmed Course" in Living at Total Power

Through the techniques of SELF HYPNOTISM you learn self-confidence beyond anything you've ever dreamed of; you acquire a powerful memory; you say good-bye to depression and unhappy moods; it can help you rid yourself of mental blocks that have disrupted your life; you bury phobias and other morbid habits and face the world joyous and free.

You liberate your natural thinking ability. Instead of using just a small portion of your mind, you release the explosive mind-power that you've kept "chained up" . . . multiplying by many times the actual brain-power at your disposal. And this will enrich you faster than anything imaginable. The first day you start to use SELF HYPNOTISM, you'll begin to enhance your brain-power and start improving your money-making capacity.

Here are Just a Few of the Secrets Revealed in This Fabulous Volume

The book helps you unlock the door to a full life with the seven keys to health and life-long vitality. Here, in these pages is the essence of a full-scale self-therapy program that has made author Leslie M. LeCron one of the most sought-after teachers in the world today. Here are just a few of the secrets he gives you in his remarkable book:

- **How to conquer a condition we call "loneliness".**
- **How to help change the conditioned reflexes which cause allergies.**
- **How we subconsciously hold on to symptoms long after the "need" for them is gone. (Example: How Hypnosis may help rid you of hay fever.)**
- **What happens to some asthmatics who are asked a sudden, unexpected question by a wise hypnotist.**
- **Even if you've been smoking for twenty-five years, here's a way that can help you give it up and actually enjoy the so-called "withdrawal" period.**
- **How you may help cure some skin conditions by putting one simple idea in your subconscious mind.**
- **How to relax completely and help free yourself of each day's accumulation of nervous tension.**
- **How to help overcome morbid fears.**
- **How to use post-hypnotic suggestion to overcome hostility and anger, frustration, fear of rejection.**
- **How you may help control overweight — by self-hypnosis.**
- **How you can do away with fatigue in your life.**
- **The 10-count method that helps create ideas — and may bring you advancement in your job.**

Actually 36 Lessons That Show You How To Use SELF HYPNOTISM to Get What You Want From Life!

Every moment you spend reading Leslie M. LeCron's volume will be electric with excitement. With these unique, safe, extraordinarily easy techniques, you can give yourself the power that will help lead you to blooming new health—new success—in your business — a brand-new wonderful way of living.

Here, for the first time, is the "pendulum" test of reading the subconscious, the "finger-movement" technique of getting *infallible* answers to your problems. Here is how to give yourself post-hypnotic suggestions that may help break bad habits such as smoking, drinking, even dope addiction. IN JUST ONE EVENING, you can use Self Hypnotism to begin mastering your emotions, making over your personality, turning your marriage into a complete success.

All these powers can be released through the truths in SELF HYPNOTISM on our 10-day FREE TRIAL OFFER.

Read Leslie LeCron's SELF HYPNOTISM for 10 Days — AT OUR RISK

Is this the day you decide to do something about your life? For with this book to help you, YOU CAN! Just mail the coupon below with your check for $4.95 and we'll send you a copy of SELF HYPNOTISM for a ten-day NO-RISK TRIAL. The first time you relax through Self Hypnotism you'll find your whole life changed because you will never before have felt such peace and contentment – and you'll arise from your relaxation period totally refreshed and ready for anything. Yes, you have 10 days to prove it. If SELF HYPNOTISM doesn't meet every aspect of every dream you ever had for a fuller, richer, healthier, more beautiful life, simply return the book for a full $4.95 refund. Make the right choice now.

AVAILABLE ONLY AT THIS WOMRATH STORE

LESLIE M. LeCRON

is internationally known as one of the modern authorities on hypnotism and self-hypnotism. He is the author of three textbooks and many technical journal articles on medical hypnosis. He is a Fellow of the International Society for Clinical and Experimental Hypnosis, an honorary member of the British Society of Medical Hypnosis, and a member of the American Board of Psychological Hypnosis.

----------MAIL NO-RISK COUPON TODAY----------

WOMRATH'S LEXINGTON, Dept. SPA-10
1144 Lexington Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Yes! Rush me a copy of Leslie LeCron's SELF HYPNOTISM for a 10-day No-Risk Trial. I enclose $4.95 with the full understanding I may return for full refund. I will use this book for 10 days AT YOUR RISK. If I am not *completely satisfied* . . . if this book does not do *everything* you say, I will simply return for my $4.95 refund.

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ Zone____ State_____

☐ Enclose $_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

tipped back again to watch their own strongly pulling sails. Above the sound of his own engine Ballard could hear the steady splash of the sloop's bow wave, and so pleasant a sound was it that Ballard throttled down, then impulsively shut off his engine.

In the sudden quiet the sound of the other boat's fluttering sails, the liquid pouring of its bow wave and wake, the creak of rigging, made Ballard crave to bend sail himself. There were risks in sailing at night alone, but risks be hanged: He must take advantage of this fine wind.

The sails caught the light of the sky, of the rising half-moon, of stars, and of distant towns as if grateful for that light. As the boat gathered way, small waves tinkled along the hull, and large ones slapped it. The sails filled hard, their leeches fluttering like banners of freedom; the boat heeled, bending naturally to her work. On a long, close reach she skimmed toward the lights of Petrol. Ballard perched jauntily on the weather deck, and the motion, the night air, the smell of salt and the sound of water made him suddenly exult. He decided to sail once around Diablo Island just for fun. When he had come about on the new course and the sheets were trimmed, he thought suddenly of Martha Scoles. "Yes!" he said aloud. "I'll phone up Martha!"

He tied up for the night at Petrol and found that his sleeping bag had become soaked with bilge. Well, he could sleep at a motel. First he must call Martha. Without deliberating he found a public booth and called. "It's good to hear you, Ballard," she said. "Where are you?"

"Down in Petrol. I just sailed across the bay. Martha, can you join me for a drink?"

"Tonight?"

"Well, yes."

He could tell that she had covered the mouthpiece and was talking to someone with her. He strained to hear whether it was a man or a woman. Then Martha said, "Can I see you in the morning?"

"Surely."

"That's better for me." She paused and then said, "Actually I'm ready for bed. A friend stopped by and we're having tea. Why don't you come for breakfast?"

He felt suddenly depressed. Who was with her? Why couldn't she invite him for tea? But he said, "I have a better idea. How about sailing with me tomorrow? I need a crew."

"Wonderful! Hold on." Once again she covered the mouthpiece and talked. When she came back on the line, Ballard, with an unaccountably heavy heart, suggested they meet for an early breakfast at the dock. They agreed it should be at seven.

He was not sure now that he wanted to see Martha. Did he want to tell her that he was being divorced by Lillian? What did he want to tell her? He had called her without thinking, because the air was clean and the sails were full, because the sound of water made him happy. Actually he felt discouraged, and vulnerable, and he was getting old.

He rented a motel room from a sallow young clerk in a red vest. Then he walked a hundred yards up the highway to a roadhouse called Gay Paree. In the cigarette smoke, two comedians took turns telling dirty jokes. Then an underdressed young woman did a suggestive dance. At the end of her act the lights were turned on too soon, and Ballard saw that her skin was wrinkled and that there was a scar on her stomach. Dance music began, and couples shuffled from one foot to the other. Ballard Stowe ordered a second drink to make himself sleepy. As the bartender brought it a young woman in a purple dress sat down on the next stool. She winked and said, "How about buying one for me, honey?"

Ballard shrugged. The bartender asked quickly, "Scotch and water?"

"That's it, Skeezix," said the woman. She lit a cigarette. "Those two guys are a scream, huh?"

"The comedians?"

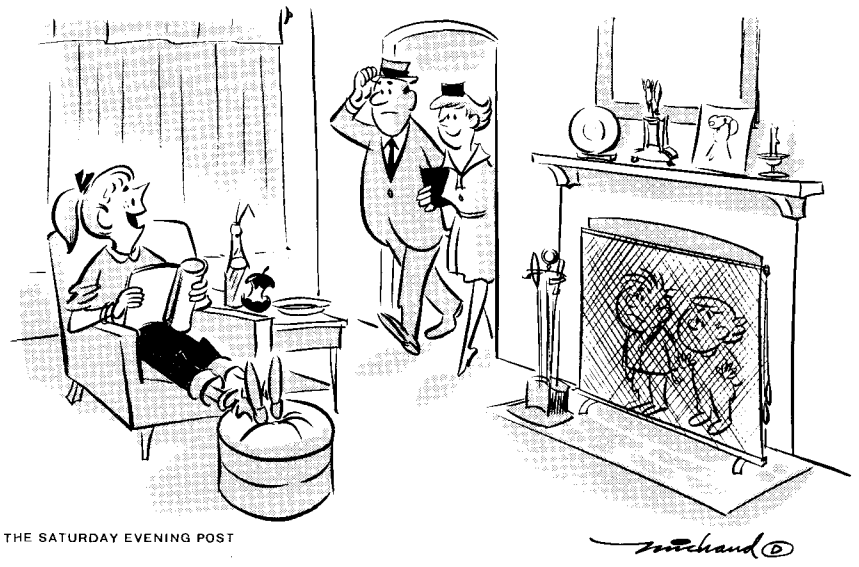
"Yeah."

Ballard made no comment.

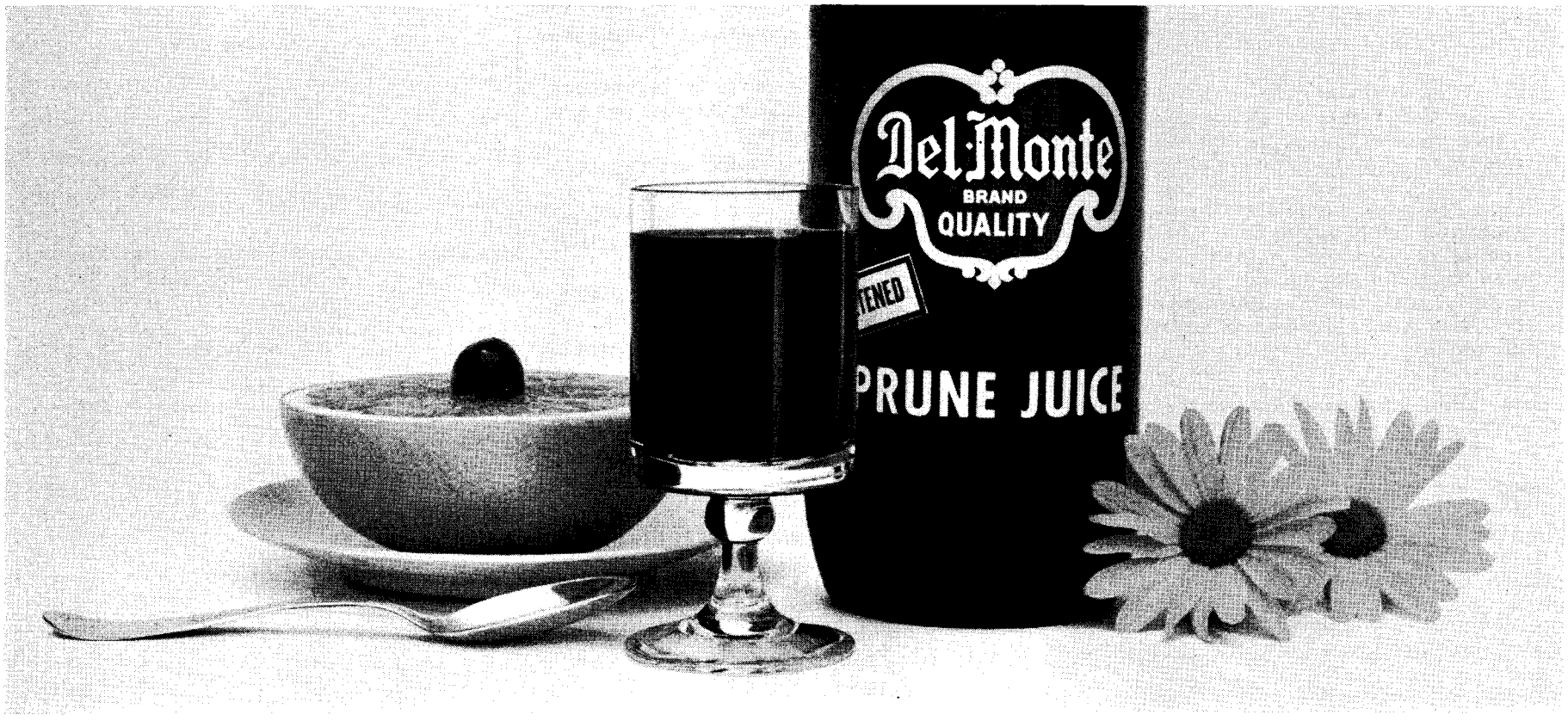
"What's your business? You look like a banker or something."

He was dressed in boating clothes, and the remark surprised him. "I'm in real estate," he said.

"Hey, that's a good racket," the woman said. He sipped his drink. She said, "Don't you like me, honey?"



"They were really no trouble at all."



When is prune juice as refreshing as grapefruit at breakfast?

when it's light instead of syrupy
when it's clear instead of cloudy
when it's clean-tasting instead of sticky-sweet
when it's **Del Monte®**— the Prune Juice with fruit juice appeal

Try it hot, too! Heating brings out even more of DEL MONTE's fresh-cooked prune goodness – especially the flavor!

58

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"I'm sorry," Ballard said.

The woman struggled off the bar stool, and Ballard realized she was drunk. She moved down the bar and sat next to another man about Ballard's age.

The comedians were back and so perfectly did their sordidness match his mood that Ballard tried to listen to them. But when the crowd squealed with shock and pleasure at a particularly disgusting joke, Ballard walked out.

As he approached his motel room, a young man and girl came out of an adjoining one. The girl, who looked about seventeen, got into a nearby car. The man wore a wavy pompadour and cheap sports clothes. He swaggered over and tossed the motel key against the manager's door before he drove off with the girl.

Ballard went to bed, but he could not sleep. He kept hearing cars drive into the motel court, and doors opening and closing, and cars driving away. At last he slept.

He was awakened by voices in the next room, a laughing woman and two gruff men. They seemed to be playing cards, the men swearing occasionally in deep voices, the woman laughing at random. There would be periods of silence, broken by little shrieks and laughs, and then the card game would resume. Then there would be more laughter, more swearing.

It was twenty minutes after four. Ballard dressed in the darkness and left the motel. At the manager's unit, which was unlit, something compelled him to throw the key against the door as he had seen the young man do. He decided to go aboard his boat and brew some tea, and at six o'clock he would call Martha and postpone their meeting until another time. But as he walked toward the waterfront a restaurant sign, EAT ALL NITE, made him realize that he was hungry.

The waffle shop was bright and crowded. The cigarette machine clanked, crockery banged and waitresses called orders to the cooks. There was an aroma of dough and hot grease and syrup. Say! This was what he needed!

He sat in a booth and ordered waffles and eggs, and sipped his coffee with eyes closed. When he opened his eyes, the sight of a young woman across the room made him spill his coffee. She was about nineteen and deeply tanned, and she had long hair that hung, unkempt, to her shoulders. Her eyes were as large and brown as a deer's—eyes with long lashes—and from her mouth all lipstick had long ago been kissed away. Never had Ballard Stowe seen a creature of such beauty, of such health, of such obvious abandonment. Now, at five o'clock in the morning, she looked immune to guilt, and barely tired. She smiled at the man with her, whose back was toward Ballard, and she tossed her head, looking about the room with an indifference, a self-confidence, that transcended arrogance. The sight of *any* such girl would have upset Ballard, but those brown eyes, that mouth, were familiar. This was his brother's daughter, Willow.

Ballard wanted to slap her face. He also wanted to hide from her, and he moved around in the booth, his stomach in a knot of fury. *This* was what his brother's sacrifice, and the sacrifice of Ballard's parents, and of *their* parents, had produced. This was what America was coming to. In the slums, gangs of punks with tire irons clubbed old women. In the suburbs, rich youngsters like these drank whiskey, and drove fast cars, and fornicated without shame. And men like Ballard had denied themselves for nothing, for they had builded nothing. Ballard saw his virtue, his sense of honor, swallowed up, smeared, buried by what his country had become.

He trembled as Willow and her man walked by. From the corner of his eye he saw that she was wearing denim pants cut off above the knee, and that she was barefoot—barefoot at five in the morning in this public place. She moved like a doe and tossed her head. At her companion Ballard refused to look. They went out. They would get into some powerful convertible with a blaring radio, and they would roar off to another day and night of lust and waste.

His breakfast came. When he tried to drink more coffee, his hand shook with emotion and fatigue and his knotted stomach rejected food, so he paid his bill and went out. He would kill time until the New Era Club opened at six o'clock. Then he would make the call to Martha, and drink.

As he approached the boat landing, he saw the yellow lights of an old Chevrolet station wagon pointing up at a crazy angle, and he realized someone was launching a skiff from a trailer. In the darkness he heard the clanking of a chain and some scuffling. A man's voice said, "Grab it!" There was a

Go ahead and read the fine print! This is

ONE RECORD CLUB WITHOUT RESTRICTIONS:

- **Choose any LP, any label**—no pre-selections!
- **Buy 1 record or 100**—no yearly quotas!
- Join once for a lifetime—**no annual fees!**
- **Save at least 38%**—and much more on special sales!

This is the way you want it . . . a record club without restrictions. With the Record Club of America you can order any LP available in the entire Schwann Catalog (over thirty thousand selections) and save on every one! Nobody limits you to one label or two. Nobody sends you a card that means you get an unwanted record if you forget to return it. Nobody says you have to buy 4, 6, or 8 times a year. And nobody asks you to pay an annual membership fee. With Record Club of America you join once—and belong for a lifetime.

Here's HOW Record Club of America Works:

Fill out your Lifetime Membership application. Send it, with your check or money order for $5 to Record Club of America. By return mail you'll receive your membership card guaranteeing you our regular discount of 38% off on every record you buy. That means you buy at dealer costs: all $3.98 LP's at $2.47, $4.98 LP's at $3.09 and $5.98 LP's at just $3.71 and our publication, Disc., which regularly supplements Schwann's listings and keeps you informed of the Club's extra-saving specials like those featured at right. Disc. will also present timely critical reviews by many of the nation's leading authorities. For your convenience we always enclose an order blank. Your order is processed the day we get it. Records come to you factory new. If not completely satisfactory they can be returned, immediate replacement guaranteed. Over one hundred thousand individual members and many of the nation's leading schools and libraries are today enjoying tremendous savings made possible through Record Club of America. Why not join them . . . and join us, today?

GIFT MEMBERSHIP SPECIAL!

Your membership entitles you to buy or offer gift memberships to friends, relatives and neighbors for only $2.50 with full privileges. You can split the total between you—the original membership and one gift membership divided equally brings your cost down to $3.75; one original membership and four gift memberships brings your cost down to $3 each. Get a gang together—everybody saves!

© 1965 RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA, INC.

TYPICAL SPECIAL SALE!

LIST PRICE	OUR PRICE
3.98 Capitol Bestsellers	$1.57
5.98 Urania, Vox, Kapp, Westminster Classical Albums	$1.77
4.98 Verve, Folkways Albums	$2.49

CLASSICAL · OPERA · JAZZ · FOLK · COUNTRY & WESTERN · MUSICAL COMEDY

FREE SCHWANN CATALOG

Over 30,000 selections
from more than 300 manufacturers!
CAPITOL • COLUMBIA • ANGEL
RCA VICTOR • DECCA • MERCURY
WESTMINSTER • DEUTSCHE GRAMMOPHON
VOX • VERVE • LONDON
ROULETTE • ABC PARAMOUNT
ELECTROLA • AND HUNDREDS MORE

938

Record Club of America
1285 Princess Street
York, Pennsylvania 17405

Gentlemen:

☐ Enclosed please find my check or money order for $5.00 which will guarantee me Lifetime Membership in Record Club of America. I understand that I am under no obligation to purchase at any time, and that any purchases I do make will be at CLUB SAVINGS. I am free to choose any album as listed in the Schwann Record Catalog or Record Club of America's regular publication, *Disc.*

☐ Add _____ Gift Memberships to my request. I enclose a check for _____ at $2.50 each gift member, and have listed on attached sheet their names and addresses.

Signed_____

Address_____

City_____

State_____

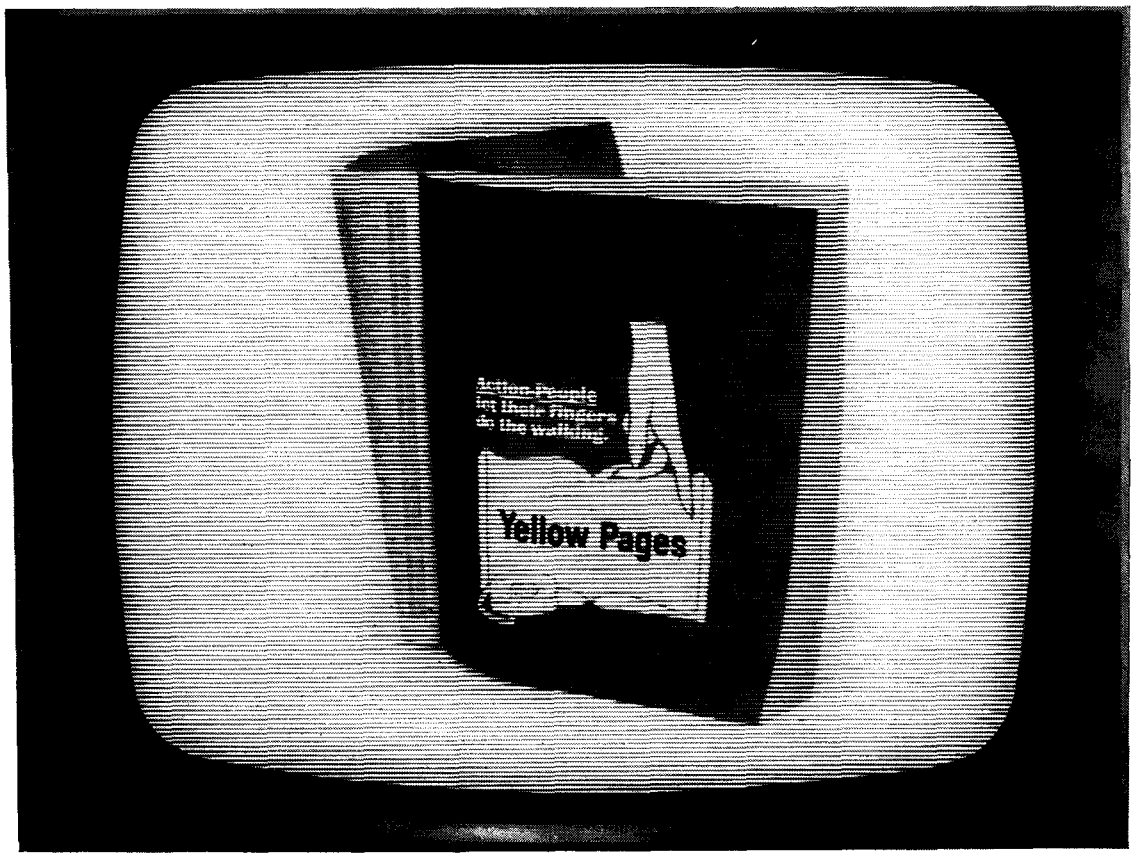
*Zip Code*_____

Join the more than 250,000 happy members of

RECORD CLUB OF AMERICA

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

One year of uninterrupted commercials.



Nice thing about the Yellow Pages is that you decide when, where, how long and what ads to look at.

That's why Action-People look here first—for anything from Television Dealers to Radio Dealers, Hearing Aids to Optometrists.

Just let your fingers do the walking.

Action-People do.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

splashing sound and ripples moved across the water. The same voice said, "Dammit, Willow! Can't you do what I tell you?" Ballard stopped. He heard more splashing and then the man's voice said, "Grab the bow," and then in an even more disgusted tone, "That's just dandy."

Ballard quickened his step. In the gleam of an arc lamp he saw his niece wading into the water to retrieve a skiff that was being borne away on the tide. With her was a thin, stoop-shouldered young man; he had been pulled into the water up to his knees by a rope that was apparently attached to the submerged trailer. "Is that you, Willow?" called Ballard.

The girl came out of the water, her long legs glistening. "Uncle Ballard! What are you doing here?"

"What are *you* doing? Can I help?"

"Ah, this trailer got away from us," said the man. "It's into the channel." To Willow he said, "It's getting light."

"Uncle Ballard, this is Paul Schwartz," said Willow.

The men nodded at each other.

"I'll get a line from my boat," said Ballard. "We can fasten that to your car and pull it out."

"Thanks," said Paul Schwartz. Willow said, "I'm glad you came, Uncle Ballard. Paul was about to hold my head under water." Ballard went to his boat to get a line.

The trailer was in deep water, and when they strained on the line, the tongue snubbed up against the bank of the channel. Ballard suggested using his boat and a complicated tackle to obtain vertical strain on the trailer tongue.

It was daylight now. To Ballard Stowe, his niece, in her gray sweat shirt and faded shorts, moving with serious face and brown legs in and out of the water, was as beautiful as anything he could dream of. Paul Schwartz was an intent youngster with large nose, flopping ears and liquid eyes. His hands were strong, and he knew how to tie a knot and make it right. Willow explained that they had intended to be up among the tules at daybreak to get pictures of waterfowl in passage. Paul's skiff was a practical-looking craft with a sculling oar and an ingenious cuddy forward in which his camera could be mounted to command water and sky without alarming the birds.

They finally rigged the tackle, but the lines were short. They were debating what to do when a voice called out, "Ballard! Do you need another hand?" Standing on the landing in a huge coat and a wool cap was Martha.

"Hey!" said Ballard with a grin. "I'd forgotten about you."

The four of them got the trailer out. Afterward they stood in a circle and Ballard introduced Martha to the young people. Then he said, "Well! I feel as if I'd accomplished something."

Paul Schwartz looked glumly at the sky. "We've lost two hours of daylight. We'd be four miles up the bay if Willow had done what I told her."

Willow grabbed Paul in a headlock and bent his face down hard against her thigh. "Stop nagging. Hear?"

"You're useless," he said in a muffled voice.

She bent him down farther. "Say I'm not useless."

"You're useless."

She laughed and let him go. He straightened and looked immediately at the sky. In the east a dark V moved steadily southward. "Damn," he said. "Look at those honkers."

Ballard said, "Why can't I tow you up there to the sloughs?"

"Would you?"

Ballard looked at Martha. "You haven't had breakfast."

She shrugged. "Let's forget breakfast. I'm too fat anyway."

The engine popped and rumbled; Ballard steered; Paul Schwartz sat with his camera on the port deck and watched the sky and water; the two women huddled against the cabin bulwark out of the wind. Willow told Ballard that she was a junior now in college, and that Paul was a sports-car mechanic. They had left the campus at three this morning, hoping to be on the water when the first light came.

Ballard said, "Willow, I guess you know your Aunt Lillian and I have separated. Martha here was my secretary. She was my secretary for twelve years."

Willow smiled at Martha. Martha said, "We have an enormous lunch. Can we meet later and share it with you?"

Willow shook her head. "We'll nibble our sandwiches a bite at a time, crouched down so as not to scare the birds. When Paul goes out to shoot, we shoot."

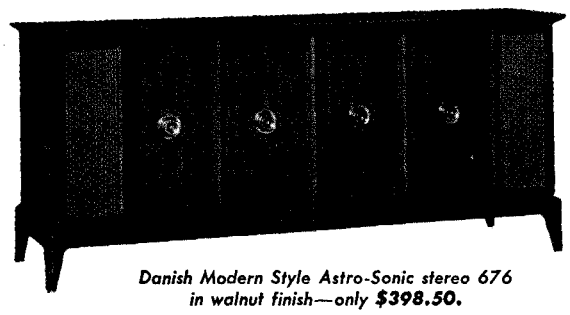
Martha squinted at Paul. "I take it you bring the squaw along to do chores?"

For Eastern Contemporary Theatre 546 with Magna-Color, Astro-Sonic stereo FM/AM radio-phonograph in one magnificent cabinet—only **$795.**

Only Magnavox gives you Magna-Color and Astro-Sonic Stereo—the greatest advancements in home entertainment!

Magna-Color, the newest development in color TV, gives you... Brilliant Color for pictures 40% brighter... Chromatone that adds depth and dimension to color and warm beauty to conventional pictures... Quick On in seconds—four times faster than others. And many other exclusive features.

Astro-Sonic, so revolutionary it's ten times more efficient than the tube sets it obsoletes. So reliable, service is guaranteed for one year and parts for five years* Flawlessly re-creates the most beautiful music you've ever heard... high fidelity sound with TV as well as stereo FM/AM radio-phonograph.

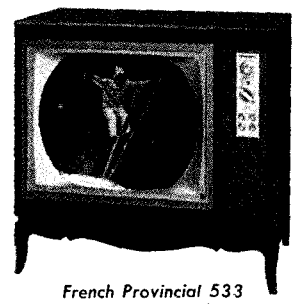


Danish Modern Style Astro-Sonic stereo 676 in walnut finish—only $398.50.

Select from a wide variety of elegant styles—sold direct through Magnavox franchised dealers (listed in the Yellow Pages) saving you middleman costs. Color TV from **$399.90;** console radio-phonographs from **$198.50;** portable TV from **$99.90.**

the magnificent **Magnavox**

270 Park Ave., New York 17, N.Y.



French Provincial 533 in cherry finish—only $498.50.

*Dealer provides service and parts. Solid State components replaced if defects develop under normal use.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Increase your command of words

Sagacious, *adj.* Of keen penetration and judgment; discerning and far-sighted. Millions of *sagacious* women have used billions of Tampax.

Boon, *n.* A benefit enjoyed, a blessing. Many have thanked us for the *boon* of Tampax.

Disembarrass, *v.t.* To release from that which impedes, hampers or hinders. Tampax *disembarrasses* you from belts, pins, pads.

Aplomb, *n.* Self-assurance, self-possession. Tampax gives you *aplomb.*

Enterprise, *n.* A venture; the character or disposition that leads one to attempt the untried. Have you the *enterprise* to try Tampax?

Enfranchise, *v. t.* To set free; to liberate from slavery. Let Tampax *enfranchise* you. You'll enjoy your new-found liberty.

Salubrious, *adj.* Conducive to well-being, especially physical well-being; beneficial. Many insist the effect of Tampax is very *salubrious;* they almost forget about differences in days of the month.

Facility, *n.* Quality of being easily performed; ease. You can use Tampax with complete *facility,* thanks to the silken-smooth applicator.

Felicity, *n.* State of being happy; bliss; that which promotes happiness. We promise you complete *felicity* with Tampax.

Neoteric, *adj.* Modern; new. To sum it all up, Tampax is the *neoteric* way!

Tampax® internal sanitary protection is made only by Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

"Yeah," Paul said. "Say, you remind me of my oldest sister, Ruth."

"You remind me of the young Rossellini," said Martha. "Or is it Bergman? Manly, artistic . . . all that."

"When my sister Ruth gets sarcastic, I call her Fatso," Paul said. Martha laughed.

They were six hundred yards from the first slough when Paul asked to be dropped. He said the engine would upset the birds.

Ballard cut the engine. Paul pulled the skiff alongside and he and Willow dropped in easily. He cast off Ballard's line and said, "Thanks. Nice to meet you."

"Can we pick you up?"

"No. We'll work back along the tules in the afternoon."

Paul stretched out in the bow under his ingenious cover. He mounted the camera. Willow lay against the transom, her eyes just above the gunwales. With one small gesture she waved good-bye, then began to scull. Silently the skiff seemed to drift toward the marshy shore. Ballard whispered to Martha, "Look! Not a ripple!" He let his own boat drift southward with the tide until the skiff was invisible among the tules.

They anchored in the sunshine and quiet air behind Diablo Island and decided to eat, though it was not yet nine o'clock. Martha brought out beef sandwiches, and cherry tomatoes, and dill pickles, and hot coffee from a Thermos, and oatmeal cookies. There were plums and apples. Ballard could barely stay awake to chuck his apple core overboard. "I'll take a little catnap," he said. He stretched out on the cockpit seat, out of the breeze and in the sun. With a life preserver for a pillow he fell asleep.

When Ballard woke up he was still in the sun. He felt comfortable and rested. Above him a gull swooped, then parried the breeze, then swooped again and parried. When Ballard straightened up he was startled, for the tide had changed and the boat had swung around on her anchor, and he saw now that the sun was in a different quarter. Martha was sitting on the deck, her back to him, leaning against the mast. He glanced at his watch. It was four o'clock. "Lord!" he exclaimed. "I bring you out to sail, and then I sleep all day."

Without looking around, Martha said, "I've never been more happy."

He climbed up stiffly and sat on the deck with his feet in the cockpit. They were nearly facing each other, as people do in a love seat. She had pulled her skirt up to offer her white thighs to the sun. As he sat beside her, without embarrassment she pulled her skirt down some.

He said, "Lillian and I will be divorced soon. We can do this often."

She rolled her head back against the mast and looked at him with eyes that were loving, and serene, and deep as springs. He realized that anything he might do would seem right to this woman. She would probably be willing to make love this minute, on this deck. But that was not important now. He put an arm across her breasts and pressed her ear against his jaw, and they both pressed their heads against the mast.

He hoisted sail then, and they flew downwind, and paused, and swept about, and they knifed back with lee rail under. Martha whooped. Cold spray flew, and the wake bubbled and creamed behind them. When the wind moderated he showed her how to tend the jib, and how to steer, and they swooped about the bay like a great, joyous butterfly. And finally, as the orange sun plunged behind the western mountains, they started in toward Petrol.

The wind failed them altogether, but Martha would not let him start the engine. He shouted, "What a perfect sailor *you* are!" And they got out the paddles and moved slowly into the darkening cove across waters that were blue, and orange, and green.

At Petrol landing Paul's skiff was pulled high up on the shore; the top of Paul's car was visible behind a factory fence. "We'll take those youngsters out to dinner," Ballard said. "Aren't they the finest you've ever seen?"

They found Paul and Willow out on an old mole that had been abandoned by a cable company. They were squatting beside a charcoal fire above the water. A skillet of fried potatoes smoked at one side, and over the embers two bleeding steaks flamed and sizzled. Paul's and Willow's shirttails were pulled out, and wedges of bare skin, of young backbone and strong tendon, gleamed olive in the last light. Willow was mixing greens and tomatoes in a bowl.

"Hi," said Ballard. "We wanted to take you out to dinner."

Paul turned the steaks. "Thanks. We're all set." Willow nodded at them quietly.

"How was your day?" asked Martha. "Did you find some birds?"

"We shot a little film," said Paul. "Some of it may be good." He salted the steaks. "Tomorrow we're going to start out early." To Willow he said, "Let's not stay up late, huh?" She nodded.

The older couple left them then, and as they passed alongside Paul's station wagon, Ballard saw two sleeping bags and some quilts laid out inside. He pictured those beautiful youngsters with arms across each other, and so lovely was that picture that he faltered, he almost stumbled with lightheadedness.

They went to an Italian restaurant that Martha knew. She declined the soup and the *pasta* because, she said, she wanted to regain a shape that would make Ballard happy for a long time. Ballard sweated in the warm room, and he ate hungrily. Once he looked about at the candles on the tables, at the dark wine bottles and bowls of steaming soup, at the faces of people laughing and eating. And then he looked at Martha as her strong teeth took a crust of bread. He said to her falteringly, "It's all such a gift! Tonight the world's so different than I have always thought . . ." He broke off, and for a moment he thought he was going to weep. The word "joy" came to him, but it wasn't a word he knew how to use in a sentence. He wiped his face with the restaurant napkin. Martha with one hand pressed his leg hard against her leg and looked quietly at the candle. □

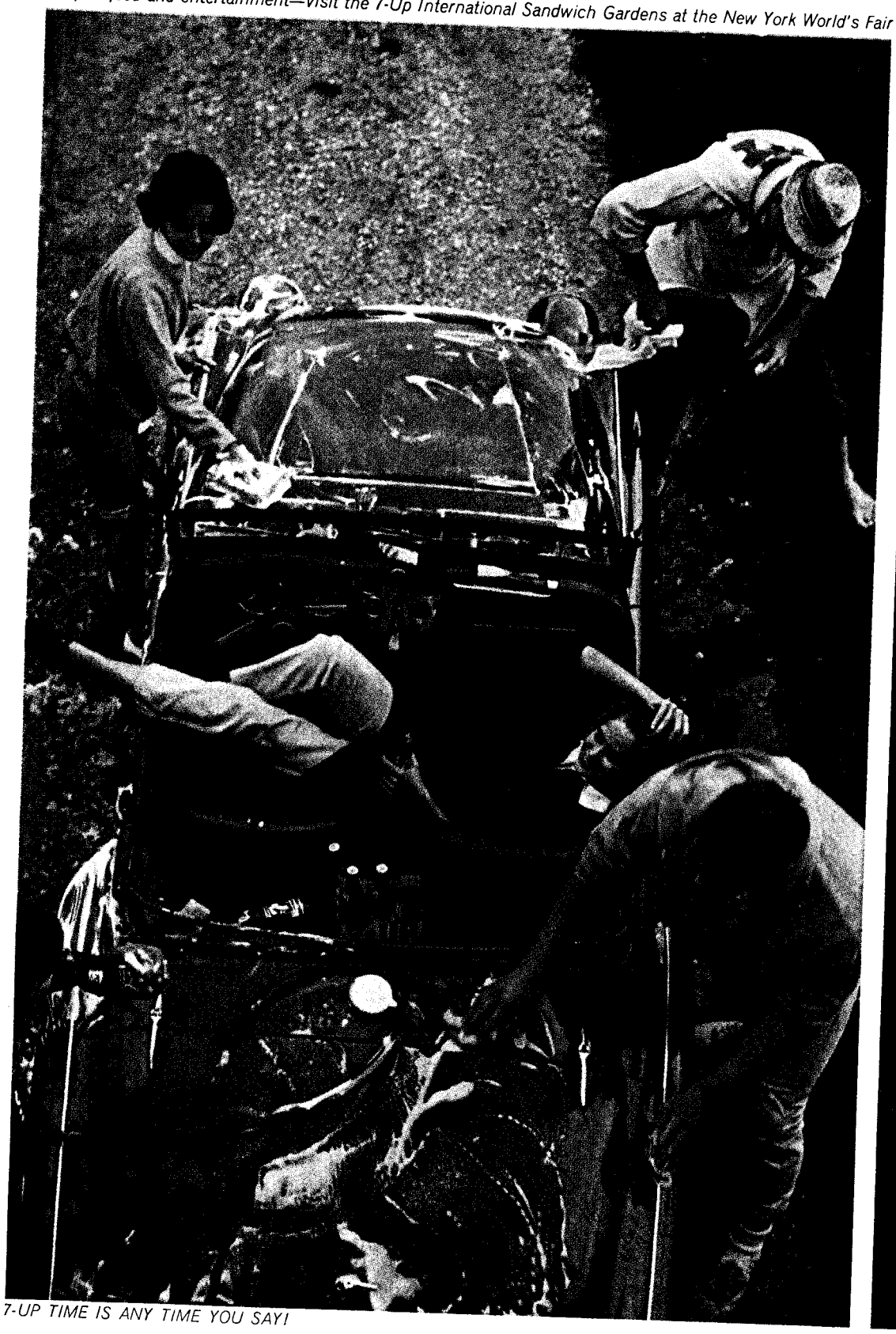
"I was on my way to this masquerade party when I thought I'd stop by and see how he was doing."

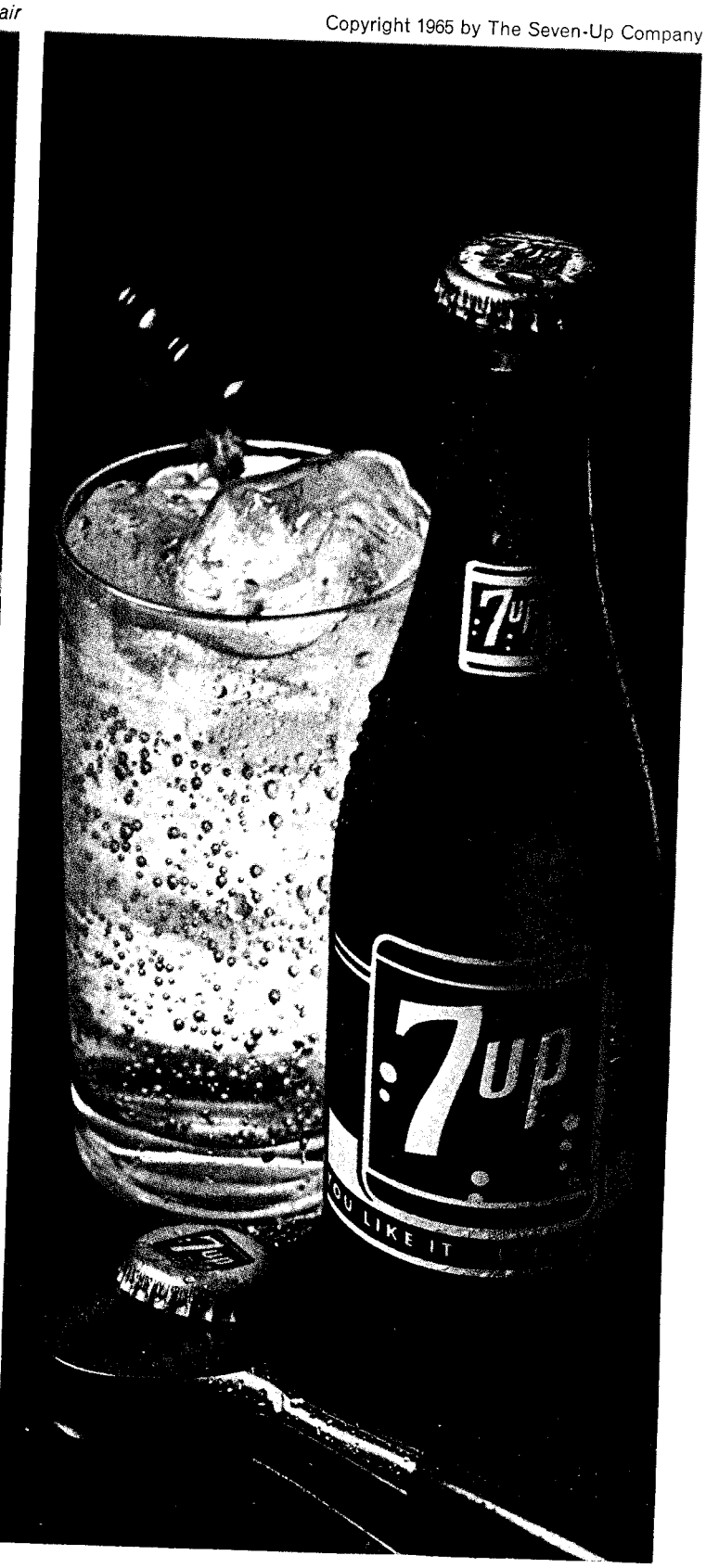
Malcolm Wood, who was born in Denver in 1924, is a graduate of Harvard and has an M.A. degree from the University of California. He teaches humanities at the California College of Arts and Crafts in Oakland. THE APPRAISER *is his fifth short story to appear in The Post.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

For fine food and entertainment—visit the 7-Up International Sandwich Gardens at the New York World's Fair

Copyright 1965 by The Seven-Up Company





7-UP TIME IS ANY TIME YOU SAY!

7-Up...where there's action!

Where things are jumping . . . whenever something's going on—expect to find 7-Up! It's a natural for the action crowd! It's got the sparkle that swings... the taste that's fresh and frisky... and the quick-quenching power you need to make thirst quit. Look for it. 7-Up . . . where there's action!

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

It was like it had stayed hot on purpose through July of that year, and when Harlan Casey's Uncle Luke was killed in a highway crash the day before the miserable heat wave broke, it seemed to Harlan, who was thirteen, that whatever had been punishing them in Gath and on the farms around should be satisfied now and might let them alone.

On the day of the funeral, a clear north wind bent the poplars around the Methodist church and shook the tasseled corn in an adjoining field. Though the church was packed with Luke Taylor's neighbors and friends, there was no whirring of funeral-parlor fans as there had been during Sunday services since late June. Harlan was comfortable in the jacket his mother had made him wear. He felt better than he'd expected to at the funeral, not even faint except when he had looked down through the white tent of gauze peaked above his uncle's face to keep the flies away.

He had not realized they would seat him this near the coffin, placed with his family on chairs arranged in front of the regular church benches. His father was on one side of him. His mother was on the other side, holding his five-year-old brother, Chris, on her lap. Chris had a red bow tie clipped to his white collar today, and his yellow hair was slicked down with water. His lips were parted solemnly. His eyes, just this summer changing from the dark blue of his babyhood to the brown of his father's and brother's, were fixed on the gauze above the coffin.

Only, even sitting on Mom's lap, he can't see in, Harlan thought. He was glad the kid couldn't see the unacceptable changes on Luke's face. Walking past on the way to his chair, Harlan had seen a funny color of rouge on the cheeks that always used to be so supple and tanned. Around Luke's deep nostrils there was a frosting of powder, like powdered sugar. No wonder the flies want at it, Harlan thought, his own nostrils dilating queasily from the smell of the flowers banked across the front of the church.

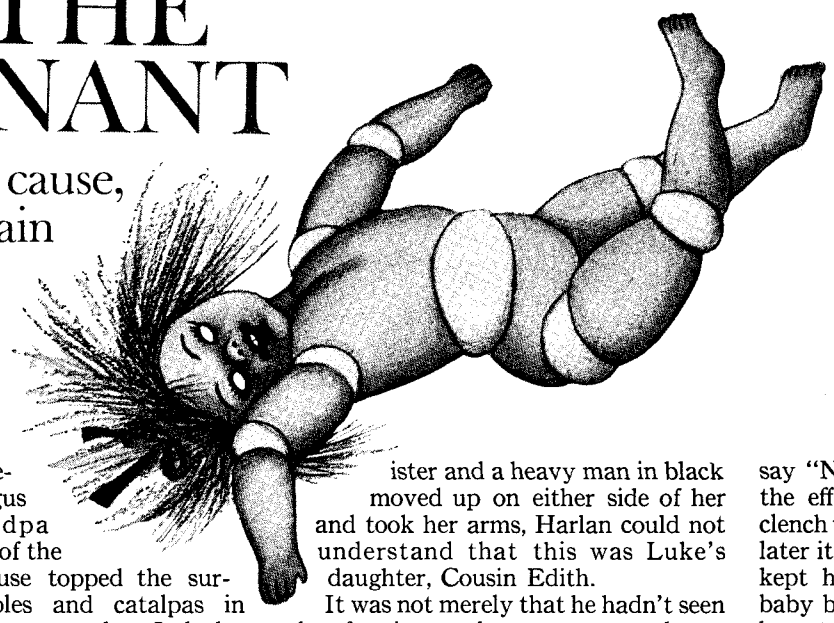
Everyone was waiting for the minister to come in now, and he, probably, was waiting for Cousin Edith, who was driving down just today with her bigshot husband from Minneapolis.

Last night at supper Harlan's father had said you'd think that, considering all Luke had done for his girl, she might

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE COVENANT

Nothing happens without cause, or without effect—and any chain of events leads inevitably to either a catastrophe or an agreement.



By R. V. Cassill

have come early enough to help clear some of the funeral arrangements with the Gath undertaker, Will Roberts. "She may feel we did it all too cheap. And it's her money we're spending for the funeral."

"It's Luke's money," Mother said. "You know why we haven't heard from her."

But if the parents knew, they certainly hadn't explained. Harlan was pretty sure they'd made a long-distance call after he'd gone to bed. This morning his mother was mad about something special. She kept narrowing her eyes, and a number of her odder remarks implied that *she* wouldn't have *let* her brother die. If what? Who would have if they could've helped it? She wasn't making sense.

Even if some of the new people around Gath—Colliston, the commercial artist who worked in Des Moines, and Miriam Roberts's dad, the undertaker, who just now was in a peculiar relationship to Luke—had treated him as a joke, probably even they would miss seeing him gun his old Chrysler convertible up the blacktop from the farm. To the end, he always came through town waving his hand like a winning politician. He carried his red head tucked over modestly on his shoulder, as if he knew they were all saying, "There goes old Luke, off to another golf tournament. Where's it at this time?"

Uncle Luke had been a "gentleman farmer." Harlan's dad used that term on him with a big variety of inflections and followed it with chuckling spells of various lengths. Last year, for instance, when Harlan had asked for a trumpet and had been told it was too expensive, his mother had soothed his feelings by telling him that she had mentioned his musical interest to Luke. Before Christmas she was pretty sure Luke meant to buy him a horn. After Christmas she was sure Luke had some reason for withholding the present until Harlan's birthday in June. When Luke didn't even stop by their house for a piece of birthday cake, Harlan's father had said, "That's the way gentlemen farmers are."

Until his death Luke had stayed on the farm where he was born. The place had gone shabby since Grandpa Taylor had passed away, but in the '20's and '30's it had been one of the showplaces of the county, with its oversized barns, white board fences and a herd of Shetland ponies besides the Angus cattle Grandpa bred. The roof of the three-story house topped the surrounding maples and catalpas in those days. The garage where Luke kept a rusting tractor and a motorless jeep beside his convertible had been built for a Buick touring car and two runabouts.

Before Cousin Edith had gone away to Stephens College, Luke's infantry buddies and sports from all over southeastern Iowa, state senators and such, used to come in the quail season. After Aunt Madge died, Luke had lived mostly in the kitchen of the big house. Sharecroppers took over most of the actual farming. It was true he still went to the tournaments, but not to play golf anymore.

Luke had placed fourth in the Iowa Open back in '46. He'd never come that close again, though his picture had been in the sports section of the Des Moines *Register* maybe once a year since Harlan could remember.

His mother always seemed to know when those pictures were to appear. At Sunday breakfast her finger would point Luke out among the tournament officials and whatever sports champion or mayor was there to present the trophies, standing a little back of this year's winners, a little taller than anyone else, with his mop of hair slanting off to the side, like a haystack after a windstorm.

Mrs. Casey had long since convinced her boys that the reason they saw so little of their uncle anymore was that he had so many important friends all over the Midwest. She was sure, too, that these important friends were going to be in town for the funeral, though Harlan had not seen a single out-of-county license plate when he came to the church. Since Uncle Luke had been a Silver Star winner in the war, she was sure that Legion officials from Des Moines and the Quad Cities would be here. Maybe. At least Harlan had seen the rifle squad of the Gath post importantly stashing their Springfields in the back of Mr. Roberts's hearse.

Harlan's father nudged him, and at his left Harlan saw a woman in black with a short black veil between the wings of hair that framed her face. He heard the hammering of her spike heels on the church floor. But even when she went straight in front of him to the coffin and leaned over it, when the minister and a heavy man in black moved up on either side of her and took her arms, Harlan could not understand that this was Luke's daughter, Cousin Edith.

It was not merely that he hadn't seen her for six, nearly seven years, almost half his lifetime, nor that the heel taps were so startling. There was some quality of make-believe in her dress and her gestures that he could not square with his expectations. This was like something he might read about or see on television. It couldn't be happening in the homely old church.

Then, if it really was Cousin Edith, as it was slowly dawning on him it must be, she ought to have said something gentle, at least polite, to his mother. As Edith swayed back from the coffin, he thought his mother was leaning forward to speak to her or touch her. But Edith's veiled eyes were purposely lowered. Her mouth, as she took her place on the other side of her husband from Harlan, was set hard.

Well, all *right*. All right, and let her act how she wants, Harlan thought. The big guy who must be Edith's husband—a college football star and now a mucky-muck lawyer in Minneapolis—smelled of perfume stronger than the smell of funeral flowers. All right, let them do things their own way.

He should have known his mother would not sit still for snubbing. And if he had known, he might have been able to stop what she did now. He would have turned far enough to see her green eyes storm when she put her hands in Chris's armpits and tugged him upright in her lap. Seeing the movement only, Harlan thought she was merely shifting the little boy's weight.

She carried Chris the five steps to the coffin. His legs were still not flexed to take his weight when she put him down, tore aside the gauze, and broke one white rose from a floral star beside the pulpit.

I still could have stopped her. Harlan would repeat this to himself as often as the scene came back later at the frightening edge of sleep, or when he ran by himself under the soundless sky of the following autumn, at cold twilight, as he rushed around his paper route.

"Take it," she said to Chris as she picked the rose. "Put it in his hands."

Chris stiffened in her clutch. His yellow head half swung from one side to another on a neck suddenly too frail and thin to move it. He was trying to say "No." His mouth was round with the effort. Harlan felt his own chest clench with breath—and he would know later it was simply lack of courage that kept him from roaring the word his baby brother was unable to say. Then he actually believed he had yelled his protest, but there was no sound in the church at all, except his mother's crooning moan.

"Put it in his hand," she told her youngest. "There, now, there. In his hand, like that." Her straining hands bent the fingers of the dead man and forced the living ones to leave their gift.

"Now kiss him," she said.

In the funeral procession to the graveyard, whatever was explicable in the scene was explained. From the back seat of their car Harlan listened to his father and mother thresh it out.

"Well, now, Mildred. . ." His father seldom got farther than that when his mother was really wound up.

She said, "I ought've slapped that makeup off her face. I'll tell her so, too, before she gets away from here."

"If you're going to make a fuss at the grave. . ." Father slowed the car and wagged his elbows in a threat to turn out of the procession here and now.

"You keep right on driving. I'm not the one who's going to make any fuss, and you know it. You heard what she said on the phone last night."

"I didn't hear except what *you* said. You told me what she said."

"I'll tell her again I don't believe it was an accident."

"Mildred, he hit an abutment. The highway patrol said he was doing eighty. His neck was broken. And maybe he was dr——"

Their mother glanced furiously into the back seat at the boys and dared her husband to make such an accusation in front of them. "Yes, he was doing eighty. After he'd driven all the way up to Minneapolis to try to make things up with Edith, and they'd shamed him."

"You don't know that."

"I know Edith. After all Luke did for her, the money he spent on that girls' school and when she was chasing after Walker to the Rose Bowl, and all he had to borrow all these years."

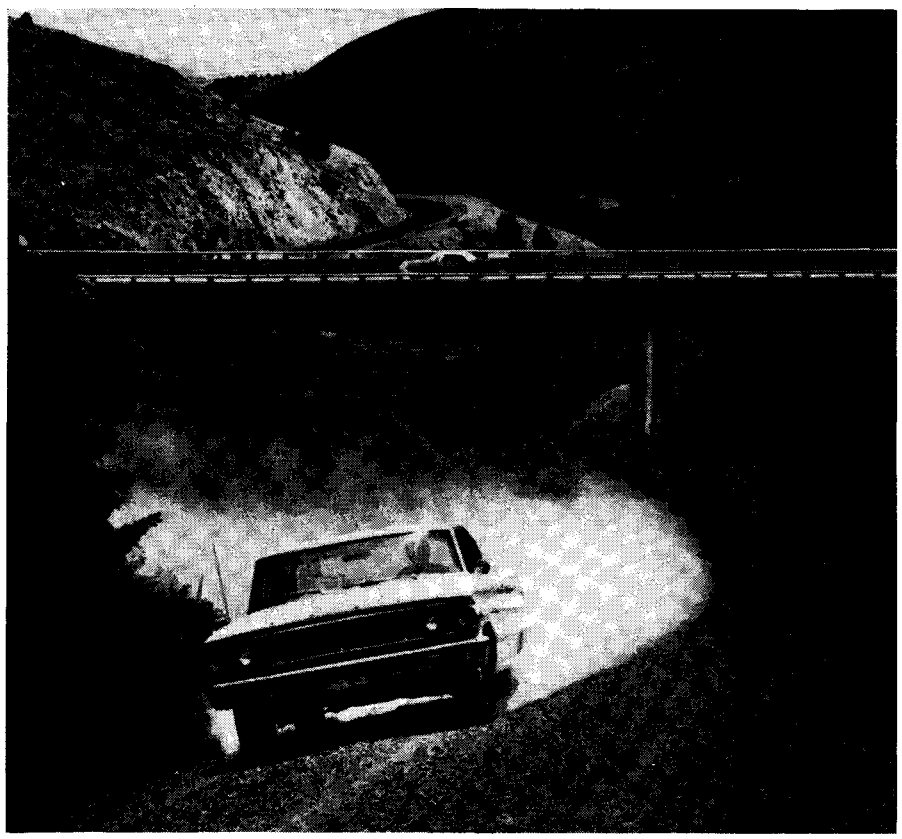
"Luke had a few other things to spend it on."

"Don't you say that in front of the boys or I'll get out and walk to his grave. Stop the car. Let me walk."

Illustrated by Jan Balet

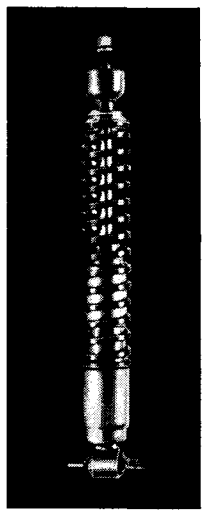
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now, any car can handle like a sports car with . . .



Monroe front Load-Leveler® stabilizing units

You don't have to be one of [redacted] when a heavy truck or bus passes, or when you drive into a brisk crosswind. New Monroe front Load-Levelers actually pay for themselves, and *save* you money in the bargain. By holding wheels in alignment, they can greatly extend the life of your tires. By soaking up the shock of bumps and ruts far more effectively than standard shock absorbers, they can spare you many types of front-end repairs. Have a set of new Monroe front Load-Leveler stabilizing units installed in less than 30 minutes where you have your car serviced.



You get surer steering, added stability. No wheel "wandering." No sway curves. At top turnpike speeds, you

Enter Monroe's "Indy '500' Special" Contest!

WIN A NEW PLYMOUTH SPORT FURY, the Indianapolis "500" pace car . . . or one of over 150 other fabulous prizes! Estimate the average track speed of the 1965 Indianapolis champion. Get entry blank and free shock absorber inspection where you see the Monroe yellow and blue "Indy Special" poster. Contest ends May 14, 1965. Void in states where prohibited by law.

MONROE®

World leader on highway and speedway

MONROE AUTO EQUIPMENT COMPANY · Monroe, Michigan

In Canada, MONROE-ACME, LTD., Toronto, Ontario • In Mexico, MEX-PAR, Box 28154, Mexico City

"Now, Mildred. Now, Mildred. Now. I didn't exactly mean —— You shouldn't have. . ."

"Don't tell *me* I can't guess what's been going on these last few years. Luke was too proud to tell all the things they shamed him about, but I knew what he was thinking. They even borrowed money from him until Walker got his start, and only the lawyers will know if they ever paid it back. You know how he doted on Edith. Edith was all he had, and then for her to ——"

"Well, he had you," their father said.

This time she did not threaten to get out of the car and walk. Harlan saw the scarlet rise from the neckline of her dress up to the roots of her hair. Very quietly she said, "I know you think I've made too much of the way things were when Grandpa Taylor—when Luke and I—when I was a girl. I know you've done your best for your family. I've promised myself never to mention to you again what I grew up expecting. You needn't mention it either. Please. All right. Don't be afraid I'll make even a teeny fuss at the grave. I won't even look at Edith. I won't shame the rest of you anymore."

"Aw, Mildred, you didn't," their father said. "It's only that—you know—Chris ——"

"Chris loved him and wanted to say good-bye to him, even if that Edith was so snotty."

"Well, well, hush, it's all over now," their father said.

Without a definite end, the quarrel and the embarrassment faded. The wind that bowed the cemetery pines and loosened the petals of bunched gladioli cooled the shame in Harlan's cheeks. There were two Des Moines cars at the graveyard, full of white-haired men and ladies who called to Mrs. Casey and said she must be Luke Taylor's sister and they wanted her to know what a fine man they thought he was, he really was.

The crowd was considerably bigger than it had seemed in the church. Not only was the Legion rifle squad there in smart, potbellied formation; the Stars and Stripes and the Ottumwa post flag were crackling smartly beside the open trench in the earth. Someone had put a flag on the coffin. A high-school boy, Buell Grace, was silently trying out the bugle on which he would play *Taps*.

It was easier now, but Chris set his feet in the grass beside their parked car and flatly refused to go into the crowd down toward the grave. Harlan's argument that they ought to be near enough to smell powder when the Legionnaires fired their rifles failed to budge him.

Mr. Casey clicked his tongue and gave his wife a see-what-you've-done look. "Harlan, you take him and walk him around," he said. "Meet us back here afterward."

That was where Harlan's luck for the day took a definite turn. It was a real compensation to walk around and find Miriam Roberts standing beside her father's hearse, parked on a knoll in the high corner of the cemetery. Miriam wasn't his girl, exactly. As a matter of fact, she was two years older and a grade ahead of him. But she was more than just a friend, even if the only dates they'd had had been for Cokes at Jack's Drug Store.

"It's the biggest funeral this year," she said admiringly.

Harlan smiled for the first time that day. "That why you came?" The Robertses were not Methodists, alas. She never came to his Sunday school.

"Daddy likes me to ride along now and then. How come you're not down there with your mother?"

He jerked his head at Chris.

"I don't blame him," Miriam said. She knelt beside the little boy and rubbed his cheek with hers. Her movement was all compassion, but for Harlan it showed how her hair matched the fine, clean color of Chris's.

"From up here it's beautiful," she said. "See the flags, Chris? Oh, see them! But if you get too close . . ." She wrinkled her nose, as if remembering the smells in her father's workroom.

She stood up straight as a Girl Scout and said, "Up here, on a pretty day like this, I feel there is no death." Nothing he had ever heard from a minister on the subject had impressed Harlan half so much.

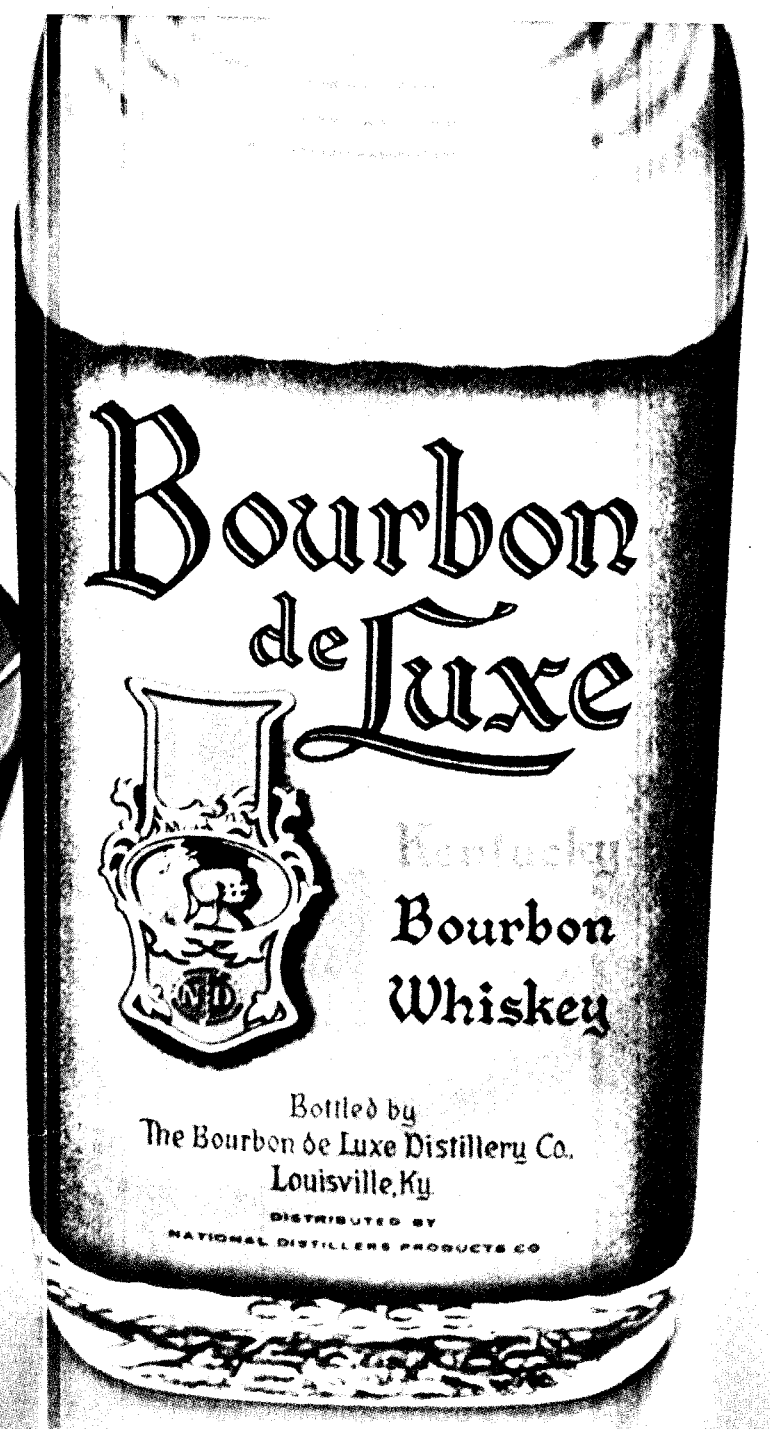
"Maybe not," he said.

Below them now, on the sun-swept grass, the blue squad of riflemen raised their guns. The crash of exploding cartridges was slighter than Harlan had expected, more like a kind of music. The reports sounded again and a

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"Now there's what you call a skywriter's skywriter!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Kentucky's Most Likeable Bourbon

Enjoy the m
ciate how
history. E
craftsme
One look at th
bourbon! One

about the rich
Bourbon

ue of

The Bourbon De Luxe Distillery Co., Louisville, Ky. Kentucky Straight Bourbon Whiskies 80 & 86 Proof.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

third time. The wind erased the sound briskly, and when the bugle notes came it seemed that there had been nothing before them, and afterward nothing was needed.

"Listen, Chris, just listen," Miriam said exultantly. She took the boy's head in her hands and turned it so he could see Buell Grace leaning into the bugle. "Isn't he fine?" She turned her blue eyes to Harlan and said, "Have you got yourself a trumpet yet?"

Last spring, when he had started to learn on a trumpet belonging to one of his classmates, Miriam had said that he'd soon be good enough to play with her in the school orchestra. "The thing is, Uncle Luke said he'd maybe buy me one," he told her. Then he stopped, unwilling to think how often that man being lowered into his grave had gone back on his promises.

"I am." He spoke faithfully into her asking eyes. "I'm going to get one."

What she had taught him in the few minutes they stood together was that life doesn't pause at all for death. It was funny how everyone had seemed to know that already, except him.

And now, except Chris.

In the remaining weeks of summer, Chris went about his sandpile games and kitchen chores as if they had never been interrupted by either a blistering July or the funeral. He was to start kindergarten in September, and, as the day approached, his enthusiasm seemed to be growing. He was proud of the new blue jeans and striped sport shirt he was to wear on that first day of school. He practiced playing football with Harlan, so he'd know how to do it at school.

But under his everyday tranquillity something had veered off course. One night, in the room they shared, Harlan caught his brother sneaking a dahlia into the drawer of the table by his bed. It looked like one stolen from Mrs. Ruken's garden across the alley.

"Hey, you don't keep flowers in drawers," Harlan said. "Get a jar from Mom if you want to save it. Don't tell her where you got it." Then, as the drawer slid shut with the flower in it, he skipped across the room. He caught Chris's wrist and forced him to open the drawer again.

The smell of dead flowers engulfed them, the dried and colorless blossoms that must have been accumulated one at a time over the past weeks, softening into one another in a mass of crushed petals—not rotten, exactly, but smelling of misuse and waste, closer to garbage than to bloom.

"They make me *think*," Chris said reproachfully when Harlan dumped the whole drawerful into the wastebasket. "Think about *him*."

Harlan shook his head and had nothing to say. But a few days later he came alone into their room and found a big, motionless lump under the covers of Chris's bed. He supposed he must have known what was hidden there as soon as he saw the bulge under the pink and white stripes of cloth. But he looked to make sure before he went running in panic to fetch their mother.

If she knew why he was so excited, she did not let on at first. "Why, it's only that old doll of mine he used to play with when he was a baby. Poor thing's lost its eyes," she said, lifting it from the stripped-back bedclothes. "Do you suppose he dug it out of the attic?"

Harlan had failed to stop her at the funeral when she had forced Chris to touch and kiss the dead man, but he dared not let her get away with this evasion. "Chris *buried* it," he said.

"Oh. Oh. He ——" The tears came in a rush, and she sat down heavily on the little bed. The once-elegant doll hung from her hands as if she had forgotten how to hold one properly. "He misses Luke so much," she said. "We all miss him, and it didn't have to happen if Edith had any human feeling."

"Chris didn't really know Uncle Luke," Harlan said. "How could a little boy know a grown-up man he hardly ever saw except driving past?"

"I know Luke was too busy lately to visit much, but he used to come here lots," she insisted. "You used to like to go out to his farm when you were Chris's age, and he gave you so many nice things to play with. Before he got so discouraged." She put her arm around him and brought his cheek down to a wet contact with hers. "You can't have forgotten how generous Luke was. Why, when I was your age, and then in high school, when Grandpa Taylor was living and we were all on the farm, Luke would do about anything for me. And everyone else would say the same thing in those days. When Grandpa got him his first car . . . "

She was gone in her dream of the old times, of the high-school parties they used to have on the farm, when they were "rich" and kids from three counties would gather there for dances and games on the lawn on spring nights, with lights strung between the budding catalpas, and red-haired Luke being chased by all the girls, but never playing favorites, always making sure everyone had a good time, especially his kid sister. She told again how they used to drive through the summer nights in Luke's Model A roadster, over to Fairfield or to the WPA shelter at the lake. And before that . . .

"Have you been talking to Chris about this?" Harlan asked uneasily.

"Chris is too young to understand. You understand these things because you remember more. You know what I mean."

For a second he almost gave in to the temptation in her voice, to the softness of her smile made all the more compelling by her tears.

"No," he said, wrestling out of her embrace. "No. I don't. No."

"Ah. You boys are both unhappy now. I understand. It's still too soon. But you'll get over it. School will be starting soon. You'll have your athletics to think about. And orchestra. I've talked to Daddy and we're going to get you the trumpet Luke meant for you to have."

"I won't have it."

She used her old trick of not hearing. "Chris and you are young and will have oodles of things to think about. You won't really forget your uncle, but everything will be easier after school starts."

When she left him, she took the doll with her, and he believed she had not merely returned it to the cardboard carton in the attic, where it had lain with the other souvenirs of her girlhood for so long; he thought she had locked it in a trunk or wired it up in a crate. At least he didn't find it when he went secretly snooping.

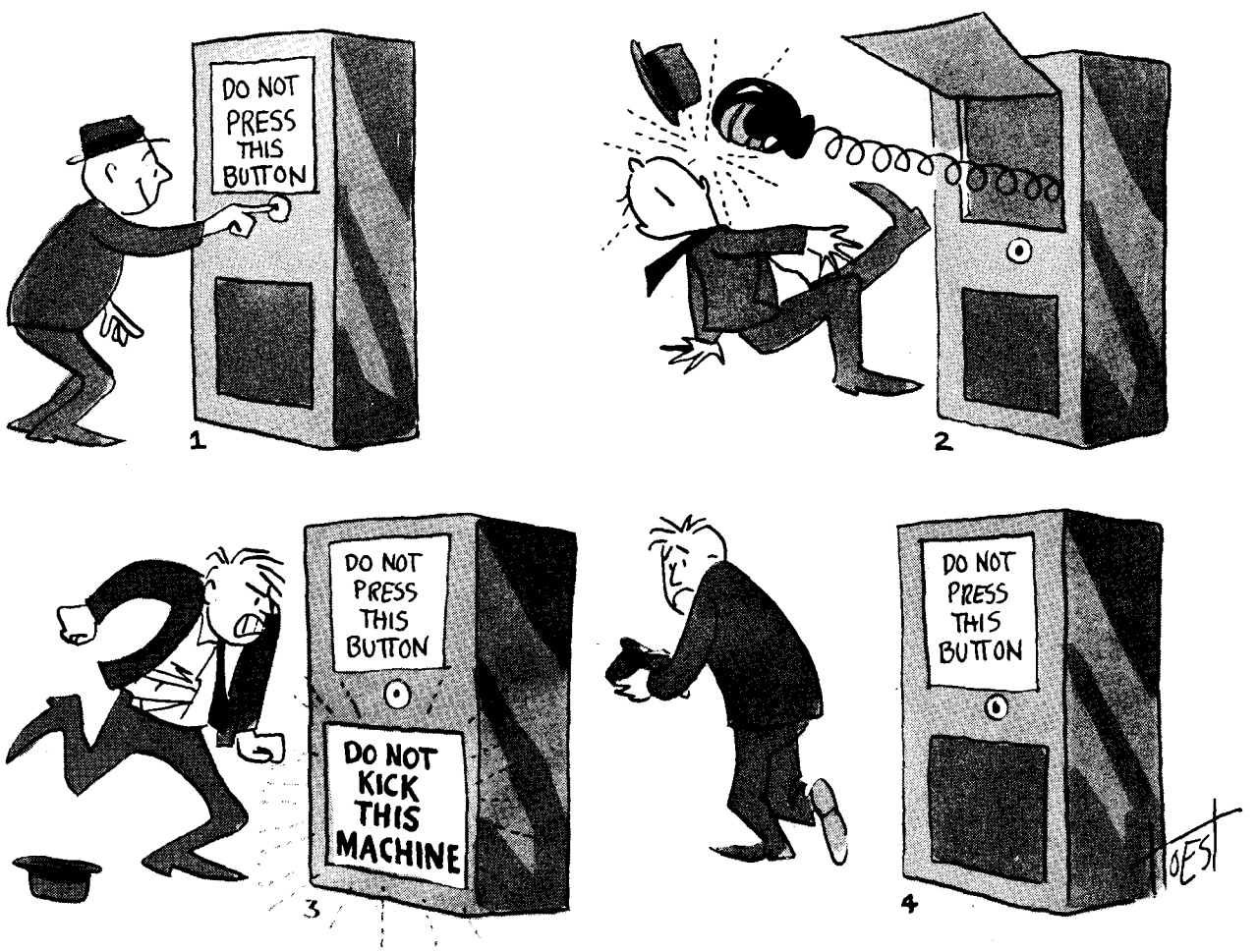
But Chris did. There it was again one day, buried under the covers of Chris's bed, motionless and smaller than a child by far and yet the frightening anchor of all their lives. This time Harlan took the doll on his bicycle and carried it four miles out of town, where he threw it in a creek.

Yet, after all the anguish of the summer, Harlan had his new trumpet by the time school began. He had refused again to let his parents buy it for him. He would ask for nothing from them now. But he finally compromised and let them lend him the money, to be paid back from his earnings on his paper route.

The decisive fact was this: The horn represented his chance to keep some contact with Miriam Roberts. She had graduated into high school last spring, out of the upper-grades classroom he would have to occupy for one more endless year. If he couldn't arrange to be involved with her through orchestra practice, he wouldn't have much chance of seeing her at all. With those high-school guys rushing her, the competition would be too much.

He had the horn, and he had practiced enough so he thought he could talk Miss Slater into giving him a place in the orchestra, though it was mostly for high-school kids. Gath was a small school, and they needed trumpeters, didn't they? In truth, probably not. His earnestness would have to persuade the music teacher to overlook his present lack of skill.

Of course, the horn meant more to him than a chance to see Miriam regularly. At his age a lot of things were tied together by one thin cord, and he was trying to hold them all with it. Besides practicing some simple parts for the orchestra, he had taken the horn to the country a few times to blow



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

it like a bugle and feel again what he had known that day in the cemetery when Buell Grace played *Taps*. He blew against death. Death snuck out of his sight like a yellow dog when the bugle scared it, and the ripening cornfields, the distant farmhouses, and the birds going over were alive, forever alive, alive forever.

So on the first day of school he carried his horn with a mixture of pride and anxiety he had never known before. It was as if it were himself inside the cheap leatherette case, and some kind of boy-machine were carrying him along the sidewalk to where he had to go.

Then—sober and back in reality—he was in the gym, where the orchestra practiced before classes began, showing off the horn to his friends, when Miss Slater came down. Buell Grace was hefting it and admitting it had a keen action. Miriam, who played a tenor sax that was gold-plated all over, had said that "a Pan-American is a very good make." With the tip of her little finger she erased a dust spot from the plated bell of his horn and smiled as if her reflection in the polished metal had flattered her. The other kids were tooting their horns and scraping fire-siren sounds from their violins, waiting for Miss Slater to come and assign them their lesson schedules and—maybe—give them a little warmup practice on this first day.

When she finally appeared on the stairs, her eyes darted busily around the group. "Harlan Casey? Is Harlan here?" she asked.

His spirits sank a little. He had been sure she would at least remember his face from the times he had sat in on practice sessions last spring. "Here," he said.

"They want you in the principal's office," she told him. She seemed a little surprised and not as pleased as she might have been to note that the horn he was holding seemed to be his own. "Just leave it on the edge of the stage," she directed briskly. "Nobody will step on it. I hope." The kids all giggled about that crack.

His heart was drumming and his wind was short by the time he had climbed to the principal's office on the third floor. He couldn't guess what he'd done wrong—already on the first day, when he hadn't even been to his grade's room except to leave his books. It took him a full minute to understand he was wanted on the telephone.

"I'm glad they found you so quick," his mother said. "Now you can get home and back before the bell rings."

"But I'm at the *orchestra*," he shouted desperately. "What's *wrong?*" Maybe he could be back in his room by the time the bell rang. But by then the first gathering of the orchestra would have broken up with no place assigned to him. He had hoped to sit beside Buell Grace and learn from watching Buell, hoped also that when things were tough Buell's playing would keep his own unsounded notes from being noticed. "What's *wrong?*"

"Chris," she said. "You know he was so anxious to go this morning. He had his sack of supplies set all ready by the front door, his new jeans on—just like yours, he said. I thought I'd walk over with him so he wouldn't have to go alone this first time. We got as far as the Reinharts' corner, just at the end of the hedge, and he balked. I just couldn't make him understand. He says he wants to go with you. But if you're already in the midst of ——"

"I'll come," Harlan said angrily.

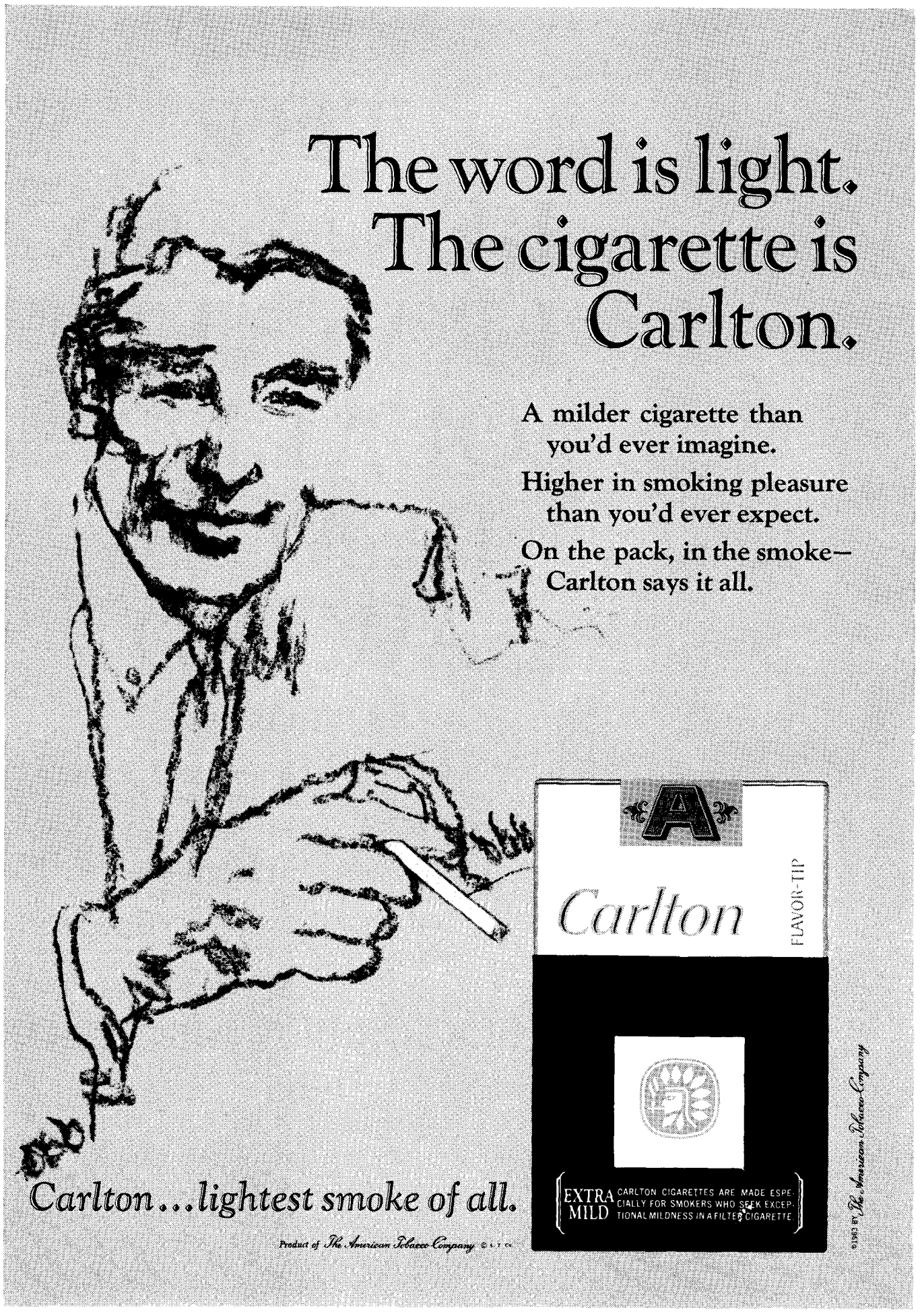
As he took the hot, damp receiver from his ear, he heard her promise that they would come halfway to meet him.

He knew all he was in for when he saw Chris's smile. It was the kind they painted on angels' faces in the Sunday-school quarterlies—wide, curving, and sweeter than any really honest stretch of the mouth could be. From a block away Harlan saw his mother and Chris lurking partly out of sight at the end of the Reinharts' hedge, waiting for him. As he ran to meet them, he saw hardly anything except that false, bright smile, growing, broadening until it was like a gully into which he had thrown himself by mistake.

The smile scared him, but he kept steady. He skidded to his knees in front of Chris and, after a winded "Gee!" said, "Gosh, Chris, I forgot you and me had planned to go to school together today. Wasn't that dumb? Hey, you didn't forget your fat pencils, did you? Boy, them jeans look neat, and when we come out for recess I'm gonna personally choose you on my team for football. Hey, how about that?"

"How about that?" their mother echoed.

Chris didn't say a word. His hand fumbled upward as if he couldn't see his brother or didn't want to hear him, as


The word is light.
The cigarette is Carlton.
A milder cigarette than you'd ever imagine.
Higher in smoking pleasure than you'd ever expect.
On the pack, in the smoke—Carlton says it all.
Carlton...lightest smoke of all.
Product of The American Tobacco Company
A
Carlton
FLAVOR-TIP
EXTRA MILD
CARLTON CIGARETTES ARE MADE ESPECIALLY FOR SMOKERS WHO SEEK EXCEPTIONAL MILDNESS IN A FILTER CIGARETTE.
©1983 BY The American Tobacco Company

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BENJAMIN FRANKLIN QUALITY DEALER AWARD

AWARDED BY

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOR CITIZENSHIP, COMMUNITY SERVICE

AND CONTRIBUTION

TO THE AUTOMOTIVE INDUSTRY

TO

HERBERT ALLEN ABRAMSON

1965

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

This Man Won his Industry's Most Coveted Award

[illegible] winner of the 1965 [illegible] Quality Dealer Award.

Herbert Allen Abramson sells automobiles in Newton, Massachusetts.

He is a successful businessman. But his real success is measured in the esteem of his fellow citizens and in his own well earned sense of accomplishment.

He is the 1965 winner of The Saturday Evening Post's Benjamin Franklin Quality dealer award. The citation on his cast bronze plaque reads: "awarded...for citizenship, community service and contribution to the automobile industry."

Mr. Abramson is exemplary. But he is also typical. Few groups of independent businessmen can approach the record of franchised automotive dealers everywhere in their dedication to service and responsibility to their customers. Nor in their welcome acceptance of civic obligations.

[illegible] The Saturday Evening Post are convinced that dedication to *service* in both business and community [illegible] at the heart of our free enterprise system. And that the manner in which Mr. Abramson conducts his business in Newton is important throughout our country.

[illegible] purpose of the Benjamin Franklin Award is to focus national attention on the admirable qualities Mr. Abramson and the *21 winners* of Honors Awards and Merit Awards represent. We are proud to join with the National Automobile Dealers Association and the Automotive Trade Association Managers in presenting the Benjamin Franklin Quality Dealer Award.

[illegible] Winners of Benjamin Franklin Honors and Merit Awards

[illegible]—Albuquerque, New Mexico
[illegible]—Greenville, Mississippi
[illegible], Sr.—Greenfield, Indiana
[illegible]—Lansing, Michigan
[illegible]—Reading, Pennsylvania
[illegible]—Ferndale, Michigan
[illegible]—Helena, Arkansas
W. G. Horton—Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Hal Hoyle, Sr.—Lincolnton, North Carolina
John Henry Kultgen—Waco, Texas
Theodore C. Mallon—Norwich, Connecticut
Charles C. Maykel—Worcester, Massachusetts
Allen Mims—Rocky Mount, North Carolina
L. C. Mueller—Oakes, North Dakota
Harold S. Pingrey—Selah, Washington
Herbert G. Roberts—Dyersburg, Tennessee
John Cabell Swanson—Danville, Virginia
Robert F. Tasca—East Providence, Rhode Island
M. S. Winter, Sr.—Lawrence, Kansas
Jack K. Williams—Fort Worth, Texas
W. Earl Zenge—Canton, Missouri

[illegible] National Winners

[illegible]

1961 Winner
John H. Lander
Atlanta, Georgia

1962 Winner
Richard M. Stoudt, Sr.
Jamestown, North Dakota

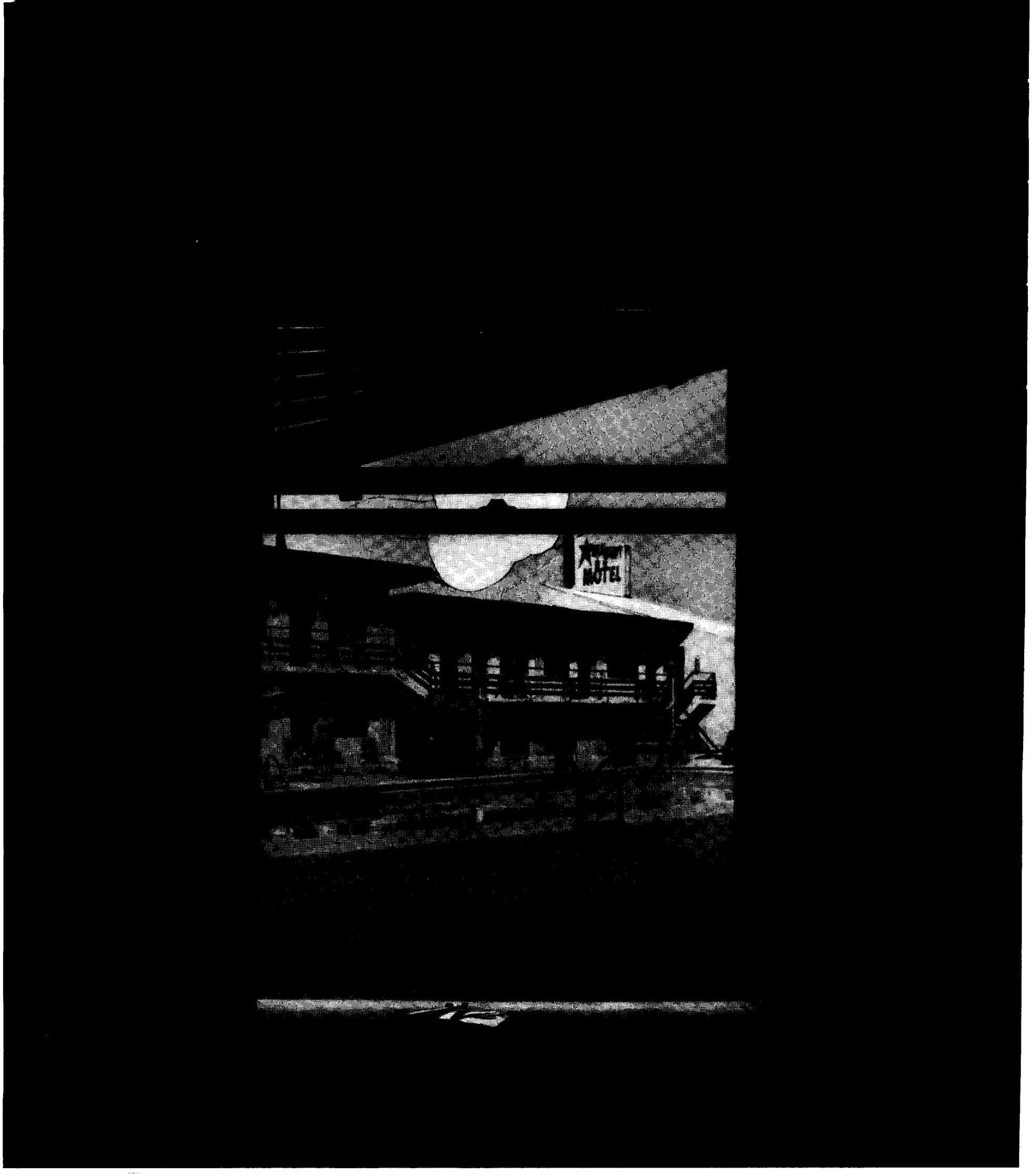
1963 Winner
Irwin G. Burton
Milford, Delaware

1964 Winner
[illegible]
Columbus, Ohio

[illegible] National Automobile Dealers Association / The Automotive Trade Association Managers

[illegible] THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



When Mrs. Whelan's jewelry was stolen in Nevada,
her insurance agent back home in Newark handled her claim
as fast as if it had happened next door.
He's a Hartford Agent.

Your Hartford Agent does more than he really has to do.

Insurance by
THE HARTFORD

THE HARTFORD INSURANCE GROUP, HARTFORD, CONN.: HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY • HARTFORD ACCIDENT AND INDEMNITY COMPANY • HARTFORD LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY • CITIZENS INSURANCE COMPANY OF NEW JERSEY • NEW YORK UNDERWRITERS INSURANCE COMPANY • TWIN CITY FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

if he sought merely a solid touch to get him moving the way they wanted him to go. He was already stepping out from the shelter of the hedge by the time Harlan's hand closed on his.

Behind them as they went, Harlan heard his mother call, "Harlan, I'm sorry that you had to come all this way back. But see, you won't be late at all."

She was even wrong about that. She had hardly finished speaking when the sound of the school bell spread over their town, through elm leaves hanging perfectly still in the morning air.

That was the way Harlan's life went that year. It just piled up in junk, as his uncle's aging convertible had piled up on a bridge abutment seven miles south of Waterloo, Iowa. The highway patrol had come screeching up to that accident, looking officious while they poked in the wreck, but helpless to do anything about it. All over. Done with. A man with his head broken, over against the sod of a ditch. A thirteen-year-old lover and musician ditched before he got started.

Because it wasn't just that first morning he had to get Chris to school and make sure he stayed there. It was every morning, for weeks and weeks—into November, as a matter of fact. The kid simply would not listen to either father or mother if they tried to argue him into going by himself or with other kindergartners from the neighborhood. He smiled and nodded and said no to every inducement they could think of. Yes, he liked his kindergarten teacher. Yes, he liked to cut up construction paper and paste leaves and cotton onto a big yellow sheet representing "Autumn." Yes, the other kids had chosen him leader in a marching game. No, he would not go to school unless Harlan walked there with him and, furthermore, stayed with him until Miss Oakes was ready to start the morning program.

A time or two, even, when Harlan happened to glance out of his classroom window at midmorning, he had seen a patch of yellow hair streaking along the sidewalk. Then he had to get himself excused, race home, and lie and stomp and threaten and grin until Chris was persuaded to return with him, hand in hand.

One time Harlan's father suggested that maybe it would be just as well to let Chris stay out of school another year. The law didn't require him to attend until he was older. In another year he would be so eager to go you couldn't keep him away. Harlan had no comment on this. He knew what he had to do, and he kept doing it.

Another time, at night when Chris was in bed, their mother said, "You don't have to keep taking him if it interferes, Harlan. Don't you need to be at orchestra practice half an hour before school begins in the morning?"

"I don't want to go to it."

"Don't fib to me," she said with an attempt at jollity. "Why, you've missed three weeks of it already, and I know how interested you are, how much you keep practicing on that horn. Forget about Chris for a while. He'll be all right."

A boil of long-cherished anger burst in Harlan's mind, and he yelled, "You started it all. By fighting with Cousin Edith in church. Making him kiss Uncle Luke." She jerked back in her chair as though he had slapped her.

His father broke in. "Why—why, now, Harlan, that was just to—to sort of say good-bye to Luke. I don't see what that's got to do with school."

Harlan shook his head, already remorseful. A truth that had seemed very simple was beginning to lose its form and solidity. "You hurt his brain," he said. As soon as he said it, he was unsure that such a thing could have happened.

If he didn't know what was broken deep within his brother's life, surely it was obvious he could not expect to fix it. Attempts to question Chris only wound like corkscrews into his own fears and fantasies of death. Once, in response to a siege of browbeating, Chris said his reason for not wanting to go to school was that "he might come here while I was gone."

"Uncle Luke's not coming back. Never. Never. He's dead in the ground."

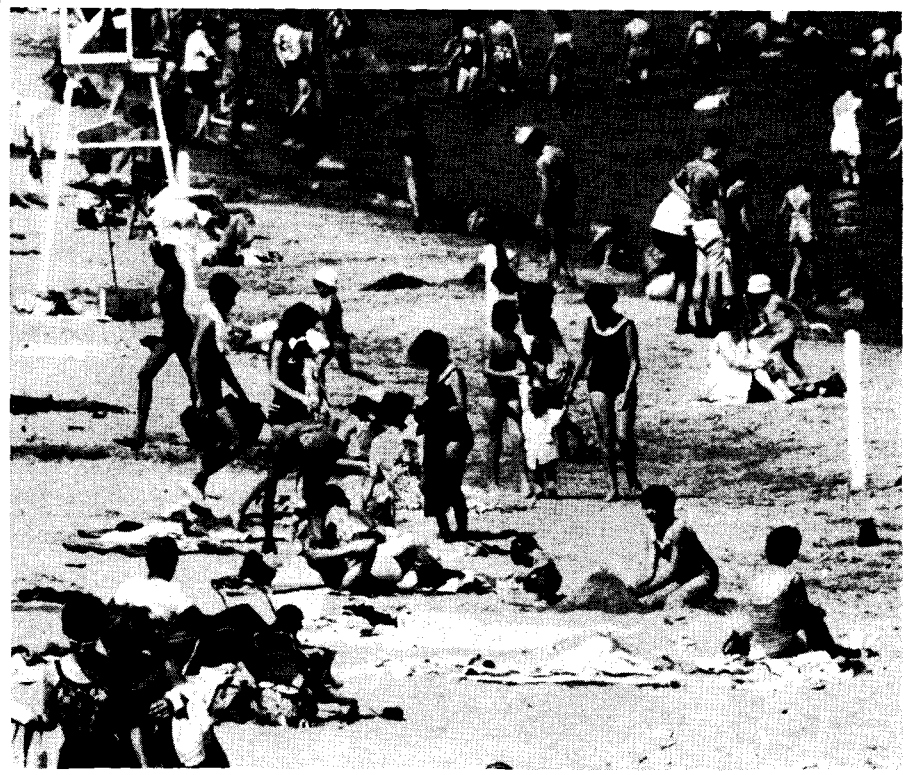
Blithely, Chris said, "He's only in heaven. He could come anytime."

Harlan shook him. "You *saw* them put him in the ground."

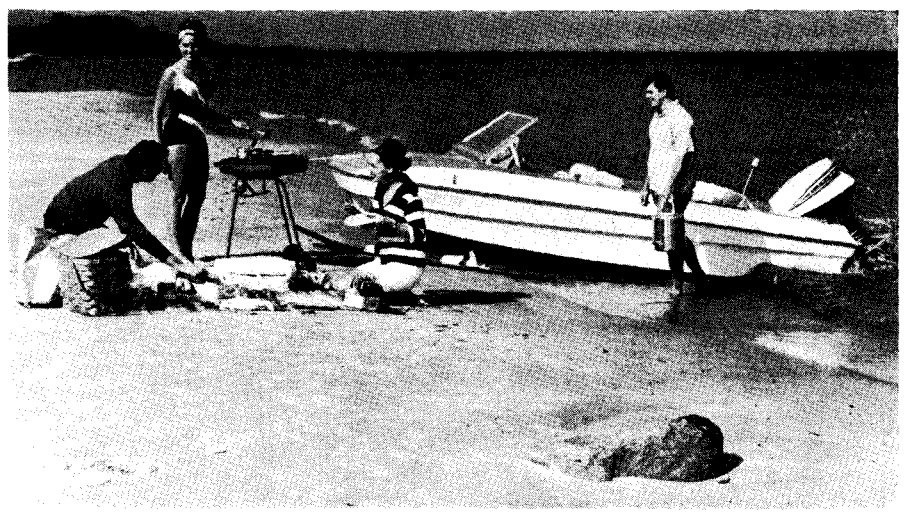
No. It was Harlan who had seen that—had caught the horror of it, at

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"The hardest part of school is finding a place to park."



Is the fun all gone when you get there?



Not in Evinrude country!

The trouble with following the crowd . . . is that everyone else gets there first.

Owning an Evinrude changes all that.

Owning an Evinrude boat and motor is like owning a seat on the 50-yard line.

Like playing golf on Monday. Or finding free time on a parking meter.

It's the fun way to go — swimming, fishing, cruising, picnicking, camping, water skiing.

Especially when you go with a push-button Evinrude — like the 40 hp LARK shown here on the new Evinrude gull-wing boat.

Starting is electric. So is shifting. So is the thrill you get when 40 eager "horses" leap to your finger-tip command.

It's America's favorite way of getting away from it all. No motor made has brought so much fun to so many people as the soft-spoken, push-button Evinrude LARK.

Why not be the one that others envy?

If there isn't fun enough to go around where you are — go where the fun is fresh.

Escape to Evinrude country!

Your Evinrude dealer will show you the way. Look for his name in the Yellow Pages under "Outboard Motors," or send the coupon below.

EVINRUDE

FIRST IN OUTBOARDS

IN CANADA: PETERBOROUGH, ONT.

DIVISION OF OUTBOARD MARINE CORPORATION

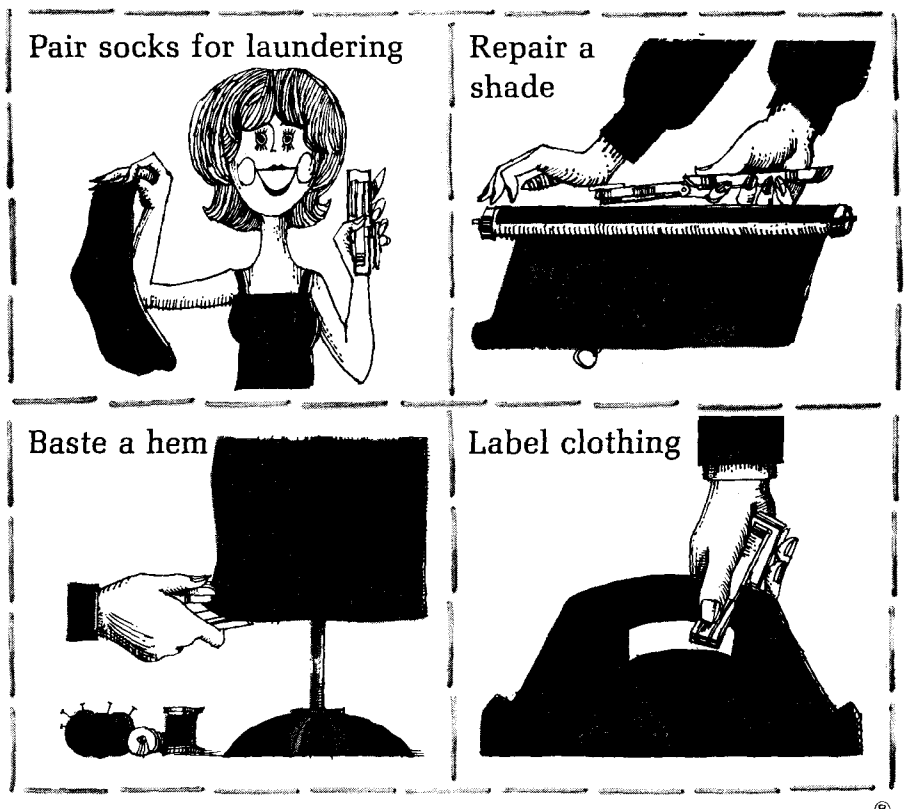
EVINRUDE MOTORS
4056 N. 27th Street, Milwaukee, Wis. 53216
Send free Evinrude Motor and Boat Catalogs to:

Name_____

Address_____

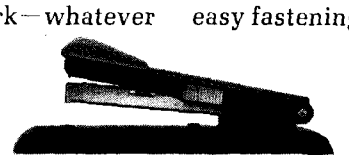
City_____ State_____ Zip No._____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Fastest way to fasten! BOSTITCH®

Big jobs, little jobs, housework, schoolwork, officework—whatever you do, wherever you are, it makes things easier when you keep a Bostitch Stapler close at hand. For quick and easy fastening, pick out a Bostitch or Regal® Stapler that's best for you at your nearby stationery counter. From 98¢ up.



FEET HURT?

Callouses on bottom of feet, or tired, aching feet are often symptoms of weak, fallen arch. Dr. Scholl's Arch Supports and exercise quickly relieve these conditions. Choice of metal, leather, foam rubber, or plastic. $2 pair up. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores and Dr. Scholl's Foot Comfort® Shops.

Dr Scholl's ARCH SUPPORTS

OPPORTUNITY

If you want extra money and have spare time to put to use, this is for you! You can spend your spare time taking orders for magazine subscriptions—and earn generous commissions.

Just send us your name and address on a postal card. In return, we will send you our offer with starting supplies. From then on, YOU are the boss. Subscription work of this type can be carried on right from your own home. As an independent representative, you may work whenever it is most convenient for you.

Write that postal today. Information and supplies are sent at no obligation to you.

CURTIS CIRCULATION COMPANY
310 Independence Square, Phila., Pa. 19105

Only Preparation H® Contains New Healing Substance That Can Shrink Hemorrhoids Without Surgery

Relieves Itching and Pain in Minutes.
Speeds Healing of Inflamed, Injured Tissues.

A world-famous research institute has discovered a new substance which now makes it possible to shrink and heal hemorrhoids *without surgery*. It relieves itching and pain in minutes, then speeds healing of the injured tissues all while actual reduction (shrinking) takes place.

Tests conducted under a doctor's observations proved this so – even in cases of 10 to 20 years' standing. And most amazing of all this very striking improvement was maintained over a period of many months!

In fact, results were so thorough that sufferers were able to make such astonishing statements as "Piles have ceased to be a problem." All this was accomplished without the use of narcotics, astringents or anesthetics of any kind.

The secret is the astonishing new healing substance (Bio-Dyne®) which quickly helps heal injured cells and stimulates regrowth of healthy tissue again. It is offered in *ointment* or *suppository* form called Preparation H®. In addition to actually shrinking hemorrhoids – Preparation H lubricates and makes elimination less painful. And it helps prevent infection, a principal cause of hemorrhoids. Just ask for Preparation H Ointment or Preparation H Suppositories (easy to use away from home). Available at all drug counters.

any rate, and kept it like a patient monster waiting down beneath the edge of his daytime thoughts. When he woke that night with the weight of earth smothering his own breath, he lay in the dark, thinking: Chris would forget what he's scared of if it weren't for me.

He couldn't heal his brother. It had to be enough that he was able to keep Chris going, morning after morning, to school. To make up for what he lost by doing so, Harlan had only those minutes on the school playground before the last bell rang in the morning—minutes when he would be standing at the bottom of the tallest slide and look up to see his brother's eyes catch his, like the hands of an acrobat fastening on a flying ring, ready for the long swoop downward. Ready because Harlan was there. Other times he watched little Chris trail the bigger boys onto the jerking spin of the round swing, eyes always turning to be reassured of his brother's presence. Once he fought a kid in his own grade who called Chris a baby. The blood his fist spilled from the kid's nose was a sign of conquest over something invisible, and he took a wild pride in it.

On the other hand, on many of the mornings he spent with Chris on the frosty playground he would hear the sounds of the orchestra coming through the open windows of the gymnasium. In there Buell Grace was perfecting the trumpet parts. Miriam was fingering her gold-plated saxophone. Day by day they were leaving him farther behind.

After the first two weeks, Harlan had gone to Miss Slater and explained he hadn't given up his intention of joining the orchestra. He guessed she knew he had been keeping up with his lessons and practicing by himself harder than ever. "In a few more days" he could come regularly to practice with the others.

"Oh," Miss Slater said. "Yes, I talked to Mr. Winston." Mr. Winston drove to Gath twice a week from the county seat to give lessons on wind instruments. "He says you're . . . doing all right. Harlan, I think next year we're really going to need you. There'll be a place for you as soon as you're in high school. You can count on it."

Next year! Her promise was as empty as a promise that he could play heavenly music after he died. It was worse than nothing. Still, he never let her see, even by a quiver of the lip, how big his disappointment was. A few months ago he surely would have cried or sassed her. Funny things were happening to him.

I've got hard, he thought. He needed nothing from anybody as long as he was true to Chris's need for him. He was getting Chris to school when no one else could. The bargain satisfied him.

Then, of course, he lost that justification too. It went subtly, naturally, by alterations as quiet and treacherous as the passage of seasons. One morning in mid-November he had to stay out with a sore throat. Chris cheerfully got ready to go without him.

"You're not scared to go by yourself?" Harlan asked.

"I was never scared," Chris scoffed.

What kind of brother would have reminded him, "You were too"? Let him go, then, Harlan thought, grinning into the bathroom mirror to show himself he was relieved.

Maybe he was relieved, at that. But he was agitated and restless too. The gray day at home seemed endless. When the time came to go deliver his evening papers, his mother suggested he get somebody to substitute. "I heard sleet on the window," she said. "With a sore throat you'd better be careful." He accepted her long wool scarf to wrap around his throat, but he insisted on taking the papers himself.

As he trotted around the little, familiar town in the dusk, the pain in his throat was a consolation, like a wound gained honorably. Rifling the papers onto leaf-strewn porches, he exulted in the heroism of his loneliness. Harlan Casey, the Unknown Soldier. Yeah. . . .

He was approaching the Robertses' big house with its jutting wing that served for a funeral parlor. He had their paper already folded, ready to throw, when the porch light went on and Miriam came out.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"I'll look at it later!"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE BROAD APPEAL OF EL CAMINO

El Camino is doing lots of things for lots of people—beautifully. It's proving to have wide appeal.

That's because it offers a body (by Fisher) that's good-looking enough to be seen anywhere and, at the same time, a chassis and pickup box that are made for work. El Camino will transport you pleasurably, like a fine car, then turn right around and do the chores like a light-duty truck.

Ranchers, suburbanites, salesmen, farmers and many others are enjoying El Camino today. It carries up to 1,200 lbs. of payload and can be ordered with bucket seats, air conditioning, 4-speed transmission, power windows, power steering and transistorized radio. Also, deep-pile carpeting, tachometer and other extras that will add to your enjoyment.

Does the broad appeal of El Camino appeal to you? For more information on how this versatile beauty will fit into your scheme of things, see your Chevrolet dealer. . . . Chevrolet Division of General Motors, Detroit, Michigan.

EL CAMINO BY CHEVROLET

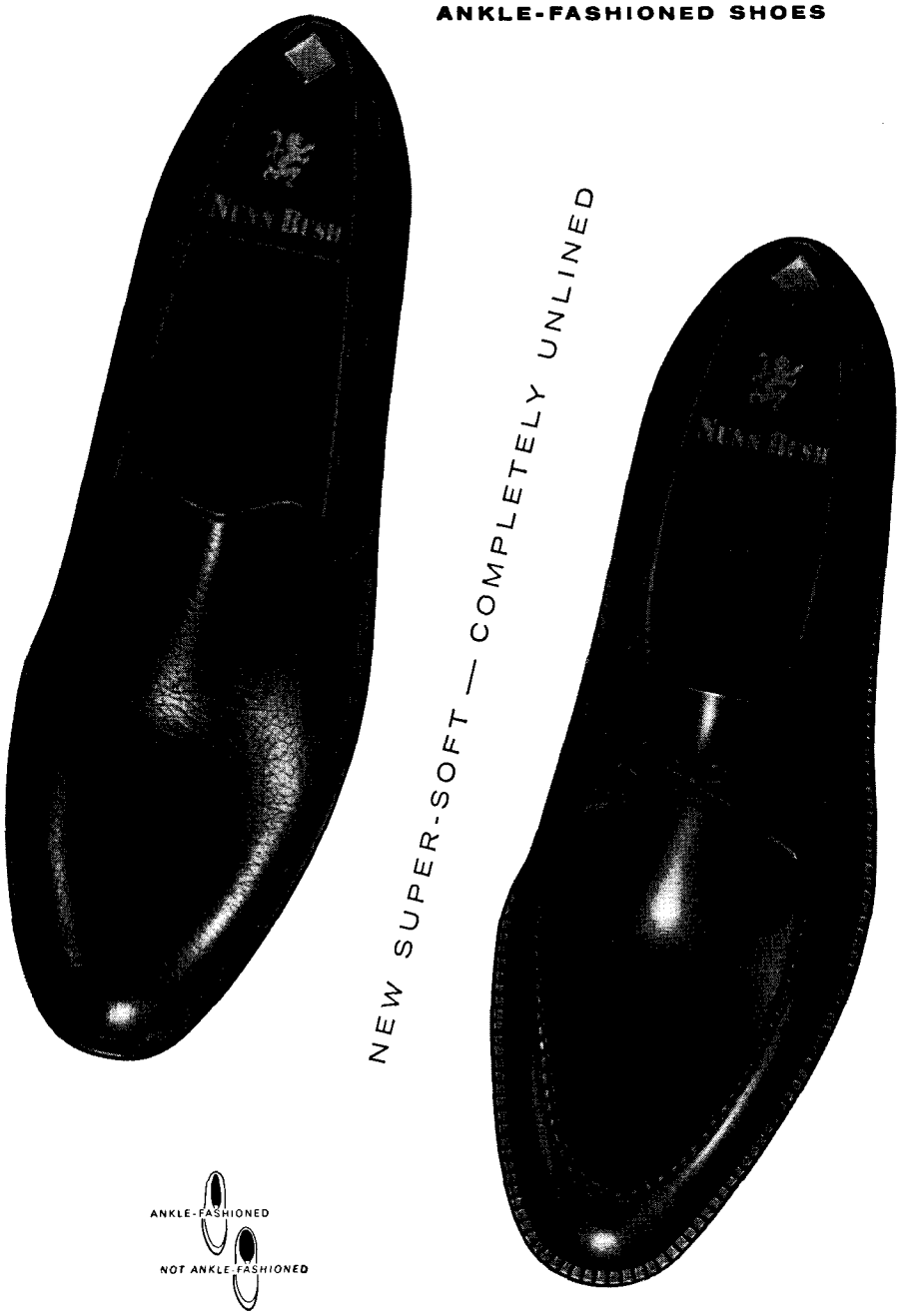
CHEVROLET

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

First in Quality!

NUNN BUSH

ANKLE-FASHIONED SHOES



NEW...

For Your Softest Years

The nearest things to gloves ever produced for the human foot . . . yet muscle girding comfort and arch support are maintained. Ingenious sedentary *exercisers* . . . shoes that keep foot muscles youthfully toned, eager for pleasurable action. They're *Ankle-Fashioned.* We put a whole series of extra hand operations into each pair . . . to smooth fit, coddle heel snugness and nurse the smarter Nunn-Bush styling over extra months of wear.

You pay no more for Nunn-Bush Shoes . . . why not wear them?

Most Styles $19.95 *to* $39.50

EDGERTON SHOES FROM $12.95

LEFT: Style 2210 — Hemlock Brown Monona Soft Grain. Also in Black. Completely Unlined. Hand Antiqued Finish. New Step-Stretch Gore. Deck Stitched. Rubber Heel. *RIGHT:* Style 2228 — Oak Brown Madeira Calf. Also in Black. Completely Unlined. Hand Antiqued Finish. Cobble Stitched. Rubber Heel. Nunn-Bush Shoe Company, Milwaukee, Wisconsin 53201. Also made at 430 McGill Street, Montreal, Quebec, Canada and Progreso 172, Mexico City 18, D. F. Mexico.

She was just beautiful in that light. Her yellow hair shone like something left intact from June, some huge and confident flower that couldn't care less about the sleety north wind.

Buell Grace came out with her. He was carrying her instrument case. The bulky black thing bumped on his knees as he helped her down the porch steps and across the sidewalk to his father's car at the curb. His pompadour gleamed. His teeth lit up like a flashlight. When he opened the door to let her in, the case swung to tap the back of her legs so she swayed toward him. It looked almost as if she were falling into his arms, and they were both laughing.

It didn't matter to Harlan that they weren't laughing at him. It mattered that they were off to some orchestra performance at the church or town hall that he hadn't even been told about. It mattered that they didn't even know he was in the same town as they were.

They were going to know. They were going to stop laughing.

From the edge of the street he picked up a stone-studded piece of asphalt and threw. He was already running when he heard the impact on the glass of the windshield.

He came home very late that night. He was ill and woozy. He had run a long way into the country before he could get himself slowed down. He found that he had run clear up to where the road hooked behind the cemetery knoll. When his wind was gone, he climbed the viny fence and went to sit where he had met Miriam on the day of his uncle's funeral.

Now there was nothing but the crunching grass and the barrage of sleet, unbroken by town trees up here. Miriam had said, "There is no death." The wind said different. His uncle had—once upon a time—been some kind of hero. At least, they had brought out the flags for his funeral. There was no flag on the night wind, no volley of honor, no ladder of notes slanting upward from a horn with a golden bell.

They all fooled me, he kept saying to himself. Even Chris fooled me when I thought he needed me so much. But Harlan cried because he had fooled himself.

Only his mother was still up when he came in the kitchen door. She had been reading at the kitchen table. Her glasses were twisted on her nose, as if she had dozed off a time or two before he returned.

She started to speak twice before she said, "Buell Grace was here."

"So?"

"He came with his dad. They say you smashed the windshield of his dad's car."

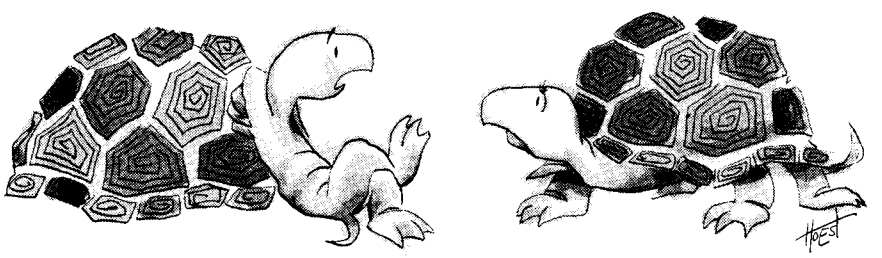
"Oh."

"They saw you running away."

Harlan didn't say anything.

"It's going to cost about seventy-five dollars to replace it, and I suppose we'll have to pay for it if you did it."

He took a deep, rebellious breath, preparing to say that he would pay it all himself. He had his paper route. He needed no help. But he could not answer her that way. The last coins of his anger were squandered on a silent release of his breath. Silently they faced each other across a web of bewilderment.



THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

"You really should get out once in a while, Mary. It would do you good."

She had blundered with her children, and she knew it. She had tried to hold onto the past, and it had turned into lies in her mind. Whoever might be hurt by her stubbornness—Edith, or Chris or Harlan—she had meant stubbornly to deny things could change.

She had lost expectations she could not stand to lose. So, in his turn, had he, and he had struck back just as foolishly. That was their bond and the tether that would probably always trip them up short of what they had to have.

"We'll talk about it tomorrow," she said, taking off her glasses and folding them. "It's not the end of the world. Be sure you gargle before you go to bed."

They would talk tomorrow about the price of windshields, but would never have language for what counted most. They would never learn how to ask forgiveness of each other or to offer it. That was beyond them and always would be. But through the night, by their sleep and their silence, they would forgive each other for being of the same family. □

For several years R. V. Cassill has been an instructor in fiction writing at the State University of Iowa's Writers' Workshop. He has also taught writing at Columbia University and at The New School in New York City. Mr. Cassill has written a number of award-winning short stories and several novels, the most recent of which, "Clem Anderson," "Pretty Leslie" and "The President," were published by Simon and Schuster. A collection of his short stories will be published this spring.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

10 DAYS ONLY! STARTS THURSDAY, APRIL 1 — ENDS SATURDAY, APRIL 10

REXALL 1¢ SALE

Get two for the price of one... plus a penny!

YOUR MONEY BUYS MORE IN A REAL DRUG STORE

☐ TEAR OUT THIS AD AND USE IT AS YOUR SHOPPING LIST!

REXALL ASPIRIN

2 for 79¢

No finer quality nor faster-acting aspirin made! Stock up now!
5-gr. 50's, reg. 49¢ . . . 2 for 79¢
5-gr. 12's, reg. 15¢ . . . 2 for 15¢

REXALL AEROSOL SHAVE CREAM

2 for 99¢

Save as you shave the modern push-button way. Choose Regular, Lavender or Menthol. Delightfully cool, refreshing lather!

PANOVITE MULTIPLE VITAMINS

100's, reg. $2.98

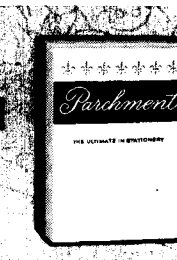
2 for $2.99

Famous Rexall multi-vitamin that meets normal daily adult needs. With minerals: 100's, 2 for $4.98; Chewables: 60's, $2.00, 2/$2.01

CARA NOME HAND LOTION

2 for 99¢

Rich in lanolin, fully absorbed and nonsticky. Delightful fragrance. Cara Nome Hand Cream, 4-oz. size, reg. $1.00, 2 for $1.01



DELUXE BOXED STATIONERY

Reg. $2.00 box

2 for $2.01

Superb quality! Choice of Soft Tones, Grandeur, Parchment or Tradition with matching envelopes. Others, reg. $1.00 box... 2/$1.01

MEDICINE CHEST

☐ **RUBBING ALCOHOL,** Rexall's own invigorating rub for stimulating body massage. Pint, reg. 79¢, now **2** for **80¢**

☐ **ALCO-REX,** by Rexall. Budget alcohol rub. Pint, reg. 59¢. . **2/60¢**

☐ **MILK OF MAGNESIA,** Rexall's mild antacid-laxative. 12-oz., reg. 69¢, now get. . **2** for **70¢**

☐ **MONACET APC TABLETS,** by Rexall. With 3 effective ingredients for fast relief from pain. 25's, reg. 49¢, **2/50¢;** 100's, $1.19. . **2/$1.20**

☐ **FUNGI-REX,** by Rexall. To combat infection, soothe itching, prevent recurrence of athlete's foot. Choose 1½-oz. regular or greaseless ointment, 2-oz. lotion, 3-oz. liquid, reg. 98¢, **2/99¢;** 4-oz. aerosol, reg. $1.69, **2** for **$1.70**

☐ **PEROXIDE,** by Rexall. In 3% 10-Vol. medicinal strength. Pint, reg. 49¢, now **2** for **50¢**

VITAMIN VALUES

☐ **CHILDREN'S VITAMINS,** tasty, chewable Rexall "MinuteMan" formula. With 9 vitamins to fill normal needs. 100's, reg. $2.69, **2/$2.70**

☐ **DICALCIUM PHOSPHATE TABLETS,** with viosterol. Rexall 100's, reg. $1.39, **2** for **$1.40**

☐ **POLYMULSION LIQUID VITAMINS,** Rexall's multi-vitamin for children. Pint, reg. $3.89, **2** for **$3.90;** 4-oz., reg. $1.25. . **2** for **$1.26**

BEAUTY SAVINGS

☐ **GOLDEN LILAC COLOGNE:** 2-oz. mist, **2** for **$2.51;** 2½-oz. cologne, now . . . **2** for **$2.01**

☐ **DUSTING POWDER.** Choose 5½-oz. Adrienne or 5-oz. Lavender. Reg. $1.75. . . **2** for **$1.76**

☐ **AEROSOL DUSTING POWDER,** "Sweet 'n Lovely" fragrance. 7-oz., $2.00. . **2** for **$2.01**

☐ **LORIE BUBBLE BATH,** for a luxuriously fragrant bath. 20 packet-box, reg. 65¢, **2** for **66¢**

☐ **HAIR NETS.** 3 in a pack, reg. 25¢. . **2** for **26¢**

☐ **BUFFERED ASPIRIN** by Rexall; speeds relief of pain without acid-upset stomach. Bottle of 100's, reg. 98¢, now you get **2** for **99¢**

☐ **REX FILM** It's a snap to shoot bright black and white photos with Rex Film. Choose 120, 127, and 620 at sale savings! Regularly 55¢, now **2** for **56¢**

☐ **GLYCERIN SUPPOSITORIES** by Rexall; offer effective relief for adults or infants. Jar of 12, reg. 53¢, **2** for **54¢**

☐ **TOOTHPASTE** Rexall brand regular or fluoride formula to help you to proper dental care. 3¼-oz. tube, regularly 53¢, now get **2** for **54¢**

☐ **ENVELOPES** Choose #10 business and #6¾ social sizes. Elite linen styles, regularly 25¢, **2** for **26¢**. Plain white, regularly 15¢ a pack, **2** for **16¢**

☐ **KLENZO TOOTHBRUSHES** With firm, long-lasting nylon bristles, assorted color handles. Adults', reg. 49¢ **2** for **50¢**

☐ **REXALL SHAMPOOS** Choose Brite Conditioning, Emerald Brite or Fast Dandruff Treatment Shampoos. 8-oz., reg. 98¢, **2** for **99¢**

☐ **MARASCHINO LIPSTICKS** In 6 shades. Long-line lipsticks, $1.50, 2 for **$1.51;** regular lipsticks, reg. $1.00, **2** for **$1.01**

BIG BARGAINS FOR THE WHOLE FAMILY

☐ **REXALL SACCHARIN:** 1000's: 1-gr., **2/$1.60;** ½-gr., **2/$1.40;** ¼-gr., **2/$1.20.** 100's: 1-gr., **2/60¢;** ½-gr., **2/50¢;** and ¼-gr. . . . . **2** for **40¢**

☐ **REXALL AEROSOL TOOTHPASTE.** Handy push-button can. 7-oz., reg. 98¢, now you get **2** for **99¢**

☐ **REX STAINLESS STEEL RAZOR BLADES.** Get extra shaves from these extra sharp blades of Swedish stainless steel. 10-blade dispenser, reg. $1.45, **2** for **$1.46;** 5 blades, reg. 79¢. **2** for **80¢**

☐ **TOOTHBRUSHES,** nylon bristles. Children's, reg. 29¢, **2** for **30¢;** youth's, reg. 39¢. . . . . **2** for **40¢**

☐ **THERMOMETERS.** Guaranteed accurate readings. Choose Clifton oral, stub, rectal or Rexall baby types. Regularly $1.69, now you get **2** for **$1.70**

☐ **ADHESIVE TAPE,** Rexall's own firm-sticking waterproof type. ½" x 5 yd., reg. 25¢, **2** for **26¢;** ½" x 10 yd., reg. 43¢, now get. . . . . **2** for **44¢**

☐ **SUNGLASSES** for every member of the family. Many styles and colors. Regularly 39¢ to $2.98, now you get. . . . **2** for the price of **1** plus a penny.

☐ **SUPPORT NYLONS.** Sleek seamed or seamless styles for those who spend extra time on their feet. Popular shades. Reg. $4.95 pr., now. . **2** pr. **$4.96**

☐ **BILLFOLDS AND FRENCH PURSES.** Crafted of rich, top-grain leathers with many wanted features. Also Nashtone-and-print styles and new 2-toned embossed leather-grain clutches included. Reg. $2.98, **2/$2.99;** reg. $2.00 styles, **2/$2.01**

☐ **ELECTREX HEATING PAD,** with 3-speed control, wetproof snap-on cover. Underwriters' Laboratories approved. Reg. $5.95, now you get **2** for **$5.96**

☐ **BOBBY PINS.** Black or bronze with rubber tips that hold hair gently without snagging. 100's, reg. 39¢, **2** for **40¢;** 60's, reg. 25¢, now . . . . **2** for **26¢**

☐ **SAFETY PINS.** Assorted. Reg. 10¢ pk. . . **2** for **11¢**

☐ **SHOE LACES,** assorted. Reg. 25¢ pr. . . **2** for **26¢**

☐ **LIGHT BULBS,** long-life type. Choose 25, 40, 60 or 100 watt brilliance. Reg. 39¢, now. . **2** for **40¢**

☐ **HOUSEHOLD RUBBER GLOVES.** Save hands from drying, aging housework. Reg. 89¢ pair. . **2** prs. **90¢**

SURPRISE BUYS

NOT 1¢ SALE ITEMS, BUT PRICED FOR BIG SAVINGS

BRITE SET HAIR SPRAY — **3 for $1.99**
Regular, Hard-to-Hold, or Casual. 14-oz. size.

REXALL FACIAL TISSUES — **5 boxes 99¢**
Soft yet absorbent. 4 colors; 400 in a box.

MEN'S SUNBEAM SHAVER — **$12.99**
Precision cutters, self-adjusting rollers.
Lady Sunbeam Shaver, just. **$6.99**

HAT-BOX HAIR DRYER — **$8.99**
By Dominion. Blows hot or cool, has shoulder strap.

☐ **STEEL-WOOL SOAP PADS.** Poly-Pak of 30 for pots 'n pans. Surprise-priced at **43¢**

☐ **RUG RUNNERS.** Foam-backed viscose loop pile rugs for hall or room **$1.47**

☐ **ELECTREX BATTERIES,** high quality, long-lasting. D, C, AA. Special at. . . **4** for **50¢**

☐ **EASTER TOYS.** Fluffy plush animals to delight the youngsters. Just **69¢** to **$2.99**

☐ **ALARM CLOCKS.** Choose Peek-a-Boo or Tiny Alarm vanity styles. Each just. . **$4.88**

☐ **VAPORIZER.** 1-gallon size gives hours of soothing relief, then shuts off. **$3.99**

☐ **WASTE BASKET.** Handy 36-qt. plastic in diamond-weave pattern, now just. . . . **89¢**

☐ **AUTOMATIC TOOTHBRUSH,** for modern scientific care. By Dominion. **$12.99**

REXALL ANTISEPTIC MOUTHWASHES

M-31 — Full-strength "wake-up" taste, amber color.

KLENZO — Mild cinnamon taste, blended color. Save!

Reg. reg. 89¢ **2 for 90¢**

Reg. reg. 77¢ **2 for 80¢**

REXALL MOUTHWASH, 14-oz., 49¢, 2/70¢

REXALL DEODORANTS

Ro-Ball Roll-On or Cool Blue Cream — **2 for 70¢**

Roll-Spray Aerosol or Cool Blue Roll-On — **2 for 99¢**

Easy-to-use Rexall deodorants check perspiration and odor for up to 24 hours. Choose your family favorites now and save!

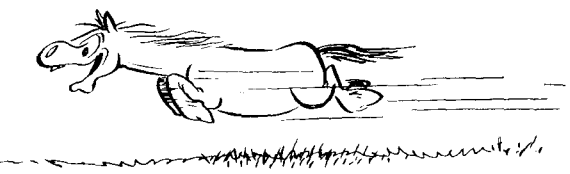
PRODUCTS WITH THE REXALL BRAND ARE SOLD ONLY AT REXALL STORES. ASK FOR THEM IN THE STORE WITH THIS SIGN.

Rexall

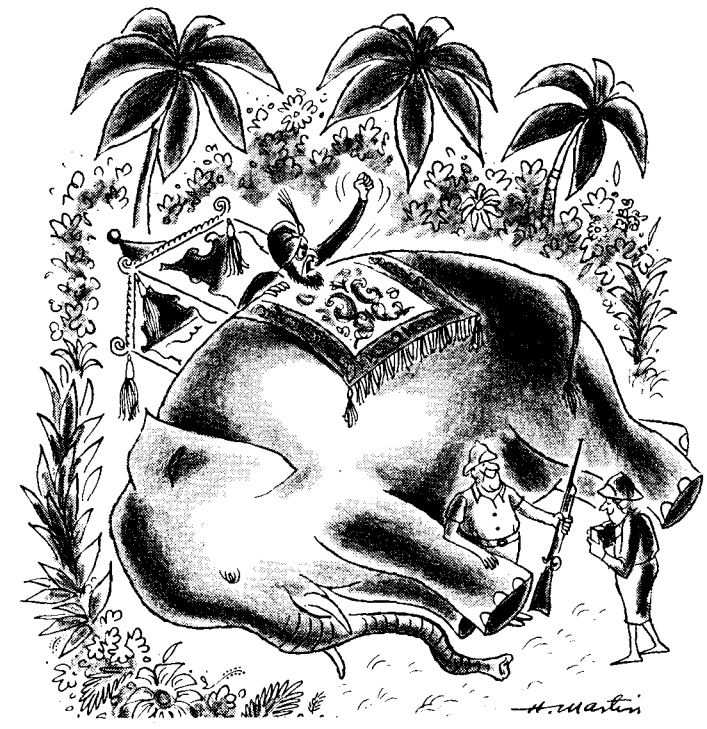
This advertisement is presented on behalf of more than 10,000 independent pharmacists who recommend and feature products bearing the brand of the Rexall Drug Company. These suggested retail prices are effective April 1 through April 10, 1965 and are subject to Federal excise tax and other taxes as applicable. Sale dates and prices are applicable in the U.S.A. Right reserved to limit quantities subject to cancellation with applicable minimum purchase. Rexall Drug Company, Los Angeles, California, 90054.

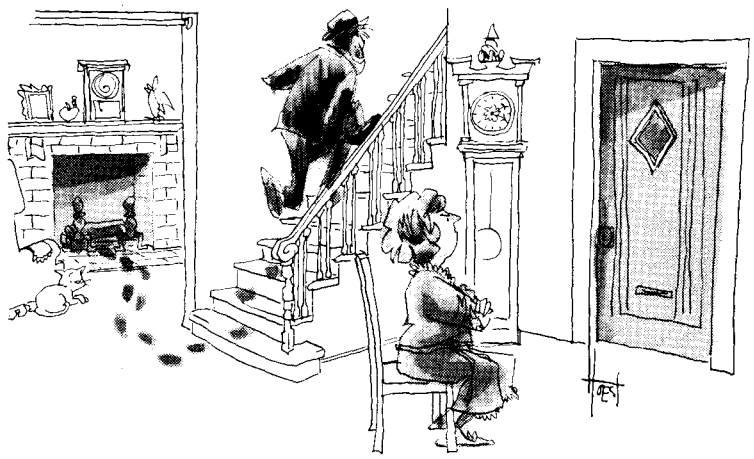
NOW... AS FOR 62 YEARS... THE REXALL BRAND IS GUARANTEED TO SATISFY OR YOUR MONEY BACK

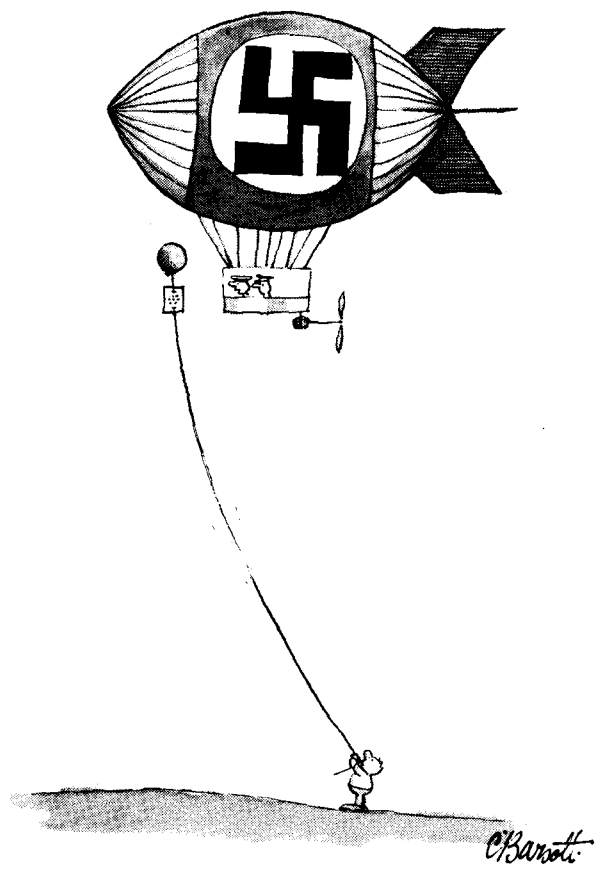
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



Post scripts

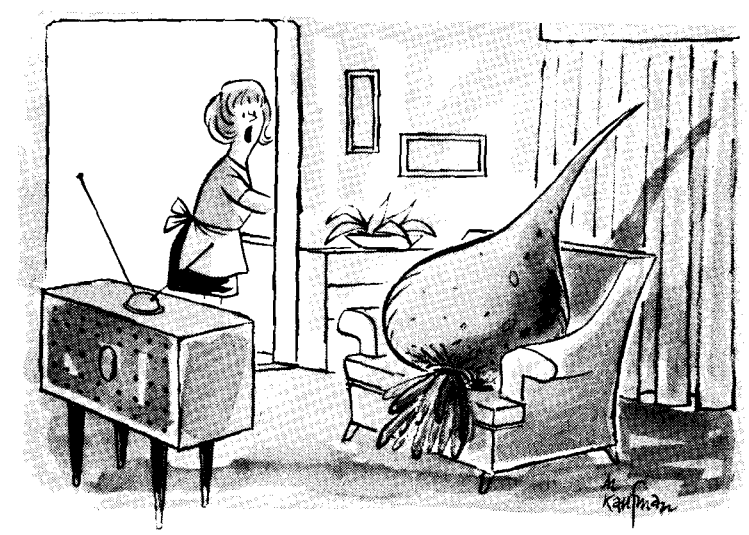






"*It says, 'Come down, the war is over.'*"

"*Listen. There it is again. 'Snap, crackle, pop.'*"



"*One of these days, George, you'll turn into a vegetable!*"

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

You see them everywhere.

If you, too, are particular about taste,
you don't have to wear a button to prove it!
Simply smoke Pall Mall. Why?
Because Pall Mall's natural mildness means
just one thing: smooth, pleasing flavor—
the flavor you get from Pall Mall's famous length
of the finest tobaccos money can buy! Smoke
a long cigarette that's long on flavor.
Buy Pall Mall Famous Cigarettes.

Outstanding—and they are mild!

Product of The American Tobacco Company © A. T. Co.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THEY ARE STARING AT ME

A strange voyage into violence with a man tormented by the misery of everyone around him.

By V. S. Naipaul

Everywhere they told me that the "real" India could be found only in third-class railway carriages. This was a third-class carriage. But it wasn't of the real India. It was air-conditioned and fitted out like an airplane, with rows of separate seats with high, adjustable backs. I was on one of the "prestige" services of Indian Railways. These air-conditioned coaches run between the three major cities and New Delhi; for ten dollars you can travel 1,000 miles in comfort, at an average speed of 35 miles an hour. I needed the comfort: after six months of traveling I was willing occasionally to miss the real India. India was the country of my grandparents. But this journey had already shown that it was no longer mine. My years in Trinidad and England had not equipped me for it.

We were traveling south, and among the South Indians, small, fine-featured, subdued at the beginning of the long journey, the Sikh was at once noticeable. He was very big; his gestures were large; he required much room. His beard was unusually thin, and his black turban, tight and low, looked like a beret: I had taken him at first for a European artist. In defiance of the many printed notices, he swung his suitcase up onto the rack and wedged it into place. The action showed up his tight weightlifter's body. Turning slightly, he took in the other occupants of the carriage, from a great height, and appeared to dismiss us; his loose lower lip curled downward. He was four or five rows ahead of me and all I could see when he sat down was the top of his turban. But he had made his effect. My eyes returned to that turban again and again, and before we had traveled an hour I felt his presence as an irritant. I feared—as so often on confined journeys I have feared—that my interest was inviting his own and making inevitable a contact I wished to avoid.

The Sikhs puzzled and attracted me. They were among the few whole men in India, and of all Indians they seemed closest in many ways to the Indians of Trinidad. They had a similar energy and restlessness, which caused a similar resentment. They were proud of their agricultural and mechanical skills, and they had the same passion for driving taxis and lorries. They too were accused of clannishness, while their internal politics were just as cantankerous. But the Sikhs were of India; beyond these similarities they were unreadable. A Sikh's individuality appeared to be muffled by his beard and turban; his eyes were robbed of expression. His reputation in India did not make him easier to understand. There was his military tradition; his ferocity as soldier and policeman was known. Equally established, in spite of his adventurousness and obvious success, was his simpleness. The foolish Sikh is a figure of legend. The turban had something to do with it; it heated the Sikh's uncut hair and softened his brain. That was what the stories said; and Sikh politics—consisting of temple plots, holy men, miraculous fasts, Wild West rivalries punctuated with gunshot on the Delhi-Chandigarh road—certainly seemed both comic and fierce. There was energy, no doubt. But perhaps it was too much for India: Against the Indian background the Sikhs were always a little alarming.

There had been an accident to our train the week before, and we were attached to a substitute dining car. There was no throughway from our carriage. We came to a station and I got out to transfer to the dining car. I was aware of the Sikh getting out after me and dawdling at a bookstall. In the dining car I sat with my back to the entrance. South Indian languages, excessively voweled, rattled about me. The South Indians were beginning to unwind; they were lapping up their liquidized foods. Food was a pleasure to their hands. Chewing, sighing with pleasure, they squelched and squelched; then, in one swift circular action, as though they wished to take their food by surprise, they gathered some of the mixture into a ball, brought their dripping palms close to their mouths and—flick!—rice and curds were shot inside; and the squelching, chattering and sighing began again.

"You don't mind if I sit with you?"

It was the Sikh. He was carrying the *Illustrated Weekly of India*. His tight black turban, slightly askew, his tight shirt and tight belted trousers gave him the appearance of a pirate in children's books. His English was fluent; it indicated a residence abroad. His mouth now seemed humorous; it curled, with amusement, I thought, as, squeezing himself between table and chair, he regarded the squelchers.

"What do you think of the food?" He gave a low, chest-heaving chuckle. "You come from London, don't you?"

"In a way."

"I can spot the accent. I heard you talking to the guard. You know Hampstead? You know Finchley Road? You know Fitzjohn's Avenue?"

"I know them. But I don't know them very well."

"You know the Bambi Coffee House?"

"I don't think so."

"But if you know Finchley Road you must know the Bambi. You remember that little fellow with tight trousers, turtleneck sweater and a little beard?" The chuckle came again.

"I don't remember him."

"You must remember him if you remember the Bambi. Little fellow. Whenever you went to the Bambi—when-

© 1964 by V. S. Naipaul. From the book, An Area of Darkness, to be published this month by The Macmillan Company.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DRAWING BY SANDY KOSSIN

ever you went to *any* coffeehouse in Finchley Road—he was always there, jumping about."

"Did he operate the coffee machine?"

"No, no. Nothing like that. I don't think he used to *do* anything. He was just there. Little beard. Funny little fellow."

"You miss London?"

His eyes ranged over the squelchers. "Well, you just look."

A woman in a sari, with blue-tinted spectacles, and a baby on her knee, was lapping up sambar. She splayed out her fingers, pressed her palm flat on her plate, drew her fingers together, lifted her palm to her mouth and licked it dry.

The Sikh gave his deep "mm-mm" chuckle.

"At last," he said, as the train moved off. "I didn't want any other Sikhs to come in. Have a fag."

"But Sikhs don't smoke."

"This one does."

The woman looked up from her sambar. The squelchers paused, looked at us and looked away quickly as if in horror.

"Punks," the Sikh said. His expression changed. "You see how these monkeys stare at you?" He leaned forward. "You know my trouble?"

"Tell me."

"I'm color prejudiced."

"But how awkward for you."

"I know. It's just one of those things."

Enough had already occurred to warn me, but I was misled by my Trinidad training. "I'm color prejudiced." The abrupt statement was Trinidadian, and of a special sophistication: It was an invitation to semi-serious banter. I had responded, and he appeared to have taken me up neatly. I forgot that English was only his second language; that few Indians dealt in irony; and that, for all his longing for Finchley Road and Fitzjohn's Avenue, he was an Indian to whom the taboos of caste and sect were fundamental. His smoking was a flamboyant defiance, but it was guarded: He did not smoke in the presence of Sikhs. He wore the turban, beard and bracelet which his religion required; and I am quite certain he also wore the knife and the drawers. So the moment for declaration, and perhaps withdrawal, passed.

Waiting for our food—"No rice," he had said, as though stating a caste restriction: Rice was the staple of the non-Aryan South—he turned the pages of the *Illustrated Weekly of India*, wetting his finger on his tongue. "Look," he said, pushing the paper toward me. "See how many of these South Indian monkeys you can find there." He showed me a feature on the Indian team at the Asian Games in Jakarta. They were nearly all Sikhs, unfamiliar without their turbans, their long hair stooked and tied up with ribbons. "*Indian* team! Tell me how this country is going to get on without us. If we sit back, the Pakistanis can just walk in, you know. Give me one Sikh division, just one, and I will walk through the whole blasted country. You see any of these punks stopping us?"

Contact had occurred and there could now be no escape. A journey of twenty-four hours still lay ahead of us. We got out and walked together on station platforms, enjoying the shock of heat after the air-conditioned carriage. We ate together. When we smoked I watched for other Sikhs. "I don't mind, you understand," the Sikh said. "But I don't want to hurt them." We talked of London and Trinidad and coffeehouses, India and the Sikhs.

We agreed that the Sikhs were the finest people in India, but it was hard to find anyone among them whom he admired. I dredged my memory for Sikh notabilities. I mentioned one Sikh religious leader. "He's a bloody Hindu," the Sikh said. I mentioned another. "He's a damned Muslim." I spoke of politicians. He replied with stories of their crookedness. "The man had lost the election. And then suddenly you had these people running up with ballot boxes and saying, 'Look, look, we forgot to count these.'" I spoke of the energy of the Sikhs and the prosperity of the Punjab. "Yes," he said. "The sweeper class is coming up." We talked of Sikh writers. I mentioned Khushwant Singh, whom I knew and liked; he had spent years working on Sikh scriptures and history. "Khushwant? He doesn't *know* anything about the Sikhs." The only person who had written well about the Sikhs was Cunningham; and he was dead, as all the finest Sikhs were. "We're a pretty hopeless bunch today," the Sikh said.

Many of his stories were overtly humorous, but often, as in his references to the Sikh religious leaders, I saw humor where none was intended. Our relationship had begun in mutual misunderstanding. And so it developed. He grew more perceptibly bitter as the journey went on, but this answered my own mood. Shrill railway stations, poor fields, decaying towns, starving cattle, a withered race of men: Because his reactions appeared to be very much like mine, it did not occur to me that they were unusual in an Indian. As it was, their violence steadied me; he became my irrational self.

It was nearly midnight when we came to the junction where I had to leave the train. The platforms were like mortuaries. In the dim light prostrate men showed as shrunken white bundles out of which protruded bony Indian arms, shining stringy legs, collapsed gray-stubbled faces. Men slept; dogs slept; and among them, like emanations risen

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

from the senseless bodies, over which they appeared to trample, other men and other dogs moved. Silent third-class carriages turned out to be packed with dark, waiting, sweating faces; the yellow boards above the grilled windows showed that they were going somewhere. The engines hissed. From everywhere dogs howled. One hobbled off into the darkness at the end of the platform; its foreleg had been freshly torn off; a raw bloody stump remained.

The Sikh helped me with my luggage. I was grateful to him for his presence, his wholeness. We had already exchanged addresses and arranged when and where we were to meet again. Now we repeated our promises. We would travel over the South. India yet had its pleasures. We would go hunting. He would show me: It was easy, and I would enjoy the elephants. Then he returned to his air-conditioned coach, behind the double glass. Whistles blew; the train moved mightily off. Yet the station remained so little changed: So many bodies remained, awaiting transportation.

My own train was due to leave in about two hours; the coaches were waiting. I changed my third-class ticket for a first-class one, picked my way down dim platforms past the bodies of dogs and men, past third-class carriages which were already full and hot. The conductor opened the door of my compartment and I climbed in. I bolted the door, pulled down all the blinds, trying to shut out the howls of dogs, shutting out intruders, all those staring faces and skeptical bodies. I put on no lights. I required darkness.

I did not expect it, but we met again as we had planned. It was in a town where the only other person I knew was a prosperous sweetshop owner. I had learned to fear his hospitality. At every meeting it was necessary to eat a selection of his sweets. They were corrosively sweet; they killed appetite for a day. The Sikh's hospitality was easier. We sought to revive my appetite with drink, and he gave me food. He also gave me much of his time. I felt he was offering more than hospitality: He was offering his friendship, and it embarrassed me that I couldn't respond. But I was calmer now than I had been on the train, and his moods no longer always answered mine.

"They've let this cantonment area go down," he said. "In the old days they didn't allow niggers here. Now the blackies are all over the place."

The anger was plain, and was not tempered by the humor or self-satire I had seen, or made myself see, in his outbursts on the train.

"These people! You have to shout, 'Boy!' Otherwise they just don't hear you."

I had noted this. At the hotel I was shouting "Boy!" with everybody else, but I couldn't manage the correct tone. Both boys and guests wore South Indian dress, and I had already more than once shouted at the wrong man. My shouts therefore always held muted apology.

The Sikh was not amused. "And you know what they answer?" he said with bitterness. "You might think you are in some picture with American darkies. They answer, 'Yes, master.' God!"

In such moods he was now a strain. His rage was like self-torment; he indulged it to the pitch of soliloquy. I had completely misunderstood him. But by this misunderstanding I had encouraged his friendship and trust. We had parted sentimentally and had had a sentimental reunion. I had fallen in with all his plans. He had made arrangements for our hunting trip. It would have been as difficult to withdraw as to go ahead. I let him talk, and did nothing.

We went one day to the ruins of an 18th-century palace which had been cleaned up into a picnic spot. Here India was elegance and solidity; the bazaars and railway stations were far away. He knew the ruins well. Walking among them, showing them to me, he was serene, even a little proud. There were older temples in the neighborhood, but they did not interest him as much as the palace, and I thought I knew why. He had been to Europe, had suffered ridicule, if only in his imagination, for his turban, beard and uncut hair. He had learned to look at India and himself. He knew what Europe required. The palace ruins might have been European, and he was glad to show them to me. We walked in the gardens and he talked again of our hunting trip: I would marvel at the silence of the elephants. We dawdled by the pool, ate our sandwiches and drank our coffee.

On the way back we visited one of the temples. This was at my suggestion. The derelict beggar-priest, barebacked, roused himself from his bed and came out to meet us. He spoke no English and welcomed us in dumb show. The Sikh gave his chuckle and became remote. The priest didn't react. He walked ahead of us into the low, dark temple, raising his shriveled arm and pointing out this and that, earning his fee. Carvings were scarcely visible in the gloom, and to the priest they were not as important as the living shrines, lit by oil lamps, in which there were bright images, gaudily dressed in doll's clothes, of black gods and white gods: India's ancient mixture of Aryan and Dravidian.

"This is how the trouble started," the Sikh said.

The priest, staring at the gods, waiting for our exclamations, nodded.

"You've been to Gilgit? You should go. They're pure Aryan up there. Beautiful people. Let a couple of these Dravidians loose among them, and in no time they spoil the race for you."

Nodding, the priest led us back into the open and stood beside us while we got into our shoes. I gave him some money and he returned in silence to his cell.

"Until we came to India," the Sikh said sadly, as we drove off, "we were a good race. *Arya*—a good Sanskrit word. You know the meaning? Noble. You must read some of the old Hindu books. They will tell you. In those days it was unclean to kiss a very black woman on the lips. You think this is just a crazy Sikh talking? You read. This Aryan-Dravidian business isn't new. And it's starting up again. You see in the papers that the blackies are asking for their own state? They are asking for another licking. And they are going to get it."

The land through which we drove was poor and populous. The road was the neatest thing about it. On either side there were small rectangular hollows where peasants had dug clay for their huts. The roots of the great shade trees that lined the road were exposed, and here and there a tree had collapsed: Pygmy effort, gigantic destruction. There were few vehicles on the road, but many people, heedless of sun, dust and our horn. The women wore recognizable garments of purple, green and gold; the men were in rags.

"They've all got the vote."

When I looked at the Sikh I saw that his face was set with anger. He was more remote than ever, and his lips were moving silently. In what language was he speaking?

Was he speaking a prayer, a charm? The hysteria of the train journey began to touch me again. And now I felt I carried a double responsibility. The Sikh's anger was feeding on everything he saw, and I longed for the land and the people to change. The Sikh's lips still moved. Against his charm I tried to pitch my own. I felt disaster close; I let reason go. I tried to transmit compensating love to every starved man and woman I saw on the road. But I was failing; I knew I was failing. I was yielding to the rage and contempt of the man beside me.

On the pedestal of a high white culvert, a man stood like a statue. Rags hung over his bones, over limbs as thin and brittle-looking as charred sticks.

"Ha! Look at that monkey." There was a chuckle in the Sikh's voice, instantly replaced by torment. "God! Can you call that a man? Even the animals, if they have to live . . . even the animals." Words were not coming to him. "Even the animals. Man? What does that—that *thing* have? You think he even has instinct? To tell him when to eat?"

He was reacting for me, as he had done on the train. But now I knew my hysteria for what it was. The words were his, not mine. They broke the spell.

Our relationship ought to have ended at the end of that journey. But the evening found us drinking together. Peasants and dust were forgotten, black gods and white, Aryan and Dravidian. The leaden Indian beer had its effect, and we talked of London and coffee-houses and the "funny little fellow."

Dusk turned to night. Now there were three of us at the glass-crowded table. The newcomer was a commercial Englishman, middle-aged, fat and red-faced. He spoke with a North Country accent. From my alcoholic quietude I noted that the talk had turned to Sikh history and Sikh military glory. The Englishman was at first rallying, but presently the smile on his face had grown fixed. I listened. The Sikh was talking of the decline of the Sikhs since Ranjit Singh, of the disaster that had come to them with partition. But he was also talking of Sikh revenges in 1947 and of Sikh atrocities. Some of the talk of atrocities was, I felt, aimed at me; it carried on from our drive back to the town. It was too calculated; it left me cold.

Dinner, we wanted dinner; and now we were on our way to the restaurant; and the Englishman was no longer with us.

It was very bright in the restaurant.

"These Dravidians are staring at me!"

The restaurant was bright and noisy, full of people and tables.

"They are staring at me."

We were in a crowded corner.

"They are laughing at my beard and turban. You can see that, can't you?"

I sat down.

Slap!

"These bloody Dravidians are staring at me."

The man at the next table had been knocked down. He lay on his back, his head on the seat of an empty chair. His eyes were wide with terror, his hands clasped in greeting and supplication.

"*Sardarji!*" he cried, still lying flat.

"Staring at me. South Indian punk."

"*Sardarji!* My friend said, 'Look, a *sardarji*.' And I just turned to look. I am not a South Indian. I am a Punjabi. Like you."

Something like this I had always feared. This was what my instinct had scented as soon as I had seen him on the train: Some men radiate violence and torment, and they are dangerous to those who fear violence. We had met, and there had inevitably been a reassessment. Below all the wrongness and unease of our relationship, however, lay my original alarm. This moment, of fear and self-disgust, was logical. It was also the moment I had been waiting for. I left the restaurant and took a ricksha to the hotel. The whole city, its streets now silent, had been colored for me, from the first, by my association with the Sikh; I had assessed it, whether in contempt or straining love, according to the terms of his special racialism. It was as much by this that I was now sickened as by the violence I had witnessed.

I made the ricksha man turn and take me back to the restaurant. There was no sign of the Sikh. But the Punjabi, his eyes wild with humiliation and anger, was at the cash desk with a group who appeared to know him.

"I am going to kill your friend," he shouted at me. "I am going to kill that Sikh tomorrow."

"You are not going to kill anybody."

"I am going to kill him. I am going to kill you too."

"All right. Tomorrow. But now go home."

I went back to the hotel. The telephone rang.

"Hallo, punk."

"Hello."

"So you ran out on me when I was in a little trouble. And you call yourself a friend. You know what I think of you? You are a dirty South Indian swine. Don't go to sleep. I am coming over to beat you up."

He could not have been far away, for in a few minutes he appeared, knocking twice on the door, bowing exaggeratedly, and staggering in theatrically. We were both more lucid than we had been, but our conversation seesawed drunkenly, and falsely, between reconciliation and recrimination. At any moment we could have become friends again or agreed not to meet; again and again, when we tilted to one of these possibilities, one of us applied a corrective pressure. There still existed concern between us. We drank coffee; our conversation seesawed more and more falsely; and in the end even this concern had been talked away.

"We were going to go hunting," the Sikh said, as he walked out the door. "I had *plans* for you." □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

New hemorrhoid advance! Single dose dispenser starts relief throughout pain area in seconds!

Premeasured clinical dose in disposable dispenser— use once and throw away—cooling ointment temporarily relieves itching and burning...soothes irritation and inflammation.

This unique, anatomically correct dispenser contains a premeasured, clinical dose of a new soothing, cooling ointment. Compare for convenience and ease of use! Just remove the protective sheath, insert, press out the ointment—and throw away the dispenser and sheath. Relief starts in seconds! ▪ *Faster than suppositories* ▪ *Surer than ordinary ointments.*

Hygienic, disposable dispenser.
Premeasured clinical dose. Use once and throw away.

ALEAVE®

ANOTHER FINE PRODUCT FROM CLINTON LABORATORIES, A DIVISION OF CHESEBROUGH-POND'S INC., NEW YORK, N.Y.

ALEAVE, the fast, sure way to ease hemorrhoid discomfort, relieves minor hemorrhoid distress...while it helps nature safely heal by protecting irritated tissues.

New ALEAVE, a clinical dose in a throw-away dispenser, temporarily relieves external hemorrhoid discomfort... eases elimination, helps prevent new distress from flaring-up.

1. Relieves itching and burning on contact
2. Eases pain fast—faster than you ever believed possible
3. Cools and soothes tender tissues
4. Helps nature heal irritated hemorrhoids

Each hygienic ALEAVE dispenser gives you *surer*, more comforting relief because you get the proper dose for relief throughout the pain area—never too little, never too much. *Faster* than suppositories because there is no waiting for relief to begin.

Doctor's observations report that ALEAVE brings remarkably rapid relief. The medically improved ALEAVE dispenser with its combination of ingredients permits natural healing of tissues.

Use ALEAVE—the dependable way to relieve hemorrhoid distress.

ALEAVE is available in packages of 6 and 12 dispensers.

SPECIAL OFFER

FOR HEMORRHOID SUFFERERS!

Get a generous supply of 4-individual disposable Aleave dispensers. Send coupon with 25 cents to:

ALEAVE...DEPARTMENT 5
P.O. BOX 810
CHICAGO, ILL. 60677

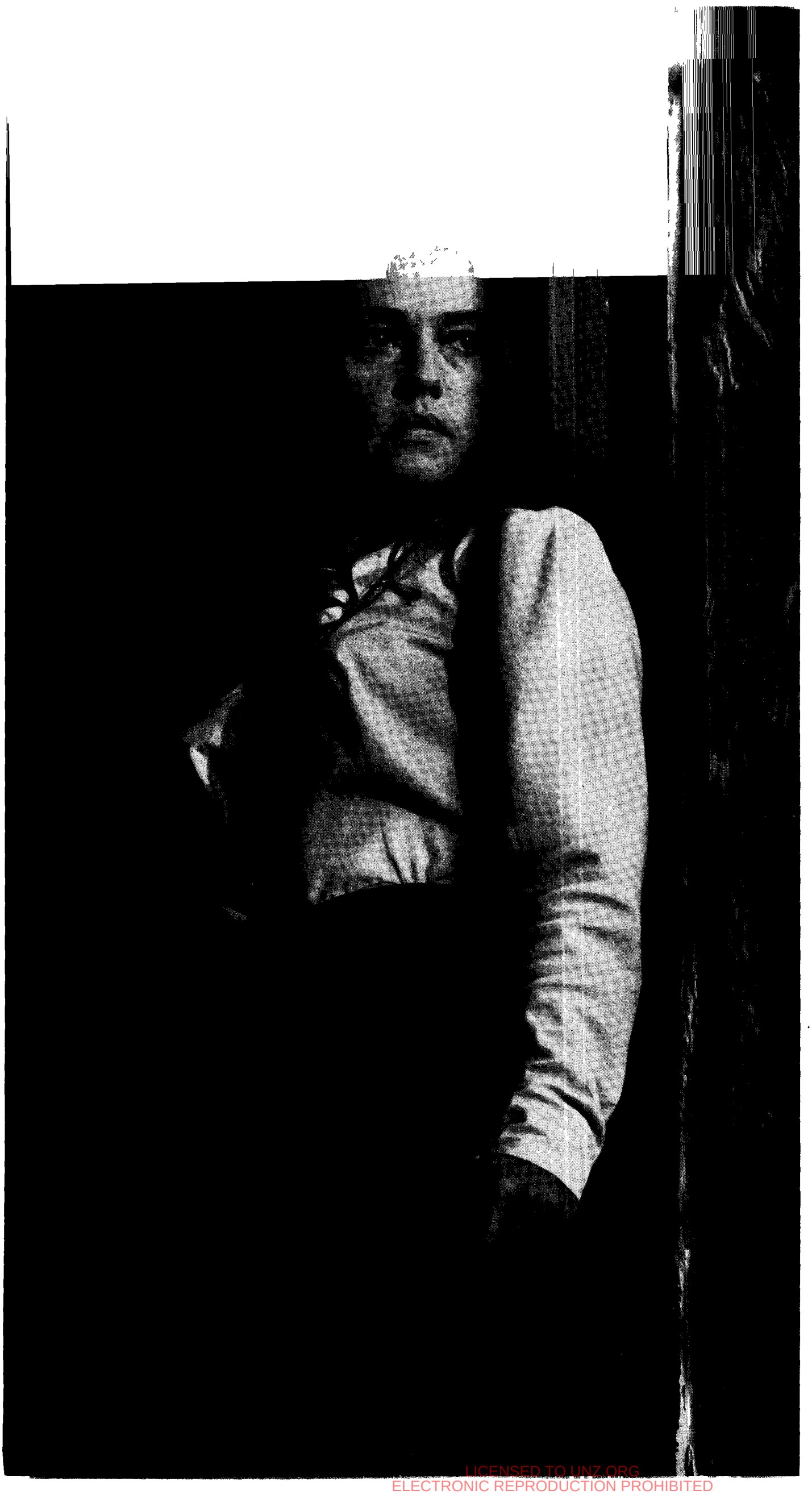
ALEAVE
NEW
hemorrhoid relief
A soothing, cooling ointment. Relieves itching and burning; eases pain fast. Helps nature heal external hemorrhoids.

NAME_____

ADDRESS_____

CITY_____ STATE_____ ZIP CODE_____

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



An apprehensive moment in "Viva Maria!" now on location in Mexico. Jeanne is a touring singer in the screen comedy.

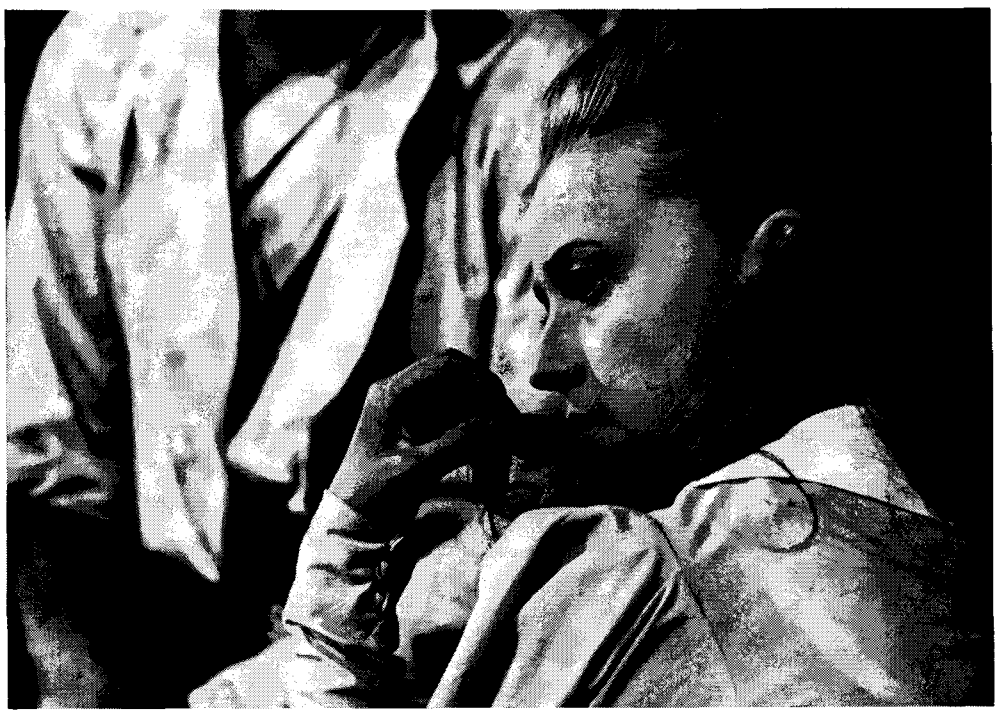
Off screen and on,

A film critic refers to her as a modern Joan of Arc. A producer sees her as "perversity in the shape of a woman." Her first global success was as the bored but naughty wife in *The Lovers*, directed by one of her intimates, Louis Malle. Jeanne Moreau herself says, with the innocence of a Frenchwoman, that two things she likes to do are to act and to love. As an actress she has the prestige to work only with her chosen directors and writers, such as François Truffaut and Luis Buñuel. Her roles in *The Lovers*, *Jules and Jim*, *Le Dialogue des Carmélites*, and other classics of France's *nouvelle vague* cinema, have made her the Garbo of the "in" movie crowd, and lately a principal box-office draw in productions of less esoteric appeal. In *The Yellow Rolls-Royce*, to be seen here next month, she cuckolds her husband, Rex Harrison, in the arms of a younger man. In *Banana Peel* she partially abandons sex for comedy. In *The Train* she is a war-weary innkeeper who finds the road to recovery in the fleeting embrace of Burt Lancaster. She is bewildered by the "American" notion that if a man has an affair with a woman, he is obliged to marry her. She has no desire to be a sex symbol, and was at first reluctant to costar with Brigitte Bardot in *Viva Maria!*, the Louis Malle comedy now shooting in Mexico, because of the steamy B.B. image. (Miss Bardot was also somewhat shy of J.M.'s international reputation as an actress.) Jeanne Moreau gets roughly $100,000 a picture—a price, low by the Elizabeth Taylor standard, that is clearly paid for art, not for sex. Her laughter is rich and deep, and she has an almost total candor in talking about herself.

On a sunny morning I drove westward from Cannes high into the hills of Provence. Near the remote village of La Moure I found a private road, leading to "*Le Domaine de Préverger*," the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

By C. Robert Jennings



she is a haunting symbol of the restless, romantic woman.

JEANNE MOREAU
DEATH, SUFFERING, LOVE

57-acre orchard-farm where Jeanne Moreau languishes during the hot months. She appeared in the driveway, looking uncommonly small and wearing an orange-and-yellow blouse-over-bikini outfit. She extended an arm and gave parking instructions in English. Her appearance—the bronze eyes, the silken complexion and the unsmiling mouth—gave a surprisingly astringent impression. Leaving the car, I was quickly introduced to Nemo and Manon, her Alsatian dogs, and to Anna Pradella, the cook, whose radiant appearance was the opposite of Miss Moreau's.

My hostess led the way to the patio, where she crumpled to the floor and picked up the telephone to call Brigitte Bardot, who was languishing at *her* nearby villa above St. Tropez. They talked about Louis Malle's plan to cast them together in *Viva Maria!*. Miss Moreau hung up and said that she did not believe she and B.B. were altogether different. "Men," she said, "don't want to believe in friendship between women. But I need women to keep my equilibrium—and to laugh."

Drinks appeared in expensive crystal glasses. "I've never had money," Miss Moreau observed. "I borrowed money in 1964 to buy this place, the first home I've ever owned. I used to live in a rented house in Versailles." In Paris she stays with Pierre Cardin, the *enfant terrible* of French fashion, who has an opulent apartment on the Seine. "We live together as man and wife," she said, "except we are not married. Love is the only thrilling thing we have in life. When I am in love it influences my pleasure in acting. It keeps me in a sensitive state and makes me conscious of my power. Most people don't have the energy for passion, and so they give up and go to the movies."

Lunch was shortly announced, and afterward Miss Moreau went off for a two-hour siesta. When she returned she stretched out on the patio in a bikini and talked about her work. "I play for the crew," she said, "not just for the camera. I cannot forget them. I can't help worrying about people, and I want them to love me. Actors are very fragile." Frequently, she admits, her relationship with her fellow artists becomes more than professional. "When you work very closely with someone," she explains, "it is natural to become involved. My curiosity is indiscreet, it is limitless. Suddenly you're very intimate with people you've hardly met before."

No doubt her best-known relationship was with director Louis Malle, and *The Lovers*, as it came to happen in subsequent productions, marked the beginning and the end of the affair. "I knew," she says, "that if I acted in the love scenes the way Louis wanted, he might like me as an actress but hate me as a woman. It was a gamble, and I lost. I will always like Louis as a man and as a director. But what we had together is in the past."

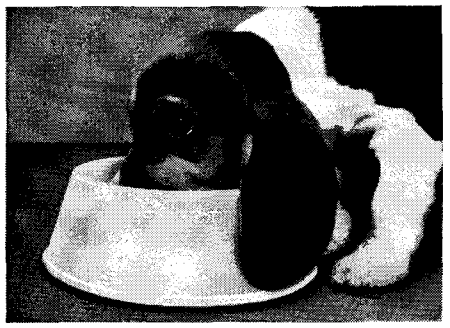
The past began for Jeanne Moreau in the village of Mazirat, in central France, where she was born in 1928. Her father, Anatole-Désiré Moreau, came from a prosperous family of farmers, but as a bachelor he preferred the bright lights. He opened a restaurant in Montmartre, popular with writers and artists, and while there he met and married a young English dancer. Kathleen Buckley Moreau was pregnant when she started a new job in the chorus of the Folies-Bergère. "I don't think she was happy to be married and expecting a child," Jeanne says. "She had to give up the show. As a child, I, too, always wanted to be a dancer."

But dancing lessons were a brief luxury. Anatole Moreau had lost his restaurant in the economic crisis which afflicted France in the late '30's, and in 1939 he was drafted into the French Army. He remained in Unoccupied France after the Nazi invasion, while Jeanne stayed in Paris with her mother and baby sister. "It was very sad," Jeanne remembers, "with the black market and only a little money coming from my father, who was very ill. Since my mother was British, the Germans would not allow her to work. Once my mother and I managed to get away on foot, one suitcase and my sister in a pram. We walked 100 kilometers under fire. We got to Orléans three days later and crossed the bridge just before it was blown up. Then we were caught and taken back to Paris. We lived in a grubby hotel with prostitutes, and when we went to sign the police register in the morning the Germans were still lined up on the stairs."

After the war the Moreau fortunes began to repair, and Jeanne slipped off regularly to go to the theater. Her parents thought she was attending classes. "The first play I saw was Jean Anouilh's *Antigone*, and I decided I wanted to be an actress. It was never a money or fame thing, but an escape from real life. I like to be somebody else, to get out of myself." But Papa, whose more puritanical country relatives had never liked the idea of having a dancer in the family, proved to be unremittingly severe. "He didn't want me to go out at all. He still doesn't understand what I'm doing. I say, 'In a small way I'm famous, Father,' and he says, 'That's all right, Jeanette, I guess.' Still, for him it will always be like a hen having a duck."

On the "Viva Maria!" set (top) Jeanne insisted on wearing authentic period costume in spite of the heat. With Rex Harrison (above) she rehearses scene for "The Yellow Rolls-Royce."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



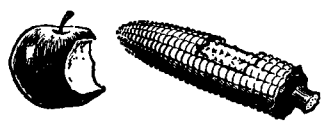
he's being Wormed!

It's easy... with PULVEX WORM CAPS. Open capsule... mix with food! Safe, effective, economical way to rid dog of round worms (ascarids). No discomfort... no change in normal habits. A form of loving care your dog deserves—regularly! At all leading pet departments.

PULVEX
Chicago 14, Ill.

WORM CAPS

EAT ANYTHING WITH FALSE TEETH



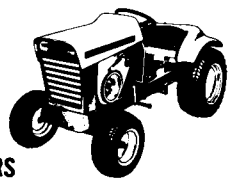
Trouble with loose plates that slip, rock or cause sore gums? Try Brimms Plasti-Liner. One application makes plates fit *snugly without powder, paste* or *cushions.* Brimms Plasti-Liner adheres permanently to your plate; ends the bother of temporary applications. With plates held firmly by Plasti-Liner, **YOU CAN EAT ANYTHING!** Simply lay soft strip of Plasti-Liner on troublesome upper or lower. Bite and it molds perfectly. *Easy to use,* tasteless, odorless, harmless to you and your plates. Removable as directed. *Money-back guarantee.* At your drug counter. $1.50 reliner for 1 plate; $2.50, for 2 plates. Plasti-Liner, Inc., Dept. 25-P, 1075 Main Street, Buffalo 9, New York.

BRIMMS PLASTI-LINER
THE PERMANENT DENTURE RELINER

Springfield

America's best power equipment buy!

SUBURBAN TRACTORS
•
LAWN TRACTORS
•
POWER TILLERS



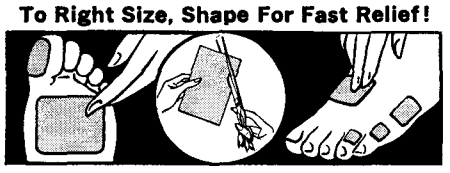
Springfield: synonym for quality of design, construction, performance. Visit your Springfield dealer and see for yourself!

Springfield

QUICK MFG., INC. · Springfield, Ohio

FEET HURT?

Cut This Cushioning Foot Plaster To Right Size, Shape For Fast Relief!



EXTRA PROTECTION WHEREVER FEET HURT!

When shoes pinch or rub, cushion feet with Dr. Scholl's Kurotex foot plaster. Thicker, softer, more protective than ordinary moleskin, yet costs no more. Easily cut to size. Fast relief for pain of corns, callouses, tender spots. Self-adhering. 19¢, 40¢, 50¢, $1.15.

Dr Scholl's KUROTEX

JEANNE MOREAU

When she was 19, Jeanne entered the celebrated Paris *Conservatoire Dramatique,* and only six months later made her debut in the Comédie Française production of Turgenev's *A Month in the Country.* The play ran a year and led to a four-year contract with the company. "I was the youngest member, and it was in the contract that I had to go to school. The night I opened, my mother and father were not there.

"When I came home, my father said, 'What a nerve! You know it's after midnight.' For him it was like prostitution. My mother left my father in 1948, after I gave her the first film money I earned. She went back to England and my sister Michèle went with her. My mother and father never see each other, but I am very friendly with them both."

Meanwhile, Jeanne was exploring other forms of escape. One of them was a young actor named Jean-Louis Richard. "Soon I was pregnant," she relates in her calm manner. "I didn't want to marry, and my father didn't want me to remain with him. But we married the day before my boy was born. I was very impressed with the Catholic Church—until I decided to be an actress. Not that I don't believe in God, but I am Catholic like a gypsy, and I have my own morals." Two years after the marriage M. and Mme. Richard separated.

At this point in the interview Jeanne suggested we go shopping. She put on a plain dress, and we drove to the village of La Garde Freinet. She behaved toward each shopkeeper like a favorite daughter. Nobody appeared impressed by the local film personality. Without losing her innocent air, she was as canny and selective as a Millet peasant. "Fame means nothing," she said between stops. "You can't make love to it, although I like men to dream about me. What counts is personality, *présence.* My secret is to have no secrets. I'm transparent."

Back at the farm we had a cassis on the terrace, next to a broad meadow filled with poppies. She puffed at one of her innumerable cigarettes and confessed that it was a terrible bore to have to talk about herself. "But I guess I am happy," she continued, "because I decided to be. I didn't know what happiness was before. When a good friend died I actually thought I would never get over it. And in 1957 my son was nearly killed in a car accident, driving with Jean-Paul Belmondo. And just this year I was very ill with jaundice. Now I know something about what death and suffering mean. Now I appreciate every second of life. This house could burn down and I wouldn't be unhappy, because I'd be alive."

She acknowledged that Pierre Cardin was proud of her being an actress, and that she enjoyed his pride. "For years on the stage I was ashamed of what I was, perhaps because of my father. I worried about physical defects. Actors told me I was ugly. Then, when I was doing Cocteau's *Infernal Machine* with Jean Marais, I realized I had a certain magnetism in the theater. After *Pygmalion* and *Cat on a Hot Tin Roof* I was certain of it. I felt I could be a great actress." Cocteau himself declared that she had become "as resilient as a steel wire." Without any of the conventional physical props, she had become a sex symbol as well, but one who certainly had too many tangled moods for the ordinary tired businessman. "I've gotten used to me," Jeanne added. "I don't *like* my face, but I have grown accustomed to it."

The conversation shifted to the incessant grind involved in being a star. As of now, she has made 40 movies. Jeanne does not mind the actual work on the set, and often serves refreshments to the crew. "You're very protected during a film. Nothing else matters. It's like being a child, and everyone is nice to you. But afterward I feel very depressed, like a convalescent. Then it begins again, the desire to live, and so the desire to act."

During these periods Jeanne may summon friends for a meal, a walk or an outing. She may read all night or sleep whole days away. She may work with Anna in the kitchen. The depression dissolves, but not entirely. "Actors are frightened all the time," Jeanne believes. "We are frightened by our isolation and vulnerability. It is natural for a woman to act—the makeup and so on—but the great appeal is to vanity. And acting is hard on your self-respect. The love and hate, the suffering and happiness in my life appear in my work. I never go to see my rushes. I don't even go to movies."

There seems to be a little less suffering today. Last Christmas, Pierre Cardin came to visit her in Acapulco, before she began work in *Viva Maria!.* "She will always go back to Cardin," one director who knows her well said. "She needs him for continuity—which has nothing to do with sex." She has been able to install her father once again in Mazirat, where she bought him the finest house in town. Her mother lives quietly in England. Sister Michèle, and her husband, Frank Cavanaugh, run the Black Angus Grill and the Pickwick Club in London. Her 13-year separation from Jean-Louis Richard has ended at last in divorce, and their son, Jérôme, is 15 and attending a private school in Grenoble. She remains on good terms with Richard, who coauthored and directed another recent film for her, *Mata Hari.* "We are still in love with each other," Jeanne explains, "but we can't live together. All women should keep their lovers, somehow, if they can." Her next American release will probably be *Eva,* in which she plays a sexy, destructive vamp. (The distributors plan to bill it as *Eva, the Devil's Woman* outside the big cities.) She has plans to return to the stage in London in a play to be directed by Peter Brook. She does not know what her next film will be after *Viva Maria!,* but thinks she will play the tragic heroine of Malcolm Lowry's novel, *Under the Volcano.* "Passing her," Lowry wrote, "one would not have suspected agony.... How happy and pretty she looks, one would say. Probably she is going to meet her lover in the Bella Vista!" □

A rare glimpse of Jeanne with Pierre Cardin, vacationing on the Greek island of Paros. The Paris fashion wizard has been a permanent fixture in her otherwise peripatetic career.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

BECAUSE HE'S A SOUTHWESTERN LIFE AGENT . . .

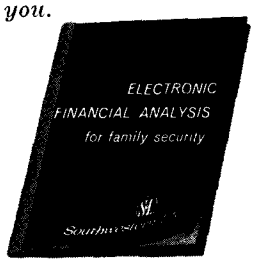
156 weeks of special Life Insurance study qualify him to prepare a better plan for you

Off to college. A great day in a young man's life. Your life insurance program helps make it possible.

The teaching you'll leave to the teachers. Just as you leave to your mechanic the job of fixing your car and to your doctor the job of prescribing your medicine. Those of us who are not specialists in these fields find we're better off taking the advice of men who are.

When it comes to life insurance, there's one man in particular you will want to know about: your Southwestern Life agent. His company requires that he devote *500 extra hours* to the study of life insurance at the post-graduate level. His company invests a good deal of money in this three-year professional education. All with one aim: to put at your service a man uniquely well qualified to advise you on life insurance programming. There's no obligation. See him when he calls.

Ask your Southwestern Life agent for our new, comprehensive "Electronic Financial Analysis." His know-how and the speed and accuracy of the modern computer combine into a valuable personal package for you.



Your Southwestern Life Agent . . . your friend for life.

Southwestern Life
INSURANCE COMPANY · DALLAS · SINCE 1903

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE GREAT SWAMPOODLE GAZETTE

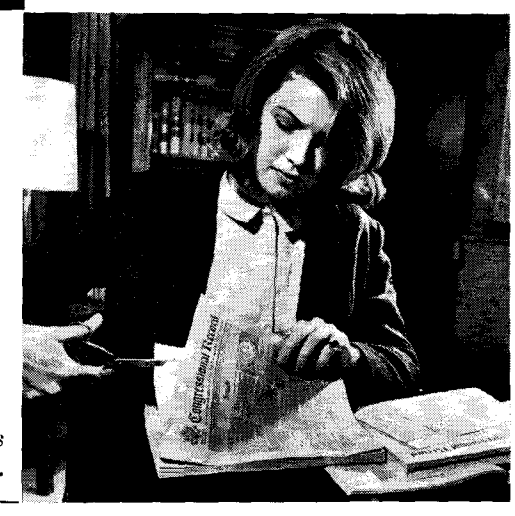
A monumental catch basin of momentous utterance and utter trivia, the Congressional Record lets its 535 editors rewrite history and say what they wish they'd said in the first place.

By ANNE CHAMBERLIN

No one was really surprised when a lady living in the Georgetown section of Washington complained recently that District trash collectors were reading her discarded letters. Washington is the fine-print, asterisk and footnote capital of the Western world, and if you live there long enough, you get so you'll read anything.

Some old-timers have grown so accustomed to the capital's literary diet that they can't sleep at night if they have not regaled themselves with a few pages from a recent House Appropriations Committee report or the latest U.S. budget. A splinter group swears by the Division of Sanitation's "Notice to Householder," with its timely advice that "Ashes include coal ashes, household incinerator ashes, oyster and clam shells." But for all-around reading enjoyment nothing compares with that glorious combination of house organ, family scrapbook, office wastebasket, advertising handout, campaign leaflet and figment of the legislative imagination, the *Congressional Record*.

Its first attraction is its sheer magnificent bulk. Anyone who thinks that TV has made American publications meek and thin should contemplate this daily slice of history, printed and delivered as fast as the morning paper, filled with numerical tables, footnotes, reprinted newspaper articles, copies of people's mail, speeches—both real and imagined—and a more or less verbatim account of everything that goes on in two great chambers which some people refer to as "wind tunnels." All of which, day after day, is about 200 pages long—without one single picture. On October 2, 1964, a night to remember at the Government Printing Office, it ran to 464 pages in two parts, a *Record* record. It was a fine issue, packed with the kind of interlocking *non sequiturs* that keep a *Record* reader on his toes. Neatly entangled in the debates on pending legislation in the Senate were such grace notes as the text of a recent sermon delivered at the Georgetown Presbyterian Church, the text of a broadcast by a TV commentator who said nice things about politicians, the text of a newspaper article called I'M IN LOVE WITH THE 50TH STATE, a gaggle of editorials on Sen. Strom Thurmond's switch to the Republican Party, and 56 pages of correspondence and comment collected by



An aide of Sen. Strom Thurmond clips his remarks from Record to send to constituents.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

DAD'S GETTING TO PLAY THIS YEAR

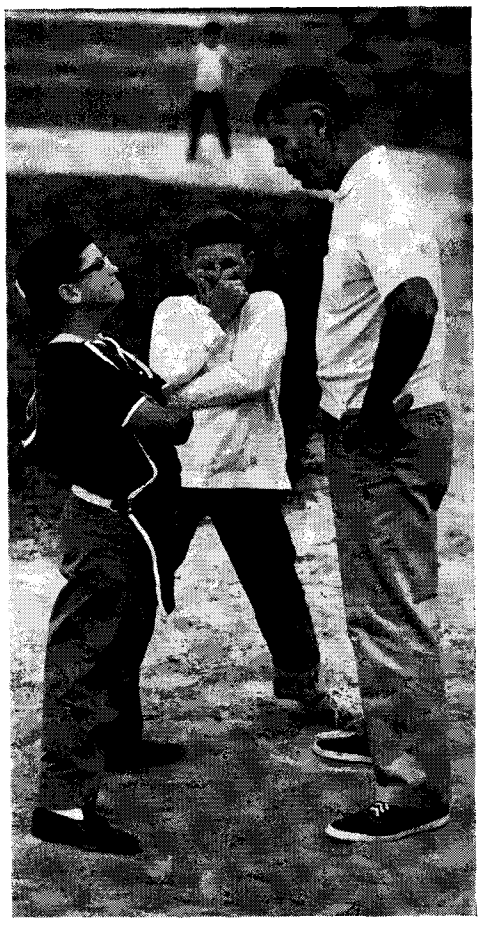
Du Pont LUCITE® House Paint put him in the lineup

It's a shame that so many other Dads can't join this one. But they have to paint the house. Again. Too bad they didn't use Du Pont LUCITE® House Paint— just like the Dad who is playing.

Less work, more wear. This Dad knows that's what you can expect from LUCITE. He used to paint with ordinary oil-base paint. Always found himself repainting a lot sooner than he expected, too. Not to mention how long the job took.

Then he tried LUCITE, and Dad had time to be a slugger. So will you.

Surface preparation is held to a minimum with LUCITE. You don't even need a priming coat, except where the old paint failed badly. What's more, you can paint over damp surfaces. And LUCITE dries so quickly that bugs and dirt can't stick to spoil the job.



DU PONT
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Better Things for Better Living
. . . through Chemistry

You'll like the way starting and stopping points blend. When you're finished, fast cleanup will speed you to the ball game. Just wash your hands and brushes with soap and water.

You save time as well as money when you don't have to repaint so soon. LUCITE resists blistering, cracking, peeling and color fading much longer than oil-base paints. (One of these common failures is most likely the very reason your house may need painting now.)

So put yourself in the "less work, more wear" lineup. Paint with LUCITE. (You can use it on wood, masonry, stucco—any surface.) Make extra free time to do the things you really want to do.

BATTER UP.

less work... more wear.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sen. Wayne Morse on what he calls "McNamara's war in South Vietnam."

Adding zip to the House side of the issue were 14 pages outlining what Mr. Donald Bruce of Indiana felt to be the "frivolous and extremist decisions of the Supreme Court," and the full texts of some letters that Mr. James H. Morrison of Louisiana had just mailed back to his constituents asking for their vote in November. ("Without being boastful, I think you will agree with me that the following projects were of tremendous aid and benefit to our district and state. . . ." He won.)

The second remarkable feature of the *Record* is that it comes out at all. One of the thrills awaiting a new legislator is the chance to take up his blue pencil and green eyeshade and join the 534 other managing editors and chief contributors of this grand family grab bag. Every member is free to "revise and extend" the words of his own favorite author and (armed with a "leave to print") to cause letters, poems, newspaper articles or anything else that catches his fancy to turn up in 6½-point type—with no nagging interference from an editor-in-chief. If he wants to insert something more than two pages long he must go through the formality of asking the Public Printer and reporting to his fellow editors how much it will cost (usually about $90 a page), but it all comes out of Congress's generous printing budget, and the editors never cut each other's copy.

The *Record* suffers from none of the advertising, circulation or financial headaches of most publications. It costs about three million dollars a year to put out, and since its editors, who are its main readers, don't have to pay for it, it is untroubled by crank mail or canceled subscriptions. Of its 46,800 print order, 100 free copies go to each senator and sixty-nine to each congressman. About 2,500 subscribers, mostly libraries, pay $1.50 a month for it. Individual copies are available in the cavernous indoor kiosk operated by the Government Printing Office, in that damp and sunken district behind Union Station known as "Swampoodle," and the price depends on how fat the issue is. You have to really *want* the *Congressional Record* to go out and buy it.

Since the *Record* is the creature of Congress, it is perhaps most appreciated for its Through the Looking-Glass set of rules, which allow each editor to make it look as though he said things he didn't say, or didn't say things he did say. A member can appear to have spellbound his colleagues with a speech which he didn't deliver at all. In September of 1963, Sen. Barry Goldwater inserted in the *Record* a speech "delivered by me" which actually was made by Gerald J. Skibbins in Montclair, N.J. Skibbins mailed it to the senator and it somehow fell into the mainstream of daily flotsam headed for the Government Printing Office. The speech, a vigorous attack on right-wing extremists, expressed such an un-Goldwaterian point of view that at least two of the nation's top pundits were in a state of Red Alert for a week.

According to the rules, copy for the *Record* is supposed to be in by nine P.M., but in keeping with the cheerful anarchy to be expected with 535 editors, it is somehow well after midnight before the last bundle of rewritten history has reached the printing plant in Swampoodle. The Printing Office throws 175 night proofreaders, 96 Linotype machines, three high-speed presses, 32,000 pounds of paper and Joseph Mudd—the Night Public Printer, as he is called—into this nightly brush with destiny. Somehow, night after night, they beat the odds. *The* Public Printer, James Harrison, prudently keeps an unlisted telephone.

Although the *Record* never lets the facts interfere with the whims of its editors, it is nonetheless defined by law as "substantially a verbatim report of proceedings," and the heroes of this requirement are the official Reporters of Debates of Senate and House. If you peer from the galleries of either chamber, you will see a sedate gentleman of sober mien performing a stately minuet across the patterned rug. Like some hypnotized spectator-participant at a

"Forsythia's blooming!"

Happening, he glides on careful feet, pad and pen in hand, from one speaker to another, often the only fellow present giving undivided attention to what is being said. These men survive in the sea of verbal trivia because they are technicians, and the first thing they will tell you about themselves is whether they use Gregg or Pitman shorthand and whether they load their pens with black or purple ink. (Recording devices and stenotype machines are considered too unwieldy for the combat conditions.)

The deadly accuracy of the reporters' shorthand notes and a speedy transcription system provide one of the minor wonders of the *Record:* To permit him to decide what he wishes he had said, a legislator is provided with a precise transcript of what he *did* say within about 30 minutes of when he said it.

The hazards of true verbatim reporting were foreseen as early as 1796, when the idea was raised and hastily dropped in Congress. It was feared that "Gentlemen arose, in the ardor of discussion" and "suffered many remarks to escape from them" which were not "perfectly correct." The "ardor of discussion" has since been smothered by a blanket of rules. Senators aren't supposed to interrupt or insult each other or use bad language or "refer offensively" to each other's states. Senate reporters won't admit it ("Everything is in confidence here"), but they clean up minor slips from grace as they go along. When a Southern senator referred to a Supreme Court civil-rights decision as "crap" in the ardor of a filibuster, it had become "claptrap" by the time it left the reporter's shorthand book. Nor does the *Record* show any trace of the exchange in which Senator Morse referred to Sen. Homer Capehart as "a cup of rancid ignorance."

In the House in lustier days, the members brandished pistols, tried to brain each other with cuspidors and whacked each other with canes. Now only one speaker can be recognized at a time, and if a member feels he has been insulted, the insult can be expunged from the *Record* and lost forever. This attention to rules carries the official reporters through situations that might daunt lesser men. When Puerto Rican Nationalists shot up the House on March 1, 1954, the reporter on deck at the time recalls that there was a vote going on and the Puerto Ricans had not been recognized, "so as far as we were concerned it had no value. We ignored the whole business." The *Record* for that day notes that "At approximately 2 o'clock and 30 minutes P.M. a demonstration and the discharge of firearms from the southwest House Gallery (No. 11) interrupted the counting of the vote; the Speaker, pursuant to the inherent power lodged in the Presiding Officer in the case of grave emergency, after ascertaining that certain Members had been wounded and to facilitate their care, at 2 o'clock and 32 minutes P.M. declared the House in recess, subject to call of the Chair." The *Record* may be printed on coarse paper, but no one can accuse it of sensationalism.

The *Record* is the lineal descendant of three previous publications, all privately printed, which also did not record what was really said. The first of these, the *Annals of Congress*, began with the first Congress, meeting in New York, March 4, 1789. It described itself as "The Debates and Proceedings in the Congress of the United States; with an Appendix containing Important State Papers and Public Documents and all the Laws of a Public Nature: with a copious index compiled from authentic materials by Joseph Gales, Senior."

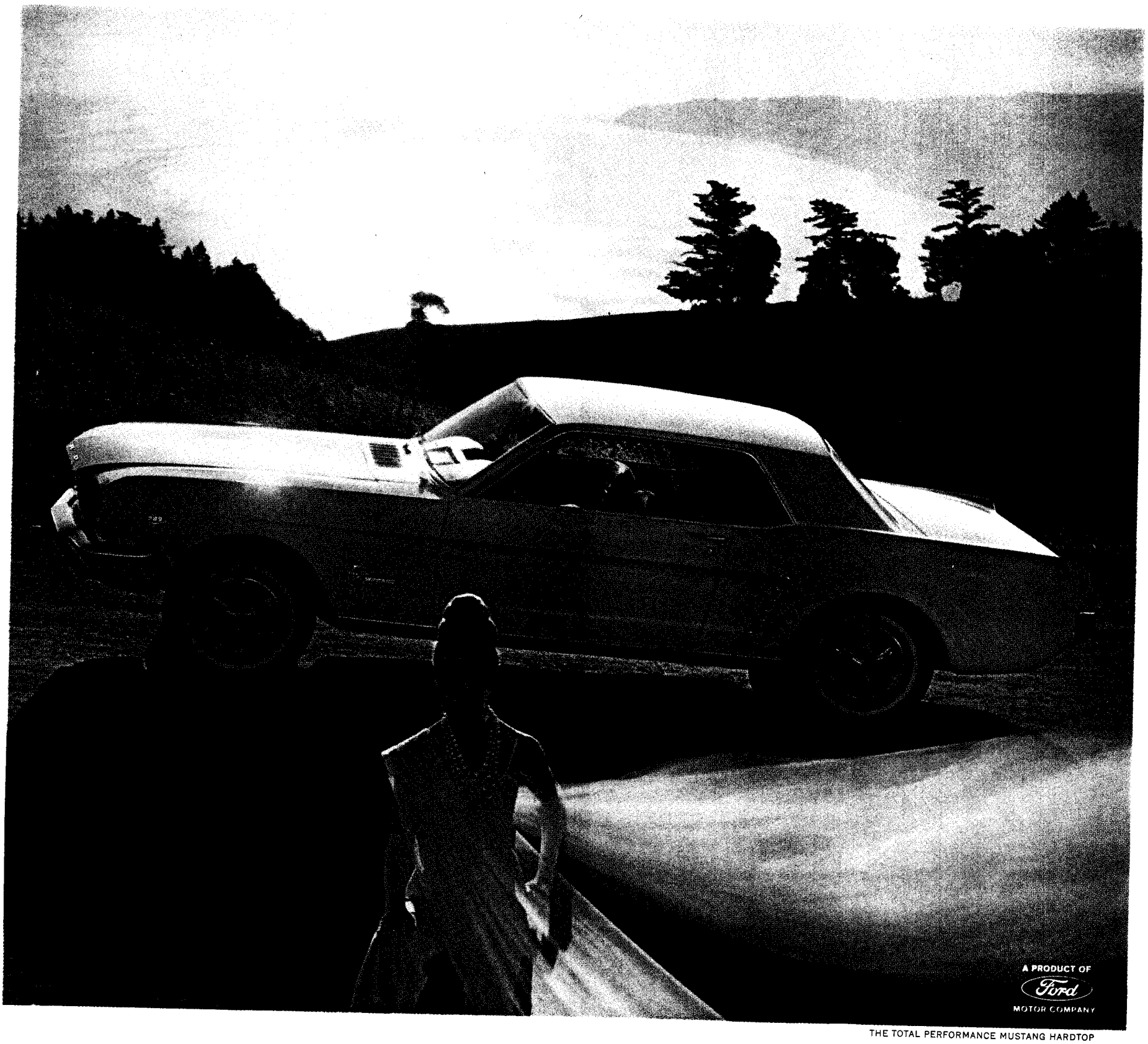
Although generally in the fine tradition of non-facts, the *Annals* offers some boisterous reading. On February 2, 1798, for example, Mr. Matthew Lyon spat in the face of Mr. Roger Griswold, and the *Annals* for February 15 reports that Mr. Griswold "entered the House, and observing Mr. Lyon in his place (who was writing), he went up to him with a pretty strong walking stick in his hand, with which he immediately began to beat him with great violence. Mr. G.'s approach was observed by Mr. Lyon, but before he could get from behind his desk, he had received some severe blows. . . . At length getting behind the SPEAKER'S chair, Mr. L. snatched up the tongs from the fire; the combatants then closed and came down together upon the floor, Mr. G. being uppermost."

The *Annals* was followed by something called the *Register of Debates in Congress*, which ran from 1824 to 1837. It s first order of business in the House as it opened was to find a "respectful mode" of receiving the "distinguished guest and benefactor, General Lafayette." (It was decided to appoint a committee.) Then came the *Congressional Globe*, which ran to 109 books, from 1833 to 1873, when the *Record* started, just one year before "verbatim reporting" set in. The *Record* was the first to be reported, printed and distributed by the Government.

Some of the managing editors have raised *Record*manship to an art form. For relentless endurance, no one has matched Congressman Royal C. Johnson of South Dakota, who, under a single "leave to print" in 1921, put in the *Record* a complete list of the names and addresses of "slackers" who had evaded the draft in World War I. Mr. Johnson's enterprise covered a cumulative 504 pages in monthly installments.

A few protesting voices have been raised among the editors. The late Sen. Richard Neuberger fought hard to get the *Congressional Record* transformed into what it claims to be—a real record. The whole country gets a chance to laugh at the President's press conference remarks, printed verbatim in the newspapers, Senator Neuberger contended, but senators can make themselves sound sensible before they go to press. "Few persons can say 'I wish I'd said that,' and then actually say it," he complained. He offered a resolution about this, but it has long since disappeared in the pages of the *Record*. □

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED



THE TOTAL PERFORMANCE MUSTANG HARDTOP

Life was just one diaper after another until Sarah got her new Mustang. Somehow Mustang's sensationally sophisticated looks, its standard-equipment luxuries (bucket seats, full carpeting, vinyl interior, chiffon-smooth, floor-mounted transmission) made everyday cares fade far, far into the background. Suddenly there was a new gleam in her husband's eye. (For the car? For Sarah? Both?) Now Sarah knows for sure: Mustangers have more fun!

Best year yet to go Ford

MUSTANG!
MUSTANG!
MUSTANG!

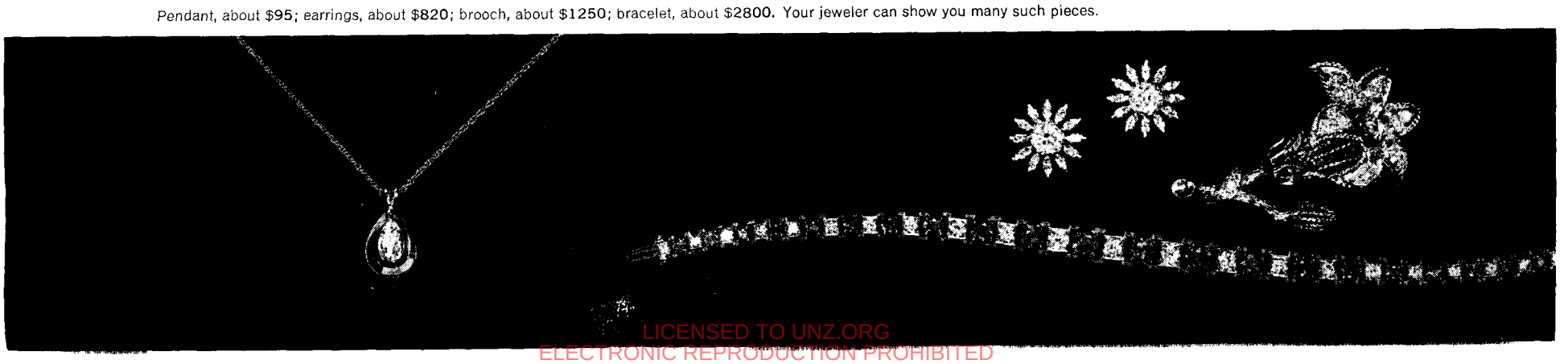
LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The brilliant reassuring fire of the diamond
is the unending voice of love.
That is why a diamond gift gives special
significance to an occasion in
your life together. It need not be costly,
for the diamond's meaning is
beyond all worldly values.

De Beers Consolidated Mines, Ltd.

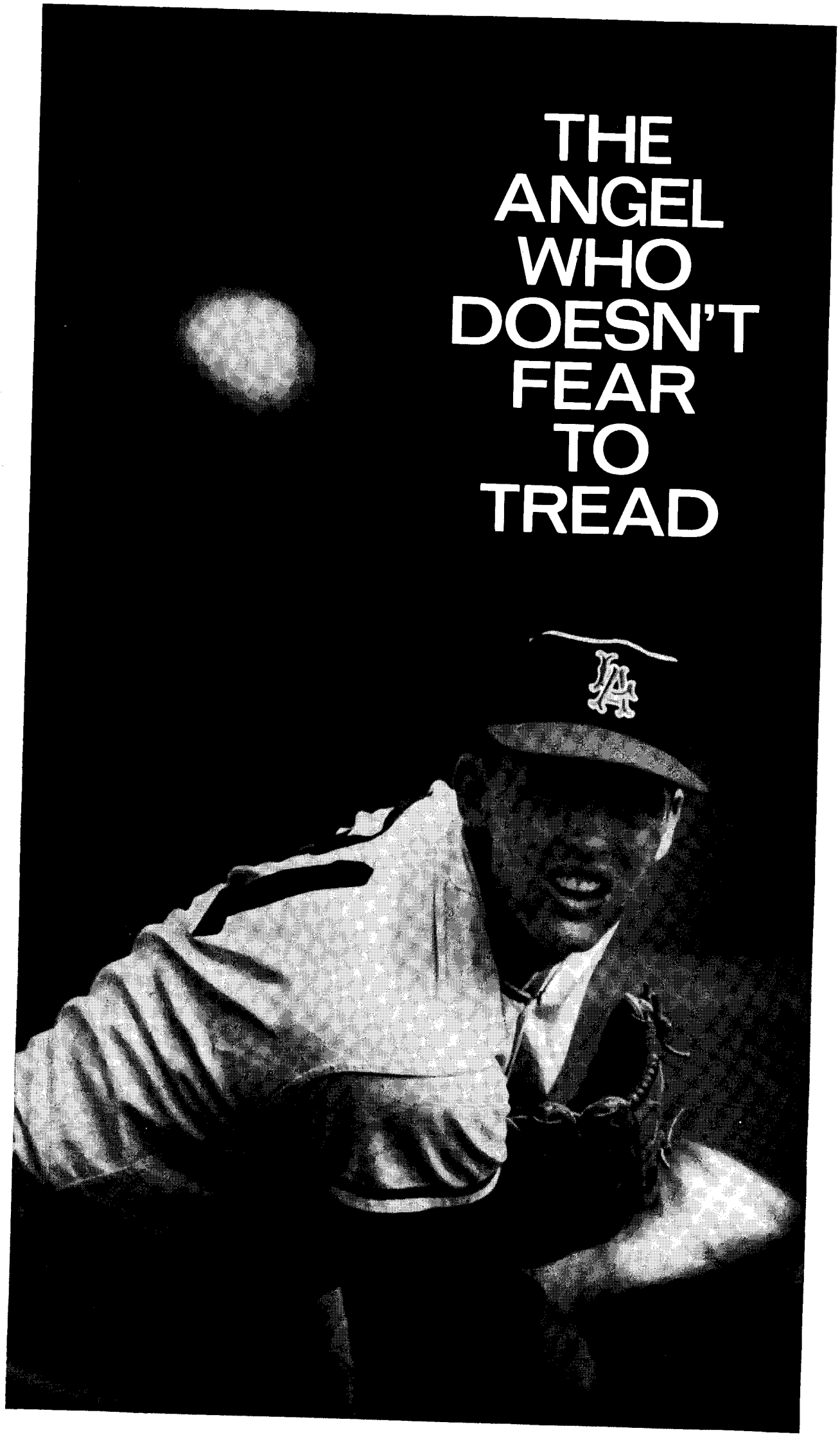
Diamonds bespeak an ever-growing love

Pendant, about $95; *earrings*, about $820; brooch, about $1250; bracelet, about $2800. Your jeweler can show you many such pieces.



LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

THE ANGEL WHO DOESN'T FEAR TO TREAD



By MYRON COPE

"I got eight different pitches," crows Wilmer Dean Chance, "including a snake ball, a super snake ball and a one-pronged fork ball." Baseball's slyest rube packs his pool cue wherever he goes, extracts $45,000 a year from a tough general manager and says he would pitch every day to win thirty games.

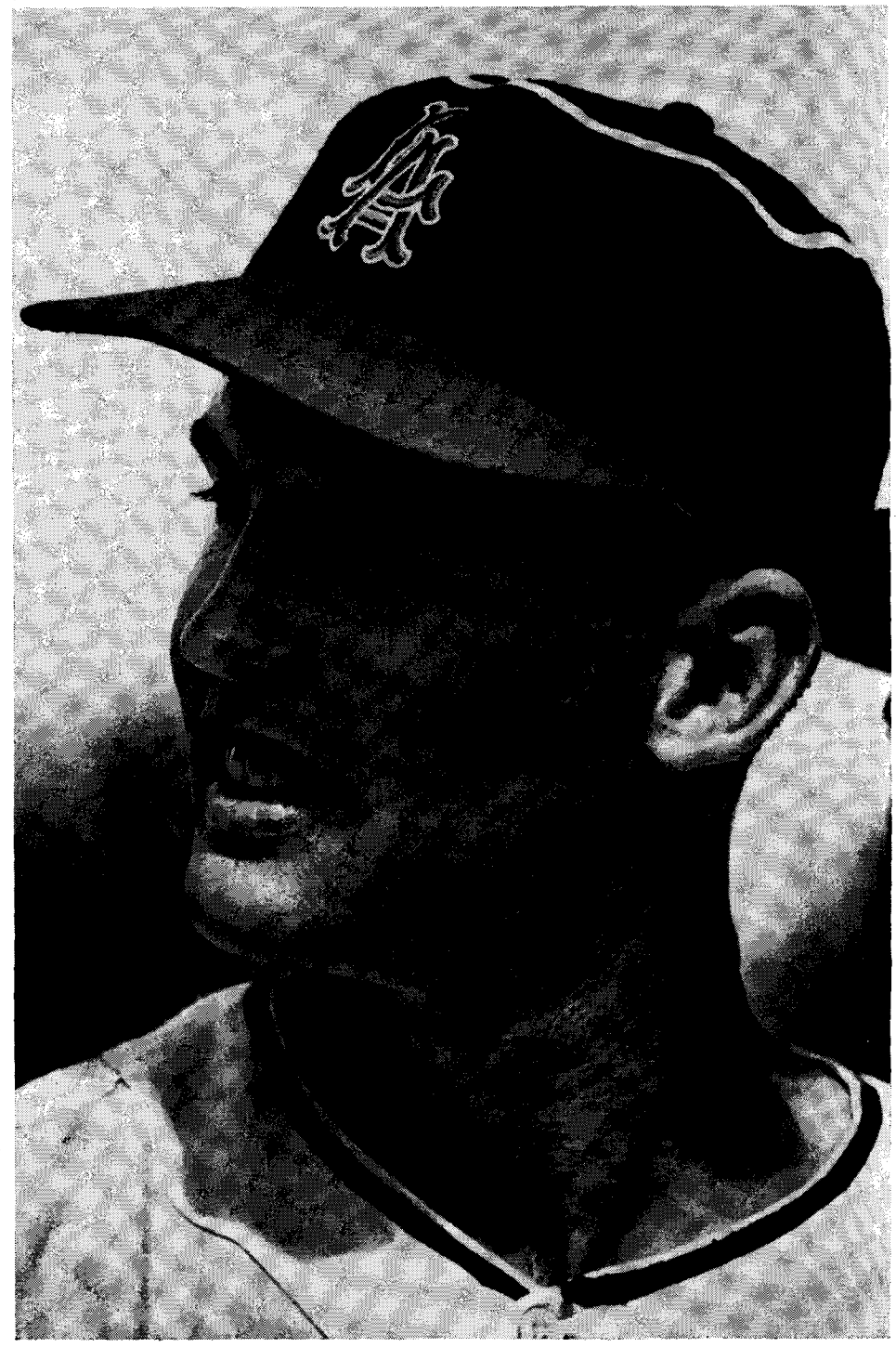
Photographed by Bill Bridges

Wilmer Dean Chance, farmer, baseball pitcher and *enfant terrible* of the sporting scene, sat folded into the right front seat, his bony knees almost to his chin, as the car sped north through the winter night toward Cleveland. To the journalist chauffeuring him, he declared, "You could call your story, *The Most Exciting Pitcher Since Bobby Feller*. You ever heard of a year like I had? I led the league in wins, with twenty. I had the lowest earned-run average in both leagues—1.65—the lowest since 1943, and which by the way is only one one-hundredth from being the lowest since 1919." Actually, it was 16/100 from the 1919 record held by Walter Johnson, but the difference seemed hardly worth an interruption. "My God, you could go back further and call your story, *The Most Exciting Pitcher Since Dizzy Dean*. Holy cow, I shut out the Yankees three times and another time shut them out for fourteen innings before I got pulled for a pinch hitter. No pitcher in history ever did that. No man alive ever pitched like that. The Yankees *averaged* .089 batting against me. Talk about pressure, I'm *greatest* under pressure. When I was a rookie, the largest crowd that seen me was 55,000 at Yankee Stadium, and I went the hell out there with the bases loaded and none out and blew down Howard, Skowron and Lopez on eleven fast balls. Fifty thousand seen me at the All-Star game last year, and I was the best damn pitcher out there. You could call the story, *From Rags to Riches*. Or how's this? *The Greatest Year Ever!*"

Farmer Chance's words rang with happy defiance. His gray-green eyes, set in a baby-white face, focused straight ahead, as if the highway over which he rolled were Fred Haney, the Los Angeles general manager whom he has trampled in salary battles. In Wayne County, Ohio, he now owned 83 prime

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Whether wielding his ever-ready pool cue, sizing up an enemy batter, or brass-knuckling management for more money, Chance is a tough competitor.



He could become baseball's first $100,000 pitcher . . .

acres, 60 head of Angus and Hereford and 100 hogs, and he was getting 140 bushels to the acre on his corn yield. Pitching baseball for the Los Angeles Angels, he had seen the bright lights and been up late enough to watch them go out. Grandly, he now patted down his black hair, which had been styled in gorgeous waves by a Hollywood hairdresser recommended to him by his former teammate and fellow *bon vivant*, Bo Belinsky.

"Listen," he tore on, "I led the league in innings pitched—278. I gave up only seven home runs in the whole 278, which is phenomenal, and I wouldn't be surprised that it's got to be a record, but no records are kept. I won five games by 1-0, which tied an all-time record held by Johnson and Hubbell. I pitched eleven shutouts, the most since 1920. I had a lot of two-hitters and three-hitters—you can call Kaze, the publicity guy, and check that out. My earned-run average in home games was 1.00," Chance specified, converting the truth—1.08—into round figures. "Man, you ever heard statistics like mine? You can call the story, *The Farm Boy Makes Good.*"

Baseball season was coming on, but Chance was hell-bent to clean up the last of the banquet-circuit money; on this swing he would go from Cleveland to New York to Philadelphia to Harrisburg. He wore his favorite ensemble—black overcoat, black suit, white shirt, black tie, black socks, black shoes. "He looks like a divinity student," a man had remarked at a banquet to Dick McCann, curator of the National Professional Football Hall of Fame. "You mean," McCann had replied, "he looks like an altar boy who just stole the sacramental wine." Sartorially unpredictable, Chance at Christmastime had appeared at his lawyer's office in a powder-blue coat and burgundy necktie, demanding, "Isn't this good-looking?" The lawyer had answered, "We ought to sue the guy who sold it to you."

The Angels climbed from ninth place to fifth last year, and no small part of the reason was that the fashion plate, just turning 23, pitched better than anyone else in baseball. He became the youngest player ever to win the Cy Young Award, a plaque that goes each year to baseball's most valuable pitcher.

Now, still reciting his deeds, Chance sang out: "In my last 57 innings against the Yankees, I gave 'em one run. One lousy run. I told Vic Power, 'Vic, I'm gonna strike out Mantle this time'—and bang, Mantle hits one out of the park, the only stinking run they got all year off me. I should have won thirty games and had fifteen shutouts, but I got no hitting behind me. I don't know if it will get better this year, but it sure as hell can't get worse. Three games of mine they blew in the field. In one of them the little guy"—presumably five-foot-five outfielder Albie Pearson, though Chance in a burst of diplomacy wouldn't say—"louses one up in the ninth. Nobody's perfect, you can't blame them, but there's three games. So I won twenty, and my God, I had a

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

blister on my finger early in the season. I need one more big season, and I'll go to Japan and pitch three exhibitions for twenty-five grand apiece. I don't even want to think about winning thirty. Thirty! Gosh, I'd break my tail for thirty. I'd pitch every day the last two weeks and go home every night and soak my arm in a bucket of hot water. You gonna use my picture on the cover? You could put on the cover, *The Amazing Rise of Dean Chance, From Farm Boy to Great Money Pitcher.* You put this story on the cover, and there ain't nobody who's not gonna read it. For crying out loud, I mean *nobody*. They pass it up, they're a mental case."

The car pulled into a hotel near Cleveland-Hopkins Airport, and Chance went to bed, though not directly to sleep. After a thousand or so words, spoken in the darkness, he sighed, "Some of these ballplayers that go broke are such nice guys, it's a crying shame to see them end up busted. I want that security." So saying, he forthwith began to snore.

The encomiums that Dean Chance showers upon himself cannot properly be classified as bragging. Being the son of a midwestern dirt farmer, he is a tough horse trader, and he knows that one does not get the best price by calling attention to the animal's spavined joints and loose teeth. Already he has reduced to shambles baseball's traditional rule that high salaries are arrived at by gradual accumulation of seniority. This year Fred Haney offered him $40,000. Chance countered with a demand for $50,000, and sideline observers unanimously surmised the two men would compromise at $45,000. Chance, however, made a point of defeating the sideline observers, making Haney cough up "just a pinch more" than $45,000. His salary probably is the highest ever paid a 23-year-old baseball player.

The fact is, Haney has found that negotiating with his rural *wunderkind* is like talking to a Missouri mule. Getting the money due him, explains Chance, is no different "than knowing the price of corn." When he does not get it, he lays siege to Haney, blasting him in the newspapers till Haney wilts. Does the general manager resent such abuse? "Not really," says Haney, "because each time it happens he phones me and says he was misquoted."

In the end, Haney dares not tell his persecutor to spend the summer slopping hogs, for the young man is irreplaceable. Last season, only his third in big-league ball, he blossomed into a powerful pitching machine. All arms and legs, six feet three and 200 pounds, he winds up in a series of jerks, kicks and spasms, turns in the direction of center field, and without bothering to look at the batter till the last instant, whiplashes the ball at a speed that curls a batter's hair. "It's a god-awful delivery," says Rocky Bridges, a former Angel coach. "He throws a lot of things at you and then the ball."

Most of all, Chance's pitching style is characterized by his pugnacity, by the sheer joy he derives from the battle. Against Washington, in a late-season performance last year, he somehow gave the Senators the impression he was trying to break their skulls. Accordingly, when Chance himself strode to bat, Washington pitcher Bennie Daniels fired two pitches close to his head.

"Everyone on the Washington team congratulated Daniels," says Chance, proceeding with delight to the epilogue. "So he come up, and I lowered the boom on him. I threw the ball a foot out of the batter's box and still missed him by half a foot, that's how fast he was running. I guess I put the point across to Mister Daniels."

American League batters fume that Chance throws illegal spitballs, secretly moistening the baseball while going through his strange windup. Baltimore slugger Brooks Robinson suggests, in fact, that Chance does so merely to satisfy a compulsive urge for mischief. "He doesn't really need a spitter, because he's got such good stuff," says Robinson. On the basis of the accused's retort, it is difficult to determine if he throws any spitters or not. "I didn't even throw two or three spitters last year," he begins. "I didn't throw one, not one. It's just that my fast ball sinks, so they think it's a spitter. I throw fewer spitters than anyone in the league."

Whatever his transgressions, practically every game that Chance wins is a suspense-packed race—a race in which he works with frantic speed to complete the game before one of his teammates blows it. Last season his supporting cast finished seventh in fielding and eighth in batting. "Those guys," says Sir Walter Burke, a traveling Boston Irishman who is one of many Runyonesque characters Chance has collected around the circuit, "could be standing on Pier Four and all they could catch is a cold." When Angel infielders successfully field a grounder, Burke goes on, they sometimes are so astonished that by the time they have thrown to first base the runner is safe. "You can hear Chance swearing on Coney Island," adds Burke.

Chance, on the advice of friends, tries to accept his teammates' errors as graciously as he can. The truth is, however, that he thoroughly enjoys the occasional sparks that his presence in the big leagues creates. "Nuts to the charts," he says of the laboriously prepared reports that track the strengths and weaknesses of opposing players. "The charts don't mean a thing. If I'm gonna get beat, there's one man who's gonna beat me," he goes on, thumbing himself emphatically in the chest, "and he's right here."

Pregame clubhouse meetings, he contends, are largely a waste of time. "Who tells you how to pitch the opposing hitters?" Chance demands. "Your hitters do. It's a joke. If I don't know more about pitching than those hitters do, I don't deserve to pitch." In the end, says Chance, the ability to win boils down to one quality. "There's a word for it, and the word is gutsiness. I got gutsiness."

Roy Bates agrees that Chance does. Bates coached him at Northwestern High, a red-brick country schoolhouse in the northwestern part of Wayne County. When Chance first reported for the baseball team, Bates asked him, "What can you throw?"

"I got eight different pitches," piped Chance, "including a snake ball and a super snake ball." Having no time to wash out the freshman's mouth with soap, Bates made him tuck in his shirttail, straighten his cap, and run 100 laps around the field.

In succeeding years, Bates watched the evolution of Dean Chance with both amusement and awe. The first time the farm boy went on a road trip, a waitress asked him how he wanted his steak prepared. "Medium rare, well done," he replied. Later, when asked if he cared for dessert, he answered, "No, ma'am, but I'll have another steak if it's all right." As a pitcher, Chance began mowing down everybody in sight. He was so invincible that one day, when he gave up two solid hits in a row, Coach Bates rushed to the mound, alarmed at what seemed a collapse.

"I put on the wrong shoes," explained Chance. "They're two sizes too small." Bates went to work with a knife, giving Chance's toes air, and then settled back to watch him pitch a shutout.

On at least one occasion Bates arrived late for batting practice and found Chance practicing knockdown pitches on his teammates. "He wanted to throw at anybody," recalls Bates. "I wouldn't let him throw at people, but one day a shortstop from Shreve called us a bunch of so-and-so farmers, so I said, 'Dean, next time that guy bats I want him down.' Dean's first pitch to the kid was a little high, but his second pitch I'll never forget as long as I live. That kid sat down so fast that he left his helmet sitting in midair. The ball passed between his helmet and his noggin. He was so scared he committed six errors in the next two innings."

After having accumulated a high-school record of 18 no-hitters, 51 victories and only one defeat, Dean Chance commanded a $30,000 bonus from the Baltimore Orioles and set off on a bus to the Orioles' Class D farm in Bluefield, W. Va. His spirits were high, for the Orioles had sent him $34 for travel, and the bus ticket had cost only $12. To his great astonishment, however, Appalachian League hitters, a notch better than Ohio schoolboys, promptly teed off on his most precious home-brewed pitch—a creation he had heralded as "my one-pronged fork ball."

Reduced to his fast ball, snake ball, and super snake ball, Chance nevertheless won 10 games and lost only three, all the while deporting himself outrageously. To amuse himself, Chance knocked on a teammate's door and hurled a bucket of water in the respondent's face. He paid another teammate to walk through a crowded restaurant clad in nothing but undershorts. ("What makes this story good," Chance laughs today, "is that here is a ballplayer who signed for $75,000 parading around in his shorts for twenty-five bucks.")

Moving on to a winter instructional league in Florida, Chance poured a

He winds up in a series of jerks, kicks and spasms, then whiplashes the ball at the batter. An Angel coach calls it "a god-awful delivery."

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"... or I could be washed up in Siberia tomorrow."

pitcher of beer on a teammate, was socked in the jaw, shook off the blow, and cheerfully pronounced it just repayment. At Appleton, Wis., his next stop, he reported four days late, advising the club's business manager, "If you want to win a game for a change, pitch me." While in Appleton he helped win one game hours in advance by luring the opposing pitcher into an all-night poker game. He also married a Wisconsin farm girl, Judy Larson, and after being sold to Los Angeles for $75,000, proceeded to the Angels' Dallas-Fort Worth farm club, where he won only nine games and lost 12 during the season.

"Who says I had a lousy record?" Chance demands. "I had twenty-eight saves in relief! Nine wins and twenty-eight ball games saved—that's a phenomenal record."

Stepping into the big leagues in 1962, Chance immediately achieved notice by falling into the fast company of Bo Belinsky, a city slicker in suède shoes, whose skill with a pool cue and zest for life fascinated the farm boy. "Nobody except my mother has done more for me than Bo," Chance has testified, drawing a comparison that is interesting inasmuch as his mother is a country-church Sunday-school teacher. In the trunk of his car he now carried a $50 pool cue, complete with soft-grain leather case. Early in the season Fred Haney picked up the morning newspaper and read that Belinsky had heaved an incompatible lady friend out of his Cadillac at 5:30 A.M. Because he—like Belinsky—was fined $250, the first cruel blow that filled him with resolve to separate the club from large sums of its money.

As it happened, Chance was then on his way to an admirable 14–10 pitching record and the Angels were winning with astonishing frequency, so he braced the front office for a type of benefit that he has since popularized—the mid-season raise. He demanded, and got, a boost from $6,000 to $11,000. "We were in third place," he says, getting swiftly to the root of Haney's capitulation, "and everybody was out of their minds."

Haney granted him $18,000 the next season but promptly took back $500 when Chance arrived late for a spring-training exhibition game. "I'd pitched seven innings the day before and didn't give up one lousy run," Chance fumes.

"Haney said, 'Next time it's a thousand.' All this stuff builds up inside you. You get tired of getting it stuck to you."

Meanwhile, Chance introduced a new twist to intrasquad games, rejecting the time-honored proposition that pitchers are supposed to lob the ball so hitters can unlimber their muscles. It hurt him to see the hitters enjoying themselves. "So I struck out six of 'em in a row," Chance recalls, delighted by the memory. "Wagner, Thomas, a whole string of them. Oh, Lord, were they moaning."

Fortified by his salary raise and new fame, the ascending Angel had invested $5,000 in a sporting-goods shop, which now folded. He recouped $4,000 peddling inventory to Los Angeles stores, each of which demanded he make a personal appearance. "I had to sign a lot of autographs to get rid of all those sweat socks," sighs the boy pitcher. To make matters worse, he was well on his way to losing 18 games, for the Angels had rediscovered their natural impulse to overrun easy fly balls and stomp grounders.

Chance viewed their errors less than kindly. After striking out 12 in one game, he proclaimed, "I *had* to strike 'em out. I didn't dare let 'em hit the ball to anyone."

Teammates retaliated by filling his locker with garbage and posting a sign above it that read, I'M NOT NATURALLY STUPID, I'M JUST PRACTICING. Still, Chance continued to denounce ineptitude wherever he saw it. Demanding a substantial raise for 1964, he called Haney's attention to the fact that in his 18 defeats the Angels had supplied him with only 28 runs. Nevertheless, Haney refused to raise his $18,000 salary a nickel, arguing that Chance had begun the previous season in poor physical condition, because he had refused to allow spring training to interfere with his pool game. "I'm not going to give you a raise till you prove you're willing and ready to make baseball your number-one objective," Haney declared, adding that he would give him a raise in mid-season if his performance merited one.

Chance, noting that one cannot deposit promises in the bank, signed his contract under protest and immediately mounted a fierce attack on Haney in the newspapers, spicing it with trade rumors that he whispered to sportswriters—Chance for Minnesota's Bob Allison, Chance for San Francisco's Orlando Cepeda. "Hell, yes," he says. "I put Haney on the spot." No sooner had he recorded his second victory than he demanded Haney pay up. Recalling that Haney refused, Chance says, "I told him, 'Then you'll get $18,000 worth of pitching and no more.' Around and around we went, and I said, 'I'm not wasting any more of my valuable time here.' He just sat there. What could he say? He thought I was crazy."

Undaunted, Chance took his case to club president Bob Reynolds. "Dean didn't exactly go over Haney's head," wrote Jim Murray in the Los Angeles *Times*. "He went right through it." Soon after, Haney caved in, hiking Chance's pay to $25,000. By now the intrepid farmer had wrung mid-season raises from management in two years out of three, a pattern that normally might touch off a run on the front office. The Angels, however, created no such problem for Haney. "For crying out loud," says Chance, pinpointing the reason, "they weren't doing nothing."

Meanwhile, on a July afternoon Chance proved to himself that he was worth every penny he was getting. Pitching three innings for the American League All-Stars, he shut out the National League on two hits, which was quite a feat because, he says, "I went to bed a quarter past four." As the season wore on, Chance won nine straight

Wife Judy and son Brett Dean, 2½, give Chance status as a respected family man.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

games and narrowly escaped involvement in a hotel-room brawl in which his roommate, Belinsky, scored a quick knockout over an elderly Los Angeles sportswriter, Braven Dyer. The Angels suspended Belinsky but accepted Chance's solemn oath that, far from participating in the fisticuffs, he had been in the bathroom showering. "I guess that proves he's clean-living," observes Rocky Bridges.

Back in Wayne County, meanwhile, a country lawyer named Hank Critchfield measured the full import of the local boy's success and decided it was time to touch up his public image. Critchfield, a stolid, ruddy-faced man with a shock of iron-gray hair and a small-brimmed fedora that sits atop his head like a loosened bottlecap, is Chance's longtime friend and counselor. He was chiefly concerned that Wayne County had acquired the wrong impression of its native son, who by now was the father of a two-year-old son and had expressed the intention of becoming a substantial landholder. ("I'm gonna own so much land, it'll be phenomenal," was the way he put it.) Though Chance does not smoke and scarcely ever drinks, his much-publicized friendship with night-owl Belinsky had made him seem a bad boy to many in the community. "Around here," says one Wayne County man, "if you get caught with a case of beer in your icebox, it's as serious as getting caught crawling in someone's bedroom window."

Upon Dean's return home at season's end, lawyer Critchfield coached him meticulously for a forthcoming speech before a Wooster service club. "The only thing I didn't cover," says Critchfield, "was gambling. So he ends his speech by saying he loses all his money at poker and gin rummy."

Notwithstanding his furious campaign for money and security, Chance grabs his share of restaurant checks, and then some. Actually, Chance's friends suspect that money itself gives him little more pleasure than the challenge he experiences in foxing it out of someone's pocket.

On the go all winter, he flew one day to Madison, Wis.—a $69 flight with a change of planes in Chicago—for lunch. "I got a guy there who's got nothing but cash," he said. "He wants to put me on network TV. I should make a hundred G's out of it." He would star, he said, in a marionette show, to be called *Dean Chance and His Funny Friends*. In Madison, tossing a few ideas off the top of his head, Madison Avenue style, Chance told the cash man, a metals tycoon named Marion LaMarr Roberts:

"We can have a guy showing a puppet how to hit a ball, and then I can say, 'Hey, that's not the way to hit. I've got a guy here who can show you.' And then I'll bring in Mickey Mantle. Don't that sound great, Marion?"

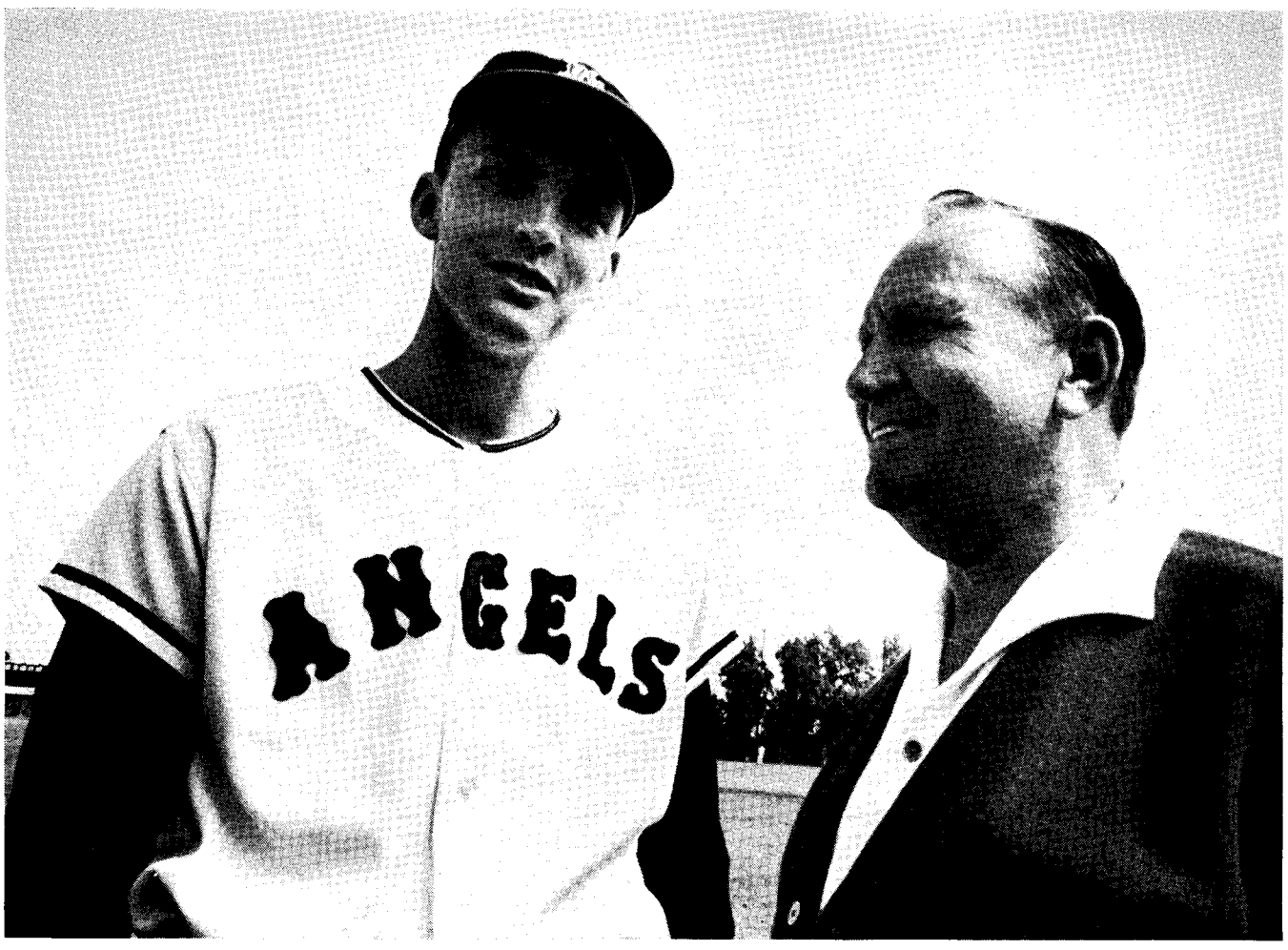
The tycoon winced. No money changed hands at lunch, but Chance left Madison richer by one title: executive vice president of the *Funny Friends* production company.

The TV executive's travels next took him to New York. He had come to the big city to say a few words at a Friday luncheon held by a shirt company, but he stayed the weekend. He treated his hotel-room telephone and TV set as if they were new inventions. For a solid stretch of two hours he phoned friends around the country to say hello. "Haney's really a good kid," he remarked, and promptly phoned Los Angeles to tell Haney hello. The good kid, unfortunately, was not in. Tiring of the phone, Chance watched a 1948 movie, sitting on the edge of a chair no more than 18 inches from the TV.

From New York, the Wayne County traveler proceeded to Philadelphia. "I'm being honored there," he explained, relishing the sports-page cliché. There was no stopping him. He had money, fame and an expense account from any city where he might choose to speak. He was growing tired from travel, and his face was becoming slightly sallow, but Lord, he had never had such fun. Stretching out on a hotel bed one afternoon shortly before reporting for spring training, the *enfant terrible* contemplated his future.

"I could be washed up tomorrow," he said, "and they'll send me to Siberia." On the other hand, he could become baseball's first $100,000 pitcher. "That," he purred, "is a nice round figure." The mere thought of $100,000 sent his mind surging back to the day he rode a bus to Bluefield, W. Va. in the Appalachian League. "That was the first time I'd ever left home alone." And he was moved to add:

"If it'll help you any, you can write in the story that I was wearing overalls and work shoes. Hell, you gotta make a living too." □



Two gold diggers smile on the way to the bank: Chance and team owner Gene Autry.

At 23, a young man in a hurry—to rewrite the record book and get paid accordingly.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Editorials

The South and the law

"In the rural South segregation is a social necessity, a device to stave off cultural disintegration." This is the voice of the Rev. Clayton Sullivan of Tylertown, Miss. On page 10 he tells why most white Mississippians fear and oppose racial integration. The basic reason is what he calls the "behavior gap" between rural Negroes and whites.

Though many enthusiasts for civil rights like to ignore this gap, its existence is an undeniable fact, and the differences between the two races in education, conduct and standards cannot be ended overnight by court fiat. But people are more important than facts. And, as Doctor Sullivan knows, whites everywhere must take a great part of the responsibility for the obstacles that keep Negroes from full citizenship.

Habits of thought go down like the taproot of a great pine tree, deep into the earth of common assumption. One of these assumptions in the South is that Negroes are basically inferior, and that they are basically content to be treated as inferiors. The men who hold these ideas are not mystically different from men anywhere else, but their regional differences of attitude should not be underestimated. The rural white Southerner has little real concept of the Negro as a citizen, and as he looks around him, there is often not much to encourage this concept. The white man's feelings are based on what he conceives to be the facts, and like all of the rest of mankind he is loath to believe there are any other facts besides his.

The South is ringed by outsiders with different facts, but the Southerner refused to believe them. Slowly this is changing. Many southern states have turned the corner, and even Mississippi is slowly beginning to turn around. The gradual integration of schools, transportation and other public facilities is a widespread reality. The Negro himself has pushed this process along by acting out vividly his resentment and unhappiness and his determination to change his life. But though much of the South is changing, attention inevitably focuses on the few centers of conflict.

In Selma, Ala., recent attacks by white law officials on Negro "Freedom Marchers" have raised again the basic questions of law and order. Is the behavior gap the exclusive property of the Negroes? In Selma, state troopers and sheriff's deputies on horseback pursued hysterical women, clouting them on the head. Whose behavior gap is this? Who is threatening "cultural disintegration"?

When Negroes in Selma violated the governor's orders not to march, stopping them could be called keeping the peace. But what followed could not. Clubbing women and children has nothing to do with the enforcement of the law. Police are empowered to control and to arrest, but not under any circumstances do they have the right to punish. When a policeman in Selma or Harlem or anywhere deals out punishment, the law itself is undermined and society is attacked.

Ironically, debacles like Selma probably result in speeding up the process of integration. Many experts thought that the Little Rock riots of '57 moved integration ahead 10 years. But this is not the point. The point is that if white people make behavior a requirement for equal membership in society, then they themselves must behave. If Negroes are to be required to obey the law, then the law must be enforced with scrupulous fairness. For it is only through the efficacy of the law that the conflicts confronting us can be settled peacefully.

The laughing Klansman

A cheer for Paul L. Bellesen, 33, operator of a dry-cleaning establishment in Nampa, Idaho. After reading our January 30 article on the Ku Klux Klan, Bellesen decided that it would be interesting to join the organization. He sent his application and a check for $15 to the Imperial Wizard of the National Knights of the Ku Klux Klan. Within a week he received a notice informing him that he was not only a Klan member but also a "Great Titan," authorized to found a klavern in Idaho. Only then did Bellesen call in the press to disclose that the Klan's recruit is a Negro. Once the news was out, the Wizard sent back the check and demanded that Bellesen return his credentials. It seems a pity. Bellesen might have infused the Klan with some interesting new ideas.

PRINTED IN U.S.A.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED